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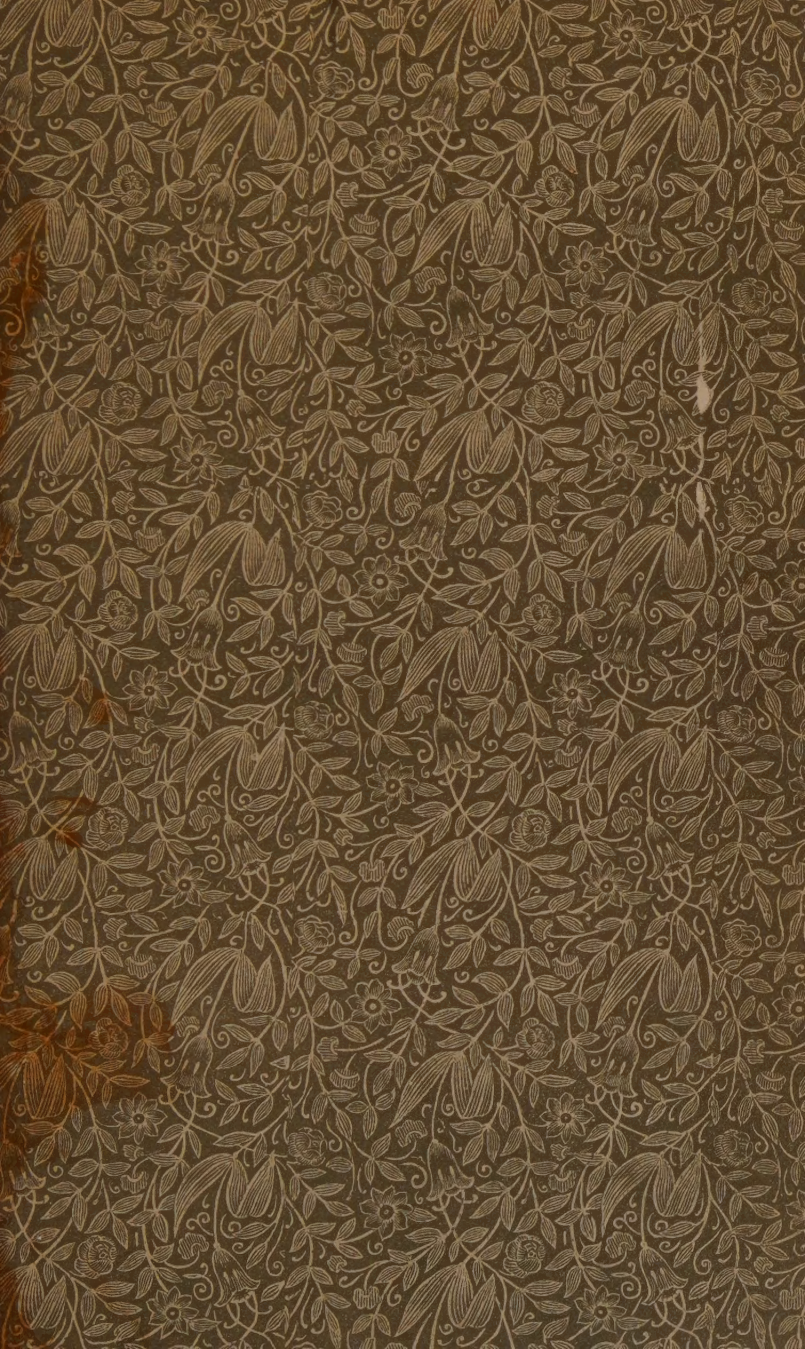


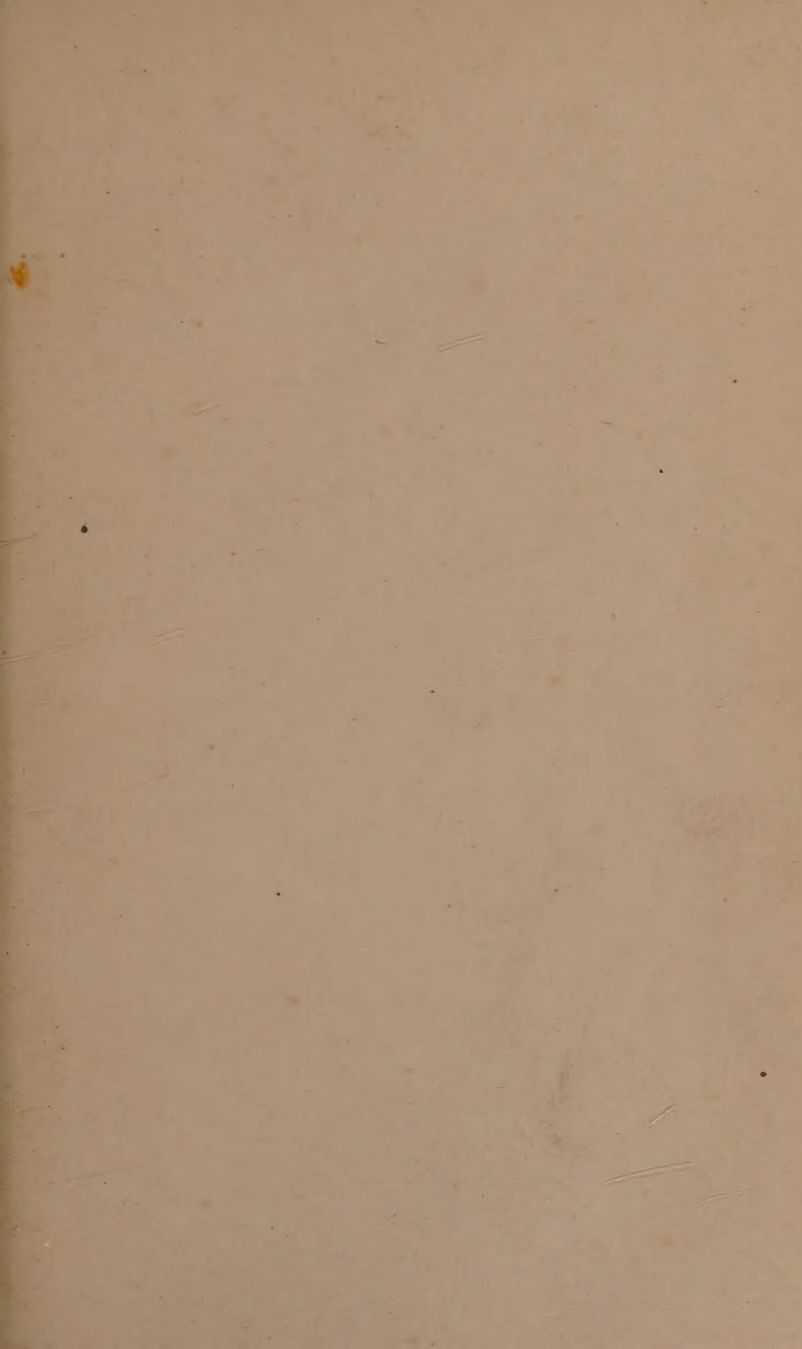
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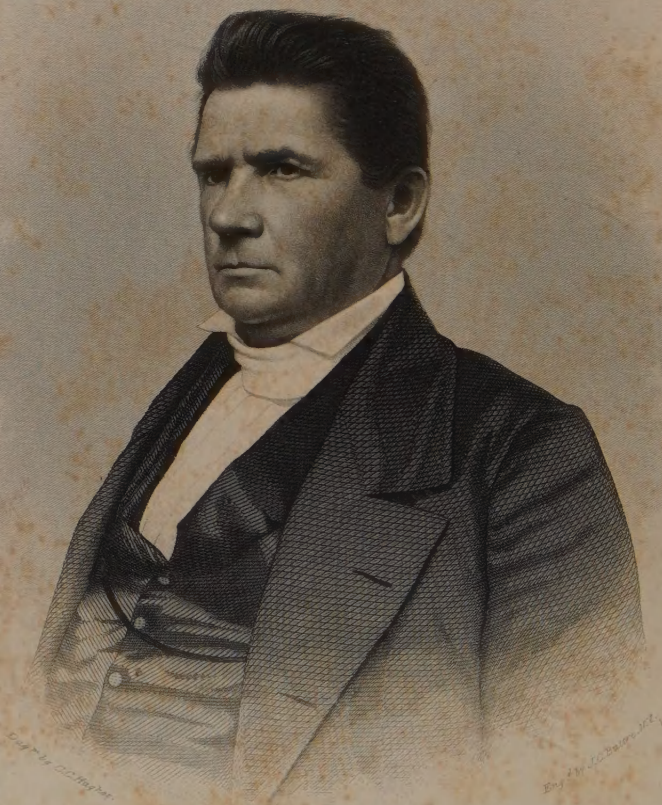


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H. H. Kavanaugh

REV. BISHOP HUBBARD H. KAVANAUGH, D.D.

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LIFE AND TIMES

OF

H. H. KAVANAUGH, D. D.,

ONE OF THE BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST
EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

Chert
BY A. H. REDFORD, D. D.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1884.

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PREFACE.

To Mrs. M. L. Kavanaugh.

DEAR MADAM,—Upon me has devolved the task of writing the life of your sainted husband. No duty has been assigned me, at any time, to the performance of which I have addressed myself with greater pleasure than to portray the character, and follow the varied fortunes, of one to whom I am so much indebted, through the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life, devoted, as it was, to the amelioration of mankind.

When he was a young preacher, and I only a child, I heard from his lips the message of life,—a message I had never heard before, under which I was impressed with the necessity of a change of heart and the duty of a Christian life. The teachings of that occasion were never effaced from my mind, but followed me continually until I was led to the Cross and gave my young heart to God.

Of honorable birth and parentage, favored with religious instruction in his early childhood, it is not surprising that, in the rosy morn of life, he sought and found the pearl of great price, nor that he ever afterward maintained that high eminence as a Chris-

tian, whose godly walk and conversation commanded the respect of all who knew him.

The heroic days of Methodism were still fresh in the minds of the itinerant ministry when he entered the ranks as a traveling preacher. Indeed, the fields of labor he occupied in the first years of his ministerial toil were sufficient to remind him of the sacrifices which were met and the privations which were endured by those who had preceded him, while the vast amount of labor he performed, together with the success with which his ministry was crowned, leaves to the Church a legacy on which is written—labor and rest, warfare and victory.

For more than sixty years he bore aloft the banner of the Cross, thirty-one of which were spent among the mountains and plains, in the cities and villages of his own loved Kentucky, and thirty in the discharge of the duties incident to the exalted office of a bishop in the Church of God. In the vast extent of his travels he was not surpassed by any of his self-sacrificing colleagues while in the pulpit; for the constancy of his labors and the earnestness with which he presented the grand and ennobling truths that had molded his own life and imparted inspiration to his hopes he had scarcely a rival.

Although he lived to an advanced age, it is gratifying that his mental powers had shown no signs of

decay, but that to the last he exhibited, in the social circle and in the pulpit, that intellectual vigor that had distinguished him in the morn and noon of his life.

If he did not close his life in the pulpit, yet in that sacred place his labors as a herald of the Cross terminated. From thence he was permitted to look through the veil upon the crown he was so soon to wear, and upon the exceeding great and eternal weight of glory in which he would share.

The probabilities were that he would die away from home. Always at work, responding to the calls of his brethren, it could scarcely have been expected that death would overtake him beneath his own roof; but it is gratifying to know that friendly hands ministered to his comfort in his last moments, and that you, who, for nearly twenty years, had stood by his side, accompanying him in his extensive journeys, and whispering words of cheer, were with him when the final summons came calling him from labor to reward.

With my best wishes and sincere prayers for your happiness in this life and in the life to come, I beg permission to dedicate this volume to you.

Your brother and friend,

A. H. REDFORD.

BOWLING GREEN, KY.,
June 21, 1884.

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LIFE AND TIMES

OF

BISHOP KAVANAUGH.

CHAPTER I.

*FROM THE DEATH OF CHARLES II OF ENGLAND TO THE
DEATH OF REV. WILLIAMS KAVANAUGH.*

ON the death of Charles II, February 6, 1685, James II succeeded to the throne of England. While in exile he became a Roman Catholic, but did not avow his faith until the death of the duchess of York in 1671.

From the time he ascended the throne his opposition to Protestantism was marked, not only in the adoption of such measures as were calculated to promote the Catholic faith, but likewise to suppress every thing that might advance Protestant Christianity. From the very commencement of his reign he arrayed against his administration the opposition of Parliament, as well as that of the Puritans. Such was his tyranny that before two years had elapsed he had estranged from him every class of his Protestant subjects.

As a leader in behalf of Protestantism, William, prince of Orange, who had married the daughter of

the duke of York (afterwards James II), became the head of a league formed among the Protestant princes of Germany, the kings of Spain, Sweden, and others, having for its object to curb the power of Louis XIV.

The treaty by which the alliance was constituted was signed at Augsburg in July, 1686. The popularity of William turned the eyes of Protestant England towards him as their only hope.

On the 27th of April, 1688, James published the famous declaration of Indulgence, which he ordered to be read in all the churches in the kingdom. The order, however, was generally disobeyed by the clergy, while seven of the bishops ventured on a written remonstrance, for which they were committed to the Tower on a charge of seditious libel. They were, however, acquitted of the charge on the 29th of June, 1688. On the night of the same day seven of the English leading politicians dispatched to William, prince of Orange, to come over to England and assume the throne.

On the 5th of November he landed at Torbay with fifteen thousand men. Soon the whole country was at his side. Seeing no safety for himself in England, James fled to France, where he was received by Louis XIV, who assigned him a large pension, and the Palace of St. Germain as a residence. In 1689 he went to Ireland, where he was received with acclamation. In an effort to regain his throne, the superior genius of William of Orange, displayed at the battle of Boyne, July 1, 1690, broke the current of his success, while the battle of La Hogue, fought May 10, 1692, in which the united Dutch and English

fleets, under Admiral Russell, defeated the French naval force, under Tourville, blighted his last hope.

Upon his return to France quite a number of Irish families, among them a portion of the Kavanaugh family, who were adherents to the Roman Catholic religion, accompanied him.* From that period the name of Kavanaugh in France has not been an obscure one. The reader of French history will not fail to remember LOUIS EUGENE CAVAIGNAC (Kavanaugh), who was so prominent in the affairs of state in the time of Louis Philippe. He was born in Paris, October 15, 1802.† He was the son of Jean Baptiste Cavaignac, who was one of the deputies of the convention during the revolution of 1793. After having taken his degree at the College of Saint Barba, one

* In a family Bible now in possession of the family there is the following record, in the handwriting of Williams Kavanaugh, the father of the bishop: "My grandfather in the paternal line was named Philemon. He was descended from an ancient Irish family (I have understood) much devoted to the Stuart interest. About A. D. 1705 he and one other brother came to Virginia, and first settled in Essex County, though my grandfather's final settlement was in Culpepper. He was twice married. His last wife's maiden name was Williams. She was from Wales. My grandfather had several children by each marriage. My father was (by the last marriage) a posthumous child, and was called by his mother's maiden name. My grandfather in the maternal line (whose name was Harrison) was born, I believe, in England, though he came from New England to Virginia. He and two brothers, who came with him, all lived to very great ages. His wife's maiden name was Johnson, or Johnston, of a Scotch family. My father and mother were both born in February, 1744, Old Style. When they were married I do not know."

† General Cavaignac and Bishop Kavanaugh were born the same year.

of the highest schools in Paris, he was received at the Polytechnic School. He then went to the School of Application at Metz, with the title of sub-lieutenant of Genae, and entered, in 1824, the second regiment of that title. He graduated afterward as second lieutenant on the 1st of October, 1826, as first lieutenant on the 12th of January, 1827, and served in the Morea (Grecia) in 1828. In 1829 he was made captain in the same regiment. He was then only twenty-seven years of age.

Returned from Grecia, Captain Cavaignac was in 1831 in garrison at Metz. The project of a "National Association," which he signed, and which was considered by Louis Philippe as an act of opposition, brought him under the displeasure of that monarch, and resulted in his withdrawal from active service. His genius, however, as a military officer was too important to France to slumber. In 1832 he was recalled to the service, and sent to Algeria. There he exhibited a rare energy and a great intellect in regard to that country and war. He had the command of the weak garrison of Tlemecen, amid the most hostile and bravest tribes of Kabyles. In such a difficult and dangerous position he displayed the greatest talent of strategy, united to unequalled intrepidity and firmness.

Notwithstanding it was only on the 4th of April, 1837, that he obtained the rank of chief of battalion, yet on the 21st of June, 1840, he was made colonel of the Zouaves Regiment, and on the 19th of April, 1841, he received the command of the division of the Tlemecen, with the rank of marshal of camp. After the

revolution of February, 1848, he was made general of division, and called to the government of Algeria.

Having been elected *representant* of the National Assembly, he accepted the ministry of war, which he had previously refused. On his election to the National Assembly he returned to Paris, arriving there on the 17th of May, and finding the capital in an extremely critical state. The events of June elevated him to that eminent and unequalled position in which the cause of order became his debtor for so many eminent services. "A formidable insurrection had been organized, and it remained only for the National Assembly to assert its authority by force of arms. Cavaignac, first as minister of war, and then as dictator, was called to the task of suppressing the revolt. It was no light work, as the national guard was doubtful, regular troops were not at hand in sufficient numbers, and the insurgents had abundant time to prepare themselves. Various estimated at from thirty thousand to sixty thousand men, well armed and well organized, they occupied the north-eastern portion of the city, their front line stretching from the Pantheon on the south of the Seine by the Port St. Michel to the Portes St. Martin and St. Denis. Resting on the Faubourg St. Antoine as a central point, and threatening the Hotel de Ville, they had entrenched themselves at every step behind formidable barricades, and were ready to avail themselves of every advantage that ferocity and despair could suggest to them. Cavaignac, knowing the work he had before him, remained inactive, notwithstanding the urgent representations of the civil members of government, till a sufficient

regular force had been collected. At last, by a strong combined movement on the two flanks and against the center of the insurgent forces, he attempted to drive them from their barricades—with doubtful success for some time, as every inch of ground was disputed, and the government troops were frequently repulsed, till, fresh regiments arriving, he forced his way to the Place de la Bastille, and crushed the insurrection in its head-quarters.”

France may justly boast of many of her great men, but no man of the present century has enjoyed a prouder distinction than General Cavaignac. He received a million and a half votes for the presidency of the Republic. He died in 1857. That General Cavaignac descended from one of the Kavanaugh families that went to France with James the Second there can be no doubt.

At the time when a portion of the family followed the prostrate fortunes of James into France, one of the name sought refuge in Prussia. In the history of Napoleon mention is made of a very obstinate and troublesome member of the Prussian court by the name of Kavanaugh, who probably belonged to that branch of the family to whom reference is here made as having sought an asylum in that portion of Germany.

In Ireland, however, the name first appears, and is of frequent occurrence. In the province of Ulster there is a county bearing the name of Cavan, or Kavan, and in it is a church and school of the same name, the signification of which is *charity* or *benevolence*. At this church, *Kilkavan*, Daniel Kavanaugh

was educated, and was the first to bear the surname—the suffix “ augh ” meaning “ of.” The name, which so often occurs in Ireland, sometimes begins with the letter C, but more frequently with the letter K ; but wherever found, whether in France, in Prussia, in Ireland, or in America, it is the synonym of firmness of purpose and integrity of character.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century history records but little in reference to Ireland, beyond the turbulent condition of the country and the conflicts between the religious sects. To escape the persecutions incident to the illiberal spirit of the times, in 1705 two brothers, Philemon and Charles Kavanaugh turned away from their native land, and sailed for America. They first settled in Virginia, in Essex County. Philemon Kavanaugh, however, at a later period removed to Culpepper County, where he made a permanent settlement. Charles Kavanaugh left Virginia for New England, where he was lost sight of.* There is no task more difficult to the historian of the present time than to trace without authentic records the genealogy of a family through the centuries that have passed.

Although surnames were introduced previous to the Christian era, and were adopted by our Lord during his public ministry, yet they were not in common

* There is a family tradition that *three* brothers left Ireland together—that one of them stopped in England, and the other two came to America. General Kavanaugh, in command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's troops in India, has a similar family tradition, his paternal ancestor having settled in England, while two other brothers went to America. He undoubtedly belongs to the same original stock.

use until the latter part of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century. Besides the contests for power and the numerous conflicts in which petty princes were prominent actors, drenching the land in blood and blotting out entire families, together with the fact that the art of printing was not introduced until about the year 1450, rendered it difficult to preserve with accuracy the family lineage.

The Kavanaugh family, however, dates far back of the period to which we may trace it without difficulty. "The Irish nation [according to Connellan's 'Tribal History of Ireland'] was originally made up of four distinct tribes, one of which came from Greece in the second century of the Christian era, under the leadership of a line of petty princes. They continued to preserve their organization as a tribe until about the eleventh century, up to which time surnames were not used. Very early in the eleventh century the ruling prince, whose name was Dermot, had a son whose name was Daniel, who was educated at Kilkavan, and hence was called a Kavan-augh, when surnames were first introduced."

At the time when Philemon and Charles Kavanaugh left Ireland and came to America, it required no little courage to turn away from native land and seek a home on a foreign shore. Some, prompted by the desire to enjoy freedom of thought, others by the hope of gain, resolved to seek their fortunes in the New World. Influenced by whatever motive, it was not the unambitious and the timid, but the brave and chivalrous, who were willing to encounter the dangers of the ocean and the privations of the virgin forest.

Virginia was settled by a noble people. Whether from England, Ireland, Scotland, or from France, it was not from the lower grades of society that the colony of Virginia was settled. Many families of fortune and of gentle birth were among the early settlers, while others with brawny arms and stout hearts made it their home, and the home of their children.

We have already seen that more than gentle blood flowed in the veins of the Kavanaugh family, and that they were the patrons of learning. Philemon Kavanaugh was twice married, but whether his first marriage occurred before he left the Emerald Isle the record does not show. His second wife was Miss Williams, a lady with fine intellectual endowments. She was from Wales. By each marriage there were several children.

Among the children by the second marriage were two sons, Charles and Williams. Williams was the younger son and the youngest child, being a posthumous child. He was born in February, 1744, Old Style.

Williams Kavanaugh was born in Virginia, and came to Kentucky in 1775, and settled in Madison County, on the waters of Muddy Creek, ten miles north-east of Boonsboro. The body of emigrants in whose company Williams Kavanaugh and family emigrated to Kentucky was among the first who came to try their fortunes in the Western wilderness. They were guarded by an armed escort of the able-bodied men of their number. On their way the family of Mr. Kavanaugh was detained for months on account of the illness of his wife. The settlement he made

was under the immediate protection of Col. Estill, who had charge of Estill Station.

Williams Kavanaugh, son of Williams Kavanaugh, was born near the dividing line between Virginia and Tennessee, August 3, 1775, while his parents were moving to the District of Kentucky from Virginia. Brought up by parents whose lives were consecrated to Christ, when only a child he became convinced of the necessity of religion, and sought and found the pearl of great price. Impressed with the conviction that he ought to preach the Gospel, he "conferred not with flesh and blood," but resolved to enter upon the work.

In 1794 the Conference for the West was held in Jessamine County, Kentucky. At that session his name was placed upon the conference roll. Several names, distinguished in the history of Methodism in America, entered the itinerant ranks the same year as Williams Kavanaugh; among whom were Lewis Garrett and Nicholas Snethen. In Kentucky there were only six circuits, ten preachers, with a white membership of *two thousand and eighty-two*, and a colored of *one hundred and thirty-six*.

His first appointment was to Green Circuit in East Tennessee, with Lewis Garrett as his colleague, and the zealous John Kobler as his presiding elder. Mr. Kavanaugh was only nineteen years old when he entered upon the labors and duties of a traveling preacher. Mr. Garrett writes: "Williams Kavanaugh and myself proceeded to Green Circuit. This circuit was a frontier circuit. It lay along the Holston and French Broad Rivers. There were few set-

tlers south of French Broad, and what there were either lived in forts, cooped up in dread, or lived in strongly built houses, with puncheon doors, barred up strongly when night approached. The Cherokee Indians, who were their near neighbors, were in a state of hostility. We visited those forts and scattered settlers in quest of perishing souls." To reach this remote field he had to pass "through the wilderness, which was both difficult and dangerous." In company with "about sixty men, six of whom were traveling preachers"—among them John Ray and Lewis Garrett—he left the Crab Orchard, the place where the company met, and set out upon his journey. The first night he encamped in the vicinity of a fort in the woods, with no covering but the clear blue sky. Around their camp-fires they worshiped God, "the intrepid, fearless, zealous Ray" leading in the devotions.

The next day the company "passed the gloomy spot where, a short time before," several persons "had been massacred by the Indians, two of whom were Baptist preachers," and again at night they slept in the woods. The third day they "crossed the Cumberland Mountains, and reached the settlement on Clinch River, where" they "rested until the next day." *

That such a field of labor as this was sufficient to test the fidelity and courage of so young a preacher will not be questioned. Although only a youth, he was not insensible to the responsibilities of the holy office to which he had been called. With a commend-

* "Recollections of the West."

able zeal he prosecuted the duties assigned him, winning souls to Christ, and a warm place in the confidence and affections not only of the people he served, but of his colleague, Mr. Garrett, by whom he was always kindly remembered.

In 1795 he was sent to the Brunswick Circuit, with the gifted Ira Ellis as his presiding elder, and in 1796 to the Cumberland, both lying in the State of Virginia. In the Minutes of 1797 his name appears in connection with *two* circuits—the Franklin, in Virginia, and the Salt River, in Kentucky. It is probable that he spent the first six months on the Franklin Circuit, and the latter on Salt River.

Among the names that were prominent in the early history of Methodism in Kentucky that of Dr. Thomas Hinde deserves to be held in remembrance. His great opposition to the religion of the Nazarene; his powerful awakening; his sound conversion; his Christian life, shedding a luster over the community in which he lived; his peaceful death, resembling an Autumn sunset, all beautiful and cloudless, ought not to be forgotten. He “was born in Oxfordshire, England, in July, 1734. He studied regularly both branches of his profession—surgery and medicine—in London, under the direction of the celebrated Dr. Thomas Brookes, who superintended St. Thomas’s Hospital. At the age of twenty, Dr. Brookes, from personal friendship to his pupil, and from an assurance that his indefatigable industry had qualified him for the examination, presented him before the doctors’ commons (a board of physicians and surgeons), and would have him to pass an examination at an earlier period of

life by one year than was usual on such occasions. He soon after obtained for him a commission as surgeon's mate in the British navy. Dr. Hinde having entered the service of the government of his native country, he was ordered into foreign service, and the fleet to which he was attached arrived at New York on the 14th of June, 1757. He was with the squadron at Louisburg the same year, and 1757-58 wintered at Halifax, Nova Scotia. In 1758 he was at the reduction of Louisburg, under Amherst. In 1759 he was at the reduction of Quebec, under that distinguished general, Wolfe, and dressed the wounds of General Wolfe when he fell on that memorable occasion. He belonged to the vessel which Wolfe left to go on shore to contend with Montcalm for the palm of victory on the plains of Abraham. Soon after the fall of Quebec he returned to England. He was at the reduction of Bellisle, and afterward was promoted to surgeon. After peace was concluded with France in 1763, having formed an intimate acquaintance with a young Virginian who was his fellow-student under Dr. Brookes, he was induced through his young friend, who had returned home, and Dr. Brookes, to accept the invitation of an aged practicing physician in Essex County, Virginia, to assist him in practice, and about 1765 settled himself near a place called Hobb's Hole, in Essex County, Virginia. He afterward removed to King and Queen County, and settled at a place called Newtown, where he purchased, and commenced the practice of surgery and medicine with great success.

"In 1767, September 24th, Dr. Hinde married

Mary T. Hubbard, daughter of his countryman, Mr. Benjamin Hubbard, an English merchant; and some time after, disposing of his possessions at Newtown, removed to Hanover County, and settled in the neighborhood of that distinguished orator, statesman, and patriot, Patrick Henry, and became his family physician."

Dr. Hinde was the friend of Lord Dunmore, as well as of Patrick Henry. Warmly espousing the American cause, he was appointed by the governor of Virginia a surgeon in the army, in which position he served throughout the Revolutionary War.

At the close of the war, having drawn no part of his salary, and from his great skill as a surgeon having endeared himself to the Virginians, in settling up his accounts he was presented with a land-warrant, to be located in lands to be selected in Kentucky, leaving a blank within the warrant for the number of acres granted to be filled by Dr. Hinde himself. The blank was filled with *twenty thousand*, and placed in the hands of Patrick Henry to select and locate the lands.

Mr. Henry failed to accomplish it as anticipated, securing but one-half the number of acres. Dr. Hinde then employed his nephew, Hubbard Taylor, to proceed to Kentucky and complete the location, offering him one-half for his services.

These lands were located between Winchester and Lexington, chiefly in Clarke County.

"In 1788 or 1789 the Methodists began to preach in the neighborhood. An elderly gentleman, a High-churchman, who resided four or five miles from the

doctor's, possessed a very fine cherry-orchard. It was usual with the old gentleman to give annually to the youth of both sexes a cherry-feast. Indeed, feasting and amusements constituted the grand round of employment with the youth of that day. He never failed, on such occasions, to have some of the doctor's family to attend. His eldest daughter had married and moved away; his second was then just grown up, and about this time she attended. Old Mr. David Richardson (the High-churchman) was a great opposer of the Methodists: two of his sons had attended their meeting, contrary to his express orders, and both of them had returned under serious awakenings. They were young and inexperienced, and did not know what to do or where to go, but they dreaded their father's wrath; however, they returned home, and the old man, having learned that they had attended one of those meetings, seized the oldest by the collar, and while he was dealing out his blows with his staff in a most unmerciful manner, his son professed to get converted, and praised the Lord. The father soon after was seized with remorse of conscience, and in order to make some atonement for what he had done, caused his large barn to be removed to a beautiful grove, near an excellent spring of water, and fitted it up for a Methodist chapel. And although this old gentleman for a long time continued to be an opposer to vital piety, yet at his death, I am informed, he sought the Lord and found mercy. His eldest son at that early day was so filled with love and zeal in the good cause of the blessed Redeemer that he turned upon the doctor's daughter. He ad-

monished her of the error of her ways, her sinful state by nature, of the necessity of a change of heart, and of the awful consequences of dying unprepared to meet God. It made a deep, and ultimately a lasting, impression upon her mind; and through the day, while she was reflecting on the subject, very serious convictions reached her heart. In the evening she threw herself upon the bed, and in great agony began to pray to the Lord to have mercy upon her soul. But O, how gloomy was her situation! She began not only to reflect upon her own case, but saw the situation in which her parents were also. She was induced afterward to attend a meeting, but it was a Methodist meeting! and now, how could she meet her parents? Her father a confirmed deist, her mother cheerful and lively, she herself brought up in the gayest circle of society—she could find no person with whom she could take counsel, the whole settlement being composed of a gay and fashionable people. The tempter pleaded hard with her, and argued that if she did now seek the Lord, and would go to hear these people, that although she had the most tender and affectionate parents, they would disown her, and turn her out-of-doors; that she would bring a reproach upon them, and be forsaken by her companions. But however desperate her case might be made to appear her resolution was fixed, and she was determined to abide the consequences.

“The awakening of the daughter made a deep impression upon her mother’s mind. The doctor at length, through some channel, learning the result of the visit, and seeing the visible change in his daugh-

ter's appearance, all of a sudden on this occasion was at once roused to the highest pitch of desperation. The threatened storm began now to gather round this new subject of awakening grace. He called for a servant, directed him to prepare a horse and chaise to take his daughter to her aunt's (Mrs. Harrison), a widow then living in Caroline County, forty miles distant; and with the most vehement protestations, that unless his daughter relinquished her purpose, never to see his face again. How feeble are the efforts of man without grace! When Heaven designs to do the work, what is a human being's puny arm to resist, or to be raised to oppose it? How providential was this singular event: her aunt, unknown to the doctor, had gone to hear these strange people, had embraced religion and joined society, and opened her house for preaching. He could not have sent her to a more convenient and suitable place. But to the doctor's great annoyance, his wife became more and more sensibly affected; her awakenings were deep, and she desired to go and hear the Methodists for herself. In this the old doctor opposed her. A quarterly-meeting was to be held at Richardson's Chapel (called the Barn), to which she desired to go. Although on all occasions the doctor perhaps was not excelled as a husband or parent for tenderness and affection for his family—indeed, he carried his indulgence to an extreme—on this occasion it was strange, it was really astonishing, to see how his feelings were wrought upon; they were aroused beyond control. He most positively denied his wife the privilege of going to this meeting: he became persuaded in his

own mind that these people had set those persons thus affected crazy, and thus concluded that his wife and daughter were really deranged, and that, without a proper remedy being immediately applied, the consequences would become very serious." *

Opposed to Christianity, he availed himself of every opportunity to arrest the tide of religious emotion, that had swelled the hearts of his wife and daughter, until at length his madness culminated in the application of a blister to the neck of his wife to bring her to her senses. We are indebted for the following sketch to Bishop Kavanaugh :

"After the blister-plaster was put on, she and her daughter went on to the meeting again. The next day, the doctor asked how her blister was coming on. 'Did the plaster draw well?' She said, 'I know nothing about the plaster.' He exclaimed, 'What! did you not take it off?' She answered, 'No.' Of course he knew that it was in a bad condition. He stood astounded, until, she told me, he looked as if he were petrified, and doubted if he had the use of himself. She said she arose from her seat and purposely brushed by him, when he staggered and caught, showing the want of self-control, from the intensity of his feelings; for though he had thus treated his wife, he loved her with a warm devotion. Reflecting on this transaction, conviction seized on his mind, and troubled him for his sins. He dressed the blister as best he could, and taking a seat by his wife, he said, 'I expect if you were to join these people you

* Thomas S. Hinde in *Methodist Magazine*, vol. x, pp. 260, 261, 263, 309, 310.

would feel better.' With animation she exclaimed, 'Thank you, blister-plaster! thank you, blister-plaster!' believing that her blister had accomplished that much for her.

"She and her daughter now went to Church much elated. They thought their victory so grand they invited the preacher home with them. This was rather too fast for the doctor; but, as a matter of civility, he politely entertained the preacher, and asked him to have prayers at night. The preacher prayed with such mighty power that one or two of the girls fell prostrate on the floor, and looked as though they were dead. The doctor quietly crawled on his hands and knees to them, and felt their pulse, said he was satisfied that they could not die with that pulse, and so crawled back to his chair again.

"The meeting went on, and the doctor would make it convenient, in visiting his patients, to go by the meeting and hear the sermon—would sit at the door and hear as much of the class-meeting as he could. He was very serious, and soon gave him self to prayer, and was converted to God. His particular exercises of mind at the time of his conversion I do not remember to have heard detailed. This I regret. In detailing the circumstances that brought him to God, and the knowledge of his salvation, he often adverted to the blister-plaster. I once heard him say (I think it was in a love-feast), 'I put a blister-plaster on my wife to bring her to her senses, and lo and behold, it brought me to my senses!' On one occasion, going to love-feast, his wife remarked to him, 'Doctor, if you should have occasion to speak this morning, you

need not say any thing about the blister-plaster, for every body knows that.' I suppose he thought he would not, until he began to speak, and when he came to the part that brought in the plaster he paused a moment, and looking over to his wife, said, 'Honey, I can't get along without that blister-plaster.' He then gave an account of it, and passed on.

"Few, I suppose, ever took more pleasure in the habit of prayer than did Dr. Hinde, or practiced devotions more frequently. On the place which he cultivated in Kentucky you might often see little houses built of sticks of wood, and covered, most usually, with bark, with a door for entrance. His grandchildren (myself among the number), who were accustomed to joyous gambols over his grounds, were rather perplexed as to the use of these singular structures. At length the old doctor was overheard at his private prayers in one of these houses. After that we all called them 'grandpa's prayer-houses.' He aimed to conceal his person, but did not pray very silently—he could often be heard a considerable distance. On one occasion, he went into what we termed there a 'sink-hole' to pray. This was near the road. He became very much engaged, struggling for the blessing of God upon him. One of his neighbors, by the name of Lion, was passing by, and hearing the voice of prayer, but not seeing from whence it came, looked about to see if he could find its source. It seemed to him to be in the direction of the sink-hole. He approached it softly, and looking down into it, he saw the doctor on his knees, who, just at that time, received his blessing, and, in a very earnest manner, gave glory to God, and

shouted hosannas to his name. Lion passed on, awe-struck with the scene that came under his notice, having, as he told me himself, this train of reflections: 'Well, there was a man who could not be a hypocrite; he was alone and concealed, engaged in private prayer with God for a blessing on his soul. He wrestled with God, and prevailed. Without a consciousness that any eye was upon him but that of God, he was happy under his blessing—a proof this that Christianity is founded in the truth, and has a claim on every man.' His reflections fastened conviction on his soul, and he never rested until he too sought the God of all grace, and realized peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"In his family devotions, the doctor was very fervid and full of feeling. He would often pause in reading a chapter, with an expression of admiration, a word of exposition or application, sometimes exclaiming, 'This is a blessed chapter!'

"In his later days he lived with his daughter, Mrs. Mary McKinney, of Newport, Kentucky, who had a little son to whom he was greatly attached. He taught him, at the conclusion of prayer in the family, to say 'Amen.' The sound of the little boy's voice on that word would thrill him with peculiar pleasure. On rising from his knees he would cry out, 'Where is he?' would run to him, and embrace and caress him very fondly.

"At his own table he would require his grandchildren to come around the table, whether they could get seats or not, and hold their hands over the table until he would ask a blessing, when every little voice

would say, 'Amen.' This afforded him a high sense of pleasure.

"His piety was not morose—any thing but a sour godliness. It was a religion of love, joy, and peace. His reverence and affection for ministers of the Gospel were very great. On their arrival at his house he would run out to meet them, saying, 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, come in!' and he would embrace them in his arms. He esteemed them very highly for their work's sake.

"As might well be supposed, he had a high appreciation of class-meetings. Where he was well acquainted, and a preacher who was less acquainted might be leading the class, he would sometimes get before the preacher, and when he would come to a good case he would say, 'Here, brother, here is an humble soul, whom God blesses.' Again, 'Here is a prayerful soul, and zealous for the Lord.' But when he had not so much confidence, he would merely announce his name, and after the leader had finished talking to him he would stoop down and say to him, 'You must pray more.' On one of these occasions he was conducting a preacher round the class, and came to his wife, and said, in an animated tone of voice, 'Here is my wife, my sister, and my mother,' alluding to the fact that his wife had been the instrument of his conversion, and was, therefore, his mother. The preacher paused, reflected awhile, and then proceeded.

"A prominent trait in the doctor's character was a carelessness of worldly goods. This was carried, perhaps, farther than might be commended. He had

very little appreciation of them. I do not know that he ever called upon any persons for money they owed him; and if any one paid him money, it was likely that he would throw it into the lap of the first female member he passed in reaching home, and pass on. It was understood that he gave it to them.

"After giving up the practice of medicine, at the solicitation of his daughter (then Mrs. Mary Taylor), the old doctor and his wife lived with her until each one of them died. During this period he gave himself up to reading, meditation, and prayer, and appeared utterly dead to all worldly cares and interests.

"The subject of religion seemed always present to his mind. In illustration of this, several characteristic anecdotes of him are told.

"He was one day standing on the bank of the Ohio River, when a salt-boat came floating by, and a man on the boat hailed him, and asked, 'How is salt selling?' The doctor replied, 'I know nothing about salt; I know that grace is free.'

"At another time he was taking a morning walk, and met Gen. James Taylor, a relative by marriage, who said, 'Good-morning, doctor; where are you going?' 'I am going to heaven; where are you going, general?' The general, at that time, had some doubts whether his road led to the same country, and made no reply; but it is hoped he found the way to everlasting life before he left the world.

"One of his grandsons, Wm. W. Southgate, was running for Congress, and the race was a close one. Some of the family urged the old doctor to help out his relative with a vote, explaining the matter to him

to his satisfaction, and he promised to go and vote. So he started off to the court-house. His memory was very frail at this time, and the court-house was the place at which he was accustomed to worship. He walked on slowly, humming a tune, and got quite in the spirit of devotion by the time he reached the court-house. He walked in, and the judges of the election, seeing so aged a man coming to the polls, cried out, 'Clear the way, gentlemen, and let Dr. Hinde vote. Whom do you vote for, doctor?' The election had gone out of his mind entirely. He looked up with an air of surprise, and said, 'Whom do I vote for? Why, for the Lord Jesus Christ, for ever!' The judges said, 'That is the best vote cast here to-day, but we do not know that he is a candidate for the position now in question.' Meanwhile one of his grandsons said to him, 'Grandpa, you have not come to meeting, but to the election.' 'O, yes,' he said, 'I understand it now.' He then voted as he had purposed. He returned home full of holy thoughts and mellow feelings, and, it is said, some one asked him where he had been. He said, 'I have been to meeting. We had a glorious time.'

"Particularly in relation to recent events his memory was very treacherous. I was once in his presence, in the second year of my itinerancy, when he looked at me with an inquiring look, and said, 'Brother Kavanaugh, where did you come from? Did you come from Virginia?' I told him, 'No; I am a native Kentuckian, but my ancestors were all from Virginia. My grandfather, Dr. Thomas Hinde, was an early immigrant to Kentucky, and settled in Clarke County.'

‘What!’ said he, ‘Hannah’s son?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ He rose from his chair, and, seizing me round the neck, exclaimed, ‘Whom the Lord calls, he qualifies. Be faithful to your calling.’ And yet, in this same interview, he told me when he was examined on his studies as a student of medicine the questions that were asked him, and the answers he gave. In allusion to this failure of memory in his advanced age he was once heard to say, ‘I have forgotten my dear friends and my children; but, glory to God, I have never forgotten my Savior.’

“Of the last days and dying exercises of my grandfather I have never been particularly informed. The only item that I now distinctly remember being referred to was his desire that his wife, with whom he had spent so happy a life, should die with him. One of the last things he did was to feel her pulse, when he said, ‘Honey, you can not go.’ It is strange to myself that I am not better informed as to his dying exercises; but I have no anxiety as to the death of a man who, while living rejoiced evermore, prayed without ceasing, and in all things gave thanks. His end must be peace. He died at the age of ninety-two years, and passed away to the country ‘where there is no more death.’”

This sketch of Dr. Hinde will show our readers the character of one of the most remarkable men in Methodist history. The soul of honor in the ordinary walks of life, and as a Christian blameless and pure. From the time Dr. Hinde became a member of the Methodist Church until his death, his life was an exemplification of the truth of the religion he pro-

fessed. He carried his Christianity into all the walks of life—into the homes of his patients, to the couch of the sick and the dying, as well as into the family circle. With the same zeal that had distinguished his opposition to Christ previous to his conversion he prosecuted the duties of Christian life, exhibiting to all the genuineness of his conversion, and his abiding trust in the atoning merits of the Son of God. He loved the Church with a pure heart fervently. He lived to a ripe old age, and when his memory became oblivious to every thing else, religion to him was fresh and green; and when unable to converse upon any other subject, religion, that amid life's vicissitudes had so often cheered his heart and animated his hopes, afforded him a theme of which he never grew weary.

Mrs. Mary Todd Hinde was an extraordinary woman, and in the early history of Methodism in Kentucky bore a prominent part. She was the daughter of Benjamin Hubbard, an English merchant. On the 24th of September, 1767, she was married to Dr. Thomas Hinde. Descended from an excellent family, favored with the best educational advantages of her times, her mind well cultivated, easy and graceful in her manners, charitable in her views of the words and deeds of others, and occupying a high social position, she imparted happiness to the society in whose circle she moved.

For many years after her marriage she lived without the comforts of religion. The great aversion of her husband to Christianity was a hindrance to the cultivation of any religious emotions that may have impressed her heart.

Hannah Hubbard, one of her daughters, became impressed upon the subject of religion, and in an interview with her mother, the latter also became awakened. A short time afterward, preaching was introduced into the neighborhood in which she resided by Methodist preachers, and, under their preaching, she was more fully instructed in the way of salvation, and was converted to God.

In her early efforts to become religious, she was met by the opposition of her husband. Refusing to furnish her with a horse to ride to Church, she walked regularly to the house of God. Unwilling to yield her purpose to become a Christian, no argument could induce her to abandon it. Declaring his belief that his wife was losing her mind, he applied a blister to her neck—as already stated—to bring her to her senses. In this condition she went to the place of prayer. The sufferings she bore, together with the patience she evinced under them, had an effect contrary to the expectations of her husband. It terminated in his awakening, but not in the curing of his wife.

We copy the following from a letter we received from her grandson, Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh, dated Lexington, Kentucky, April 14, 1868:

“Faith in the promises of God, and the efficacy of the blood of the atoning Lamb, was much more efficient to the removal of her distracting grief and burdened soul. How long she was seeking the pardon of her sins until she obtained peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, I am not informed; but having obtained the pearl of great price, she beautifully illustrated its value by a godly conversation—

walking 'worthy of the vocation wherewith she was called.'

"After Mrs. Hinde and her husband were fully enlisted in the service of the Captain of their salvation, they removed to Kentucky, and settled in Clarke County. Here she became instrumental in the organization of a class, afterward known as the Ebenezer Church. In this neighborhood the purity of her life, the sweetness of her spirit, together with the clearness of her mind, were all elements of usefulness.

"Under the influence of the French infidelity of the day, there was at that time a good deal of that form of skepticism which was styled deism. Its adherents admitted the existence of one God, denied the doctrine of the Trinity, the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the inspiration of the Scriptures. One of her neighbors, Major John Martin, who was an adherent of this doctrine, was indulging in a little pleasant raillery, ridiculing her religion as being untrue, irrational, and not worthy of belief. In a kind and gentle tone of voice she said to him, 'Major Martin, the Christian religion *may* be true.' The expression fastened strongly upon the major. He said afterward that, on his way home, the thought was constantly revolving in his mind, *The Christian religion may be true.* The manner of the major was rather blunt and pointed; so he said to himself, 'If the Christian religion is true, it is an awful truth to me.' And as he pondered the great facts of religion, before he reached his home he said to himself, 'The Christian religion is true, and I am a sinner, and on the way to hell.' He hastened home, called for the Testament, and betook himself

to prayer, in which he persisted until he had the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. From that time he was an uncompromising soldier of the cross and follower of the Lamb, until he closed his life in peace.

“Mrs. Hinde had a singularly clear and distinct memory of the events of her life and observation. Unlike the doctor, her memory never failed her. When in advanced age she became apprehensive that she should lose her eye-sight, as her eyes were weak and failing, she thought that one of the most gloomy features of that calamity would be the deprivation of the pleasure and profit of reading the good books that had so often cheered her heart and edified her mind.

“To relieve, in some measure, the calamity she saw coming upon her, she committed to memory a large portion of Baxter’s ‘Saints’ Rest,’ and an astonishing amount of the practical remarks of Scott’s Commentary, some of the sermons of Wesley most admired by her, and some other authors that I can not now remember, and forty hymns. I have held the book and heard her recite for an hour at a time, and she but rarely miscalled a word; and those she would miss were a mere substitution of the little connective forms of speech that did not much affect the sense. The satisfaction she realized in this, she said, well rewarded her for the labor of committing. Even in her blindness she was cheerful, devoted to her Christian duties, and resigned to the will of God.

“I do not remember any detail of her dying exercises which I may have heard. But her race is ended, the battle is fought, and the long anticipated crown

has been bestowed. How glorious it is to think that her grand attainments through grace are hers forever!"

Dr. Hinde and his wife had seven children, all of whom were distinguished for probity of character and for fine intellectual endowments. Among them, however, was one of eclipsing superiority, who, in the hands of God, was the honored instrument in bringing the entire family to Christ.

Hannah Hubbard Hinde was born in Hanover County, Virginia, March 6, 1777. In her early childhood she evinced those qualities of candor and firmness which, at a later period, gave her an influence for good that extended throughout the large circle of her acquaintance. When only a child she attended Methodist preaching, and became awakened to a sense of her condition before God as a sinner. Although her mother was not religious, yet the daughter communicated to her the religious impressions she felt. The mother too became awakened, and soon both were converted to God, the daughter preceding the mother into the kingdom of grace.

At the time of her conversion Hannah was only twelve years of age. The fact that she had made a profession of religion aroused the wrath of her hitherto indulgent father, and induced an opposition that tested the faith of one so young. All efforts on his part to persuade her to abandon the profession she had made only contributed to her fidelity to the Church, which in time exerted a salutary influence on the life of her father, which, added to the bright Christian example of her mother, led him to Christ.

In 1797 Dr. Hinde removed to Kentucky, and settled in Clarke County, a beautiful and cultured portion of the State. His daughter was just twenty years of age, combining the remarkable gifts of her father with the charms and graces of her excellent mother. In person she was attractive, her social qualities scarcely equaled, while in conversation she excelled, with an entire exemption from all the frivolities so incident to the young. In addition to all these, her piety was uniform, deep, and abiding.

The conference of 1797 was held May 1st, at Bethel School, in Jessamine County, adjoining the county to which Dr. Hinde had removed. The session was held within the bounds of the Lexington Circuit, in which was the home of the doctor. Having just arrived in Kentucky, it is more than probable that he and his wife and daughter were visitors on the occasion, as in that early day another opportunity might not soon occur for the enjoyment of such a privilege. If so, it was at this conference that Williams Kavanaugh first met Hannah Hubbard Hinde. He was less than two years her senior, and the most gifted young preacher in the West. As we have already seen, he was this year appointed to Franklin Circuit, in Virginia, and to Salt River, in Kentucky, spending six months on each, as was often the custom in that day.

While in Virginia prosecuting his work, his thoughts oftentimes reverted to the home of Dr. Hinde. He returned to Kentucky about the first of November, and entered upon his duties on the Salt River Circuit, with the good Henry Smith in charge. His presiding elder was John Kobler.

If Mr. Kavanaugh had not asked the hand of Miss Hinde before he went to Virginia he did not long delay this question after his return to Kentucky. He writes to his presiding elder, consulting him, as most young preachers do, after his own mind had fully decided, and all his arrangements were completed. We have before us the reply of Mr. Kobler. He writes:

“VERY DEAR BROTHER,—Last Sunday I received your letter, in which you inform me of your intention to enter a new untried station of life. Of this every man is the most competent judge for himself. After long observation, I am of opinion it is a situation calculated to render a man the most completely happy, or miserable, of any other on the present stage of existence. It ought to be entered into with tardy steps and much prayer to God. I think it would have been better for you to have traveled longer, as the circuits have but a partial supply. I feel most tenderly for the interest of our cause, and am jealous at every appearance that might operate against it. Be cautious in your engagement, and strive to act with that prudence becoming the minister and Christian. I remain your affectionate brother,

“J. KOBLER.

“February 28th.”

On the 29th of March, 1798, he was married to Miss Hannah H., daughter of Dr. Thomas Hinde; and at the ensuing conference he asked for and obtained a location.

To the preacher who married at that period, when the allowance of a traveling preacher, whether mar-

ried or single, was only *sixty-four dollars a year*, location was a necessity.

While we deeply regret that a minister who promised so much usefulness to the Church as did Mr. Kavanaugh should have retired from the itinerant field, yet we can not be insensible to the reasons that decided him in this purpose. The vast extent of territory embraced in a single circuit, separating a minister from his family nearly all the time, together with the difficulty of obtaining the most meager support, influenced him to this step.*

In his local relation, however, he was not idle. His name stands recorded as one of the eight persons who formed the first class at Ebenezer,† in Clarke County. Spending the principal portion of the week in teaching school, he devoted his Sabbaths to the work of the ministry, in which he had already attained eminence. His mind, however, had no rest. He was then an ordained deacon. He felt the incongruity of such an office in the Church without a pastoral relation, and the more he pondered the duties devolving upon a minister of the Gospel the more unpleasant he felt to hold the office without an opportunity to discharge the duties involved. He was not willing to be what was but a little more than a nominal minister of the Gospel, and this gave him much

* Among the preachers who were traveling in this division of the work, Messrs. Burke and Page were the only married men who had been able to continue in the itinerancy.

† Bishop Kavanaugh writes us from Lexington, Kentucky, March 11, 1868: "I learn from my mother that he gave the church the name it bears, or rather has borne, in the various edifices which the society there has erected."

disquietude of mind. Some gentlemen of the bar urged him to study law and enter upon the practice, stating that his talents—analytical and strongly discriminative—eminently fitted him for that profession; but his convictions were that it was his duty to preach the Gospel of the grace of God, and that he dare not compromise this duty.

While in this state of mind, Dr. Warfield, a distinguished citizen of Lexington—a vestryman of the Protestant Episcopal Church of that city, the rectorship of which was then vacant—made his acquaintance, and placing a high estimate on his character and ability as a minister, proposed to him that if he would take orders in the Episcopal Church they would be glad to employ him as their minister.

He requested Dr. Warfield to allow him a little time to reflect on the subject, and said, "If I can do so without a violation of principle, and preach the doctrines I believe to be true and Scriptural, I may accept your offer."

After an examination of the Thirty-nine Articles, and looking into the usages and customs of the Episcopal Church, he believed that he was not necessarily compelled to adopt the Calvinistic doctrines, and that there would be no violation of principle in taking the proposed step, and that by accepting the offer he would be enabled to give all his time and labors to his calling as a minister of Christ. He gave to Dr. Warfield an affirmative answer to his proposition.*

The vestry of the Episcopal Church in Lexington

* The above facts were related to his son, Rev. B. T. Kavanaugh, D. D., by Dr. Warfield in 1823.

immediately drew up and signed an address to Bishop Claggett, then residing in Baltimore, requesting him that, after proper examination, he would ordain and send to their Church Mr. Kavanaugh as their rector. After reaching Baltimore, and delivering his letters to the bishop, he was invited to take tea with him, when a number of the Episcopal clergy would be present. At the appointed time Mr. Kavanaugh met the bishop and clergymen, as he supposed, to spend a social hour. During the interview Bishop Claggett proposed several points of doctrine as topics of discussion, on which each expressed his views freely, Mr. Kavanaugh among the rest. At the close of the interview the invited clergymen all arose, and expressed their satisfaction with the result. The bishop, in reply, in a very cordial manner, said, "I too am perfectly satisfied;" and added, in a pleasant manner, "I believe Mr. Kavanaugh is the best theologian among us." Mr. Kavanaugh now discovered for the first time that he had been passing an examination.

We have before us the parchments of Mr. Kavanaugh, signed by Bishop Claggett, of which the following are copies:

"THOMAS JOHN CLAGGETT, D. D., *and Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Maryland, to my beloved in Christ, the* REV^d. WILLIAMS KAVANAUGH, *sendeth greeting:*

"I do hereby give, and grant unto you, the said WILLIAMS KAVANAUGH, of whose fidelity, learning, sound doctrine, and diligence I fully confide, my license and authority (to continue only during my pleasure)

to perform y^e office of a priest in the State of Kentucky in preaching the Word of God, ministering his holy sacraments, reading y^e book of common prayer lately set forth by authority of the General Convention of y^e Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, according to y^e form prescribed, and not otherwise, or in any other manner ; and also all other functions appertaining to y^e said office, you having first been by me regularly and canonically ordained a deacon and priest in the said Church, and having in my presence subscribed y^e declaration required by y^e seventh canon of y^e General Convention, and solemnly promised a strict conformity to y^e doctrines and worship of y^e said Protestant Episcopal Church.

"In testimony of all which, I have subscribed my name, and caused my seal to be hereunto affixed, this twentieth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred.

"THOMAS JN^o. CLAGGETT."

"Know all men by these presents, That I, THOMAS JOHN CLAGGETT, D. D., by divine permission bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Maryland, holding by the assistance of Almighty God a general ordination on the feast of Trinity, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred, in Christ Church, in the city of Baltimore, did admit my beloved in Christ, WILLIAMS KAVANAUGH, of whose virtuous and pious life and conversation, and competent learning and knowledge in the Holy Scriptures, I was well assured, into holy order of deacons, ac-

ording to the manner and form prescribed and used by the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America; and him, the said Williams Kavanaugh, did then and there rightly and canonically ordain a deacon, he having first in my presence made the subscription required in the seventh article of our General Constitution.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto affixed my episcopal seal, the day and year above written, and my consecration the eighth.

"THOMAS JN^o. CLAGGETT."

After entering the Protestant Episcopal Church, and remaining for awhile in Lexington, he was called to Louisville, serving in connection with a Church in that city; one also in Shelby County.

At a later period, under the influence of General Hopkins, he was induced to accept a call to Henderson, where, after a few years of useful labor, he died in peace, October 16, 1806.

Reared under Methodist influences, blessed with the example and the instruction of pious parents from his childhood, converted, and having entered the ministry when only a youth, during the entire period of his connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, his piety shone with resplendent luster. As a preacher "he was not boisterous, but fluent, ready, and his sermons smoothly delivered; his style perspicuous, and every word expressive of the idea intended."

However much we may regret that he was influenced to make any change in his Church-relations, it is gratifying to know that he carried into the com-

munion which he entered the deep piety and devotion to the work of the ministry that distinguished him as an evangelist in the Church of his father. Judge Scott says: "He sustained an excellent character until he died."

We close this sketch with the following letter, received by us from the Rev. B. B. Smith, D. D., the senior bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States:

"Some years after I entered upon the office of the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Kentucky, it occurred to me that it might become a matter of some interest to those who should come after me if I were at some pains to collect such fragmentary notices as I could obtain of those early clergy who accompanied the first colonies which came to Kentucky, chiefly from Virginia. Some of these notices were not at all creditable to the characters of some of the colonial clergy. For example: Dr. Chambers, of Nelson County, fell in a duel with the celebrated Judge Rowan; and the distinguished Judge Sebastian, who escaped impeachment by resigning—on the accusation, which proved susceptible of a favorable interpretation, of receiving a pension from the Spanish governor of Louisiana. The letters of orders of both these, and of that amiable and blameless Swedenborgian, Dr. Gant, of Louisville, by bishops in England, were submitted to my inspection.

"The most favorable impression made by any of them upon my mind, was made, by all that I could learn, by the Rev. Williams Kavanaugh, of Henderson, who, however, was not ordained in England, but

either by Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, or by Bishop Madison, of Virginia, if I remember aright." *

We pause to reflect for a moment on the mysterious ways of Divine Providence. Mr. Kavanaugh when he died was in the morning of a life that promised great usefulness to the cause of Christ. He was only thirty-one years of age, blessed with a happy home, where words of cheer were constantly spoken.

We are already familiar with the motives that led Mr. Kavanaugh to change his Church relations; it is, however, gratifying to be able to record that, while his wife exerted every effort within her power to promote both his happiness and usefulness in the communion into which he had entered, yet she adhered with unfaltering devotion to the Church through whose influence she had been brought to Christ. She was left a widow with six children, and with limited means. In the darkest hours of her widowhood she enjoyed unwavering confidence in the promises of God, for herself and her children. At proper ages she placed her sons where they might learn useful trades, and be trained to habits of industry. After the death of her first husband in 1806, she remained a widow for six years, mostly at the old homestead of her father, then occupied by her eldest brother, John W. Hinde, in Clarke County. In 1812 she was married to Mr. William Taylor, a native of Ireland, but who was brought up and trained to business in England. By this marriage she had two sons, William and Edmund Todd. William died before he was grown, and Edmund remained with her at home, full of attention

* As we have seen, he was ordained by Bishop Claggett.

and kindness, until her third marriage; her second husband having died in 1814. She remained a widow for two or three years, and was again married, to Mr. Valentine Martin, by which marriage she had two daughters, Martha and Ann Southgate. Ann lived to be grown and married, but died soon after. Her second husband was a religious, good man; and his surviving son, Edmund, occupies a high position in public confidence and esteem. Her third husband was a near neighbor before marriage, and though not religious at the time, yet under the influence of his pious wife he became so, and made for her a kind and devoted husband. Under the influence and example of this excellent woman each of her children, as they arrived at the age of discretion, one by one joined the Church of their mother, and ever maintained a Christian character. Her son, Bishop Kavanaugh, in speaking of her, says: "The leading characteristics that marked the life of my mother were those of patience, fortitude, a trust in God, and a steady hope in his providence; a general affection for all good people, and a generous concern for the bad; a deep and abiding sympathy for the poor and the unfortunate; a strong attachment to the cause of God, his Church, and the ministry. She had been paralyzed by a stroke of palsy for several years previous to her death that gradually robbed her of her action until she could not walk at all. In this condition she gave herself to much meditation and singing, or humming, the tunes in which she had been accustomed to praise God." Her last moments were full of triumph. None of her sons were present except Hubbard. When he found she

was near her end, he asked her if she was aware of the fact that she was now dying. She simply replied, "Yes, I know it." He asked again, "Well, mother, how do you feel in reference to your departure?" Her only reply was, "READY!" O, how expressive! What a depth of fullness and perfection in this laconic and all-expressive word, "*Ready!*" A long life had been spent in the strictest care and untiring labors—to be able at last to say, "READY"—ready to depart in peace—ready to enter upon an eternal rest, and the reward of the faithful! Her duties to God, the world, and her children had been now all faithfully discharged, and she was ready to die. On the 11th of January, 1852, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. John Stevens, in Madison County, she passed away.

Mr. Kavanaugh was very proud of his wife, and justly so. Leroy Cole, Captain Richardson, and Edmund Taylor had all married daughters of Dr. Hinde. On one occasion he said to Leroy Cole, "You three gentlemen had the first chances in selecting wives from Dr. Hinde's family, but you failed to secure the flower of the flock. She was left for me."

Thomas Williams Kavanaugh was their first child. He was born January 5, 1799, in Clarke County, Kentucky. At the age of fifteen he was employed as deputy in the clerk's office of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, at Frankfort. He agreed to serve for six years under the guardianship of Achilles Snead, an old friend of his father's, and soon gained a good reputation for his efficiency and skill.

At the age of twenty-one, on visiting the United States arsenal at Newport, Kentucky, he was induced

by the officers there to apply under their recommendation for a commission in the United States army, which was granted, and he was commissioned first lieutenant, and assigned to duty under Colonel Johnson, who was just about to embark for Yellow Stone, on the Missouri River, where he rendered three years' service. His health failing, he was given a furlough to return to his home in Kentucky. He reached Frankfort, but was unable to proceed further. He sent a message to his mother and his brother Hubbard, who immediately went to see him. He lived but a few days. The hope was entertained that he died in peace. His death occurred May 29, 1823.

The second son, Leroy Harrison, was born in Clarke County, Kentucky, May 29, 1800. When in his fifteenth year, while reading Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," he was awakened to a sense of his condition as a sinner. In the Autumn of 1815 he and his sister Mary attended a camp-meeting near Cynthiana, where both brother and sister were happily converted. Deeply pious and remarkably zealous, yet his usefulness seemed to be greatly impaired by an impediment in his speech, which affected him in conversation, yet was no embarrassment in singing. His step-father, Mr. Taylor, was a fuller or cloth dresser, and to this business Leroy was brought up.

In the nineteenth year of his age he married Miss Rachel Martin, and in course of time removed to Illinois and settled at Mount Carmel, where he lived until his death, which occurred in November, 1864.

But few men exerted a wider influence in the community in which he lived than Leroy Kavanaugh.

When in 1836 William McMurtry was appointed to the circuit in which Mr. Kavanaugh lived, not being aware that he stammered, after concluding his sermon he invited him to exhort. Without any hesitation he arose, and without the slightest impediment in his speech delivered an exhortation of great power, and then sung and prayed. The Church was taken by surprise, and after the close of the service gathered around him, and with one voice exclaimed, "Brother Kavanaugh, we never before knew that you could talk without stammering. You must have license to preach." After going through the prescribed forms of the Church he received authority to preach the Gospel, and became one of the most eloquent preachers in all that country. His services were in demand as far as he was known, and under his earnest appeals and by the influence of his godly life hundreds were brought to Christ—the impression prevailing that he was the peer of either of his gifted brothers.

His character was marked by inflexible integrity, while his bright Christian example recommended the religion he professed. His death, so full of triumph, cast a shadow over other homes than his own. He was buried in the Odd Fellows' cemetery, where, by the side of his wife, he will sleep quietly until the resurrection of the just.

A letter from his brother, Rev. B. T. Kavanaugh, says: "On visiting the old home of my brother in the Winter of 1878 and 1879, I was taken by a delightful surprise to find a beautiful monument to the memory of my brother, whose Christian life and character was all that I could have wished. When I told Hub-

bard that I had found a monument, large and graceful, marking the spot where the remains of Leroy lay, an honor bestowed by the community where he lived and died, he exclaimed: 'Why, is it possible? I was really afraid to ask.'"

Their fourth child was a daughter. Mary Jane was born in Clarke County, Kentucky, November 16, 1803, and when twelve years of age, at the same time and place with her brother Leroy, embraced religion. A considerable portion of her girlhood was spent with her aunt, the wife of Rev. Leroy Cole, where her educational advantages were superior to those generally enjoyed at that period. From the time of her conversion she exhibited in her godly walk the doctrines of the Gospel she professed, and zealously labored for the salvation of her associates. She was instrumental in influencing many young people to Christ, among them her brother Benjamin, whom she led by the hand to the altar at a camp-meeting held at Ebenezer, where he was converted. April 18, 1822, she became the wife of John Challen, of Lexington, a young man of excellent family, who although irreligious at the time of their marriage, yet very soon afterward, through her instrumentality, was brought to Christ.

At the camp-meetings of that period in the exercises of the altar she was remarkably active, instructing the penitent in the way of life and salvation. Diffident and modest, yet such was her consistent Christian life and burning zeal for Christ that she never lost an opportunity to persuade a sinner to seek him; and such were the radiance and sunshine upon her face when under any religious excitement that she looked

as though she belonged to another and a happier sphere.

The camp-meetings in the earlier days of the Church and commonwealth were occasions of great interest and of great religious awakening. Retiring as she was, yet in the private circles assembled in the tents she would talk to those around her in strains of pathos and power that strong men would draw near and look upon her sunlit face, and catch the words of meekness, wisdom, and truth that flowed from her lips.

At a camp-meeting held near Millersburg in 1826, Mr. Samuel Rankin, a gentleman of culture, took a seat near her, while she was talking on the subject of religion, "desirous to learn whether there was any truth in the religion of Christ, which he had not believed," became deeply affected. A gentleman present watched him closely. "He grew pale as he listened, and tears unconsciously flowed down his face," and as she talked of the love of Jesus "he was overcome," and retiring declared that "nothing less than the spirit and power of God could inspire such heavenly eloquence." He resolved upon a better life.

In 1830 her husband removed to Illinois and settled in Waverly, where several of their children yet live. Some trouble between him and a member of the Church resulted in his withdrawal from the communion; after which he entered the Campbellite Church, and became a preacher in that denomination.

On one occasion, after her husband had preached, quite a number of the members of his Church, together with one of the preachers, accompanied him home, and were extravagant in their laudations of the sermon,

and congratulated Mrs. Challen on being the wife of such a light in the Church.

She calmly replied, "Yes, I suppose that Mr. Challen shines very brightly in your dark room, but when his light was much brighter than now, among other bright lights with which he was associated, his taper did not excel. The difference is, the shadow under which it is now exhibited. I have no doubt it shines very brightly among you."

At a later period, for the peace and harmony of her family, she made the sacrifice of her preferences, and joined the Church with her husband, her views of evangelical godliness remaining unchanged. She died April 18, 1863, after having been a widow several years.

Benjamin Taylor Kavanaugh, the fourth son and fifth child, was born in Jefferson County, near Louisville, April 23, 1805. Mrs. Kavanaugh had often expressed the opinion that it was wrong to raise sons to manhood without giving them some trade or avocation by which they might make an independent living.

She adhered to this policy in reference to the children that had been intrusted to her care. When in the tenth year of his age Benjamin was apprenticed to Rev. John Lyle to learn book-binding, where he remained two years.

While living with Mr. Lyle he, with his brother Hubbard, joined a company of eight boys, who formed themselves into a club that met once a week in the evening, for the purpose of reading the Bible and prayer. At the time of the formation of this society

of boys neither of them had joined any Church, yet each grew up to manhood with well formed religious characters, and members of some evangelical branch of the Church of Christ.

Mr. Lyle having suspended his book-bindery in 1817, Benjamin was transferred to Lexington, and apprenticed to the same business under Stephen P. Norton.

Unwilling to remain with his new employer for reasons which he deemed satisfactory, he gave him notice after a short service that he would leave him, to which Mr. Norton consented, on the condition that he would substitute his place with another boy. The terms were complied with, and Benjamin returned to his mother, she approving his conduct. He was apprenticed to the tanning and currying business with the Messrs. Barr, to whom he was bound for seven years.

At a camp-meeting, July 24, 1819, near Ebenezer, in Clarke County, near midnight, he was powerfully converted to God. In speaking of this event, he says: "This miracle of grace was so vivid and powerful that I can not better describe it than with Ezekiel to say, 'The heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God.' I had been seeking for this blessing ever since I left Paris two years previous. When found, it was truly the pearl of great price."

After working at the tanning and currying business for nearly six years of the time for which he was bound, he bought the remaining portion of the seven years at full price, and entered into the tobacco trade between Louisville and New Orleans, and plied it with

great success for three years, making enough to start him in business.

He was married in Winchester, Kentucky, April 3, 1827, to Miss Margaret Lingenfelter; was licensed to exhort in 1828, and to preach at Mount Carmel, Illinois, in September, 1829; commissioned as missionary for the American Sunday-school Union for Illinois in 1830, which employed his time for four years; in 1835 joined the Illinois Conference, and acted as agent for McKendree College for four years, realizing for the college seventy-five thousand dollars by establishing a land agency in its interest; in 1839 was transferred to the Rock River Conference, and appointed superintendent of the Indian Mission District of Sioux and Chippewas at the head of the Mississippi River, where he remained three years; in 1842 he was presiding elder on Plattville District, which he served three years; in 1845 he was appointed agent for the American Colonization Society for the States of Indiana and Wisconsin, which position he held four years. While in this agency he studied medicine, and graduated at Indiana Asbury University.

He located in 1849 and settled in St. Louis, where he practiced medicine for six years and a half. During this time the publication of the St. Louis *Christian Advocate* was commenced, and for five months Dr. Kavanaugh was its editor. While he resided in St. Louis he was elected to, and filled, the chair of obstetrics and diseases of women and children in the medical department of the University of Missouri.

In 1857 he was readmitted into the St. Louis Conference, and stationed at Lexington, Missouri, where

he had a successful ministry for two years. In 1859 he was appointed to Independence, where he labored for two years with unabated success.

In 1861 he was reappointed to Lexington, and soon after the conference, December 14th, he joined the Southern army under General Price, and was appointed chaplain for two years; then with Enoch M. Marvin (afterwards bishop) he was appointed missionary for the army by Bishop Paine, and in that capacity served to the close of the war. While in the army he served as surgeon and physician in field and hospital as occasion required, and laboring by the side of the gifted Marvin, contributed his labors to the revival which swept every thing before it, resulting in more than five hundred conversions, more than one-half of which were of soldiers.

In 1865 he was transferred to the Texas Conference, and stationed at Chappell Hill, and the year following was returned and elected professor of intellectual and moral science in Soule University, his son, Thomas H., being professor of natural sciences in the same institution. In 1867 the yellow fever visited Chappell Hill, taking off one-fourth of the population, among them his son, Dr. Thomas Hinde Kavanaugh, in his thirty-fifth year, and his daughter, Julia, in her twenty-fourth, one dying on the 8th and the other on the 9th of October.

In 1867 he was appointed to Houston, where he remained four years, during which time the membership of the Church in that city increased from ninety-five to two hundred and thirty-six.

From 1871 to 1880 he received nominal appoint-

ments in the vicinity of Houston, as his family could not be moved, performing missionary work in destitute places, in which his labors were greatly blessed. In 1880 he removed to Hockley, where his wife died October 12th, in glorious triumph.

He returned to Kentucky May 11, 1881, and settled in Mount Sterling, and June 16th the same year married Mrs. Sue Stith Barre, daughter of Richard Marcus Stith, formerly of Big Spring, Kentucky.

He was transferred to Kentucky Conference, and in 1881 was appointed to Owingsville Circuit, the first charge he filled in his native State. In 1882 he was appointed to Mount Zion, Bethel, and Old Fort Circuit, in Clarke and Montgomery Counties, where he is now laboring the second year.

From the great strain upon his eyes in reading and writing, especially while editing the "Family Visitor" and the "Masonic Mirror," while living in Houston, he contracted a dark shadow upon the retina of the eye that so obscured his vision that he is unable to see either to read or write.

In a letter from him dated April 12, 1884, he says: "But fortunately for me, in the good providence of God, my wife is skilled in these arts; with a mind stored with knowledge from twenty-five years of teaching, she more than supplies my lack of vision, so that by her aid I have not only been able to accomplish my Church-work, but at my dictation she has written and prepared for the press matter sufficient for two whole volumes of scientific works. First, 'Electricity the Motor Power of the Solar System,' published in serial form in *Wilford's Microcosm*, in New York, last year,

and a new work entitled, 'The Great Central Valley of North America Considered with Reference to its Geography, Topography, Hydrology, and Mineralogy, and other Prominent Features of the Valley.' This latter work is taken by the Smithsonian Institute, and will be published under the auspices of the government.

"In addition to these arduous labors, she has reviewed and prepared for the press a larger work, already in manuscript, entitled, 'Notes of a Western Rambler; or, The Observation and Experience of Pioneer Life in the West for Sixty Years.'

"Although on the 28th of April, 1884, I complete my seventy-ninth year, I am not conscious that I have lost either mental or physical vigor so far as ability to work is concerned, my health and strength remaining firm and vigorous. I still have plans in view for the future that may, if I am able to accomplish them, still contribute in some degree to advance the moral and religious interests of the public. Not the least among my labors is to assist you, as I have been doing, in gathering up the fragments of history pertaining to the life and times of my beloved and honored brother—your life-long friend—Bishop Kavanaugh."

Williams Barbour, the youngest child, was born in Clarke County, Kentucky, February 17, 1807, a few months after the death of his father.

In July, 1819, when twelve years of age, he joined the Methodist Church as a seeker of religion, and in September following was happily converted. As with her other sons whom Mrs. Kavanaugh had bound out to trades, so in the case of her youngest; she did not

make an exception. When very young she placed him with the same gentlemen where his brother Benjamin was apprenticed to learn the tanning and currying business.

In 1831, on the 16th of November, he was married to Miss Susan Ann Evans, of Clarke County, and in 1837 was admitted on trial into the Kentucky Conference, and appointed to Jefferson Circuit. After remaining in Kentucky three years he was transferred to the Rock River Conference, and appointed missionary to the Sioux Indians. He returned to Kentucky in 1843, and traveled until 1849, when he located. In 1856 he was readmitted, and continued a member of this conference until 1876, spending six years of the time in charge of districts, presiding over the Covington District four years, and the Maysville two years.

In 1876 he was transferred to Los Angeles Conference, and was appointed to the Los Angeles District, where he remained four years. He was then appointed to the San Luis Obispo District, but family affliction induced his return to Kentucky Conference, where he is now (1884) traveling Lawrenceburg Circuit.

CHAPTER II.

*FROM THE BIRTH OF HUBBARD HINDE KAVANAUGH
TO HIS ADMISSION INTO THE KEN-
TUCKY CONFERENCE.*

HUBBARD HINDE KAVANAUGH was the third son of Williams and Hannah Hubbard Kavanaugh. He was born in Clarke County, Kentucky, January 14, 1802, and was named for his great-grandfather Hubbard and for his grandfather Hinde. Left an orphan by the death of his father when in the fifth year of his age, the responsibility of his early training devolved exclusively on his widowed mother, to whom, in all things, he was obedient, her law being the rule of his early life. In his declining years he was often heard to say, that in all his life he had never disobeyed his mother nor been unmindful of her wishes. His childhood had nothing about it peculiar, only that he was distinguished for sterling integrity and invincible courage. Anxious to place within the reach of her son the means of support, and desirous to protect his morals, when thirteen years of age she bound him as an apprentice to the Rev. John Lyle, of Paris, Kentucky, to learn the art of printing. Mr. Lyle was a pious and able minister of the Presbyterian Church. The steady and industrious habits, together with his probity of character, so impressed the mind of the preacher that young Kavanaugh at once won a warm

place in his affections and a high place in his confidence. His educational advantages had been quite meager, but in his new position he availed himself of every opportunity to improve his mind and store it with useful knowledge.

Such, indeed, was the interest taken in the apprentice by his employer, that he often took him with him to his Sunday appointments, giving him the advantage of his conversation, his companionship, and his sermons.

The pious instructions of Mr. Lyle, added to the advice and prayers and godly life of his Christian mother, could scarcely fail to impress the young heart of her son. He gave thought to the subject of religion, until he became powerfully awakened, and on the 3d of November, 1817, while traveling with Mr. Lyle, he was happily converted to God. His conversion was clear and powerful, leaving no doubt in his mind as to his acceptance with God. He was happy, inexpressibly happy, and shouted aloud the praises of Him who had taken "his feet from the miry clay and the horrible pit and set them upon the Rock." In speaking of his conversion we have often heard him say, "I could not be a bigot; for my father was a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, my mother a Methodist, I was awakened under a sermon preached by a Baptist preacher, and converted while traveling with a Presbyterian preacher. So I owe something to all the Churches, and could not be a bigot, if I were to try."

Having made a profession of religion, we are not surprised that it was the wish of Mr. Lyle that Mr.

Kavanaugh should join the Presbyterian Church and enter the ministry. He saw in the young man the buddings of promise that indicated great usefulness in the future; nor are we astonished at the prompt refusal of the generous proffer of a classical education, on the condition that he would enter that communion. Here the mother was felt, who had said, "I want him first a Christian, and second a Methodist, and to me they mean the same thing. If God has called Hubbard to preach he has called him to preach a free salvation." With Mr. Lyle he had frequent conversations on the questions of Predestination and Free Grace, the last one of which occurred one evening in Mr. Lyle's parlor. After spending more than two hours, if not convinced himself of the error of Calvinism, he was satisfied that his pupil believed Arminianism to be true. He said to him, "Well, Hubbard, we will have to agree to disagree. You are certainly the best posted young man I have ever known." His excellent mother had adhered to the struggling fortunes of Methodism in the infancy of the Church, and when her husband had entered another communion, she still regarded it "the more excellent way." The rehearsal to her children of the difficulties that confronted her in her early religious life, the opposition with which she met in becoming a Methodist, her unfaltering devotion to the Church, and the sacrifices made by the itinerant preachers to extend the borders of Zion, had not failed to impress their hearts. Mr. Kavanaugh would have yielded any thing but principle to enjoy the advantages of a liberal education; but that he could not surrender.

He believed the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church to be consonant with the teachings of the Bible, and the itinerant system of preaching the Gospel as the best adapted to carry out the great commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and if he preached he would preach nothing less than a salvation provided for all mankind, through the sufferings, death, and mediation of Jesus Christ.

In the month of January succeeding his conversion Mr. Kavanaugh joined the Methodist Church under the ministry of Benjamin Lakin. Fully convinced that God had called him to the work of the Christian ministry, he was anxious to avail himself of every advantage within his reach to prepare for the responsible position. The kindness of Mr. Lyle to him was unabated. His apprenticeship was to continue for seven years from the time he had entered upon it; but when five years had passed his generous friend released him from all obligation to remain. A severe trial, however, soon awaited him. On leaving Paris he returned to his mother's, who still resided in Clarke County, for the purpose of prosecuting his studies. A severe affection of his eyes, which lasted for several years, compelled him to surrender his course of study just at a time when he deemed it essential to his success to apply himself unremittingly to his books.

In 1822, early in September, before he had reached his majority, he was recommended by the quarterly conference of the Mount Sterling Circuit, held at the Grassy Lick Church, in Montgomery County, to the

District Conference held at Pleasant Green, in Bourbon County, as a suitable person to be licensed to preach the Gospel. The District Conference granted him authority to exercise his gifts as a preacher. His license was signed by Marcus Lindsey. A short time afterward he removed to Augusta, where he was employed by James Armstrong to edit and publish the *Western Watchman*, a paper remarkably spicy and popular under his editorial management. John P. Finley, at that time was residing in Augusta, and was the president of Augusta College. He was not only in private life, but also in the pulpit, remarkably popular. While Mr. Finley preached frequently in the town, Mr. Kavanaugh confined his ministry to the country. Rumors of his success reached the village, but the members of the Church regarded all they heard as an exaggeration, and declined to have him invited to preach in town. Mr. Finley, however, heard him, and was equally laudatory with his country parishioners. Unwilling to risk too much, a plan was arranged of which Mr. Kavanaugh had no knowledge, by which he might preach a trial sermon, and if thought advisable afterward, he might be invited into the pulpit. James Armstrong was devoted to the Methodist Church, of which he was a pious and influential member. In the rear of his store he had a private room, and to this retired place he invited several members of the Church, among them the young preacher, and solicited him to preach, to which he consented with reluctance. His text was Prov. viii, 6: "Hear; for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things."

Not aware that he was preaching a trial sermon, and being, as he supposed, among friends, he threw off all restraint, and delivered his message with great liberty. The effect of the sermon was powerful and overwhelming. On the following day he was met by Mrs. Armstrong, the mother of the gentleman who had invited him to preach, a lady of ardent piety, who, in her own Irish brogue, said to him, "Och, man! sure, and we kape no Jonah here." From this time the pulpit in Augusta was always open to him. On the 24th of September, 1823, the Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in the city of Maysville. Bishops George and Roberts were both in attendance, and presided alternately.

Just forty years before, Francis Clarke, a local preacher, who had emigrated from Virginia and settled in Mercer County, had organized the first class of Methodists in Kentucky; while in 1786 James Haw and Benjamin Ogden, the first itinerant preachers, had entered the district.

During these forty years the Church had grown from a small class to a membership of twenty-one thousand six hundred and sixty-two, of which eighteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-five were whites, and two thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven colored, carrying its influence into every town and every community in the commonwealth.

Instead of a solitary circuit and two traveling preachers, at the close of forty years we find six presiding elders' districts, with forty-three separate charges occupied by seventy-four preachers, in addition to which the Kanawha District, lying in Western

Virginia, with seven charges and twelve preachers, were included in the Kentucky Conference.

No conference in the connection at this period was blessed with a ministry of a higher order of talents than the Kentucky. Indeed, such a constellation of names has but seldom appeared in any of the walks of life.

Thomas A. Morris, Peter Akers, Marcus Lindsey, Andrew Monroe, William Adams, Charles Holliday, Peter Cartwright, George W. Taylor, John Brown, George C. Light, John Ray, Benjamin T. Crouch, John Johnson, Edward Stevenson, Jonathan Stamper, and Benjamin Lakin are names that will never die.

The communities favored with the ministry of these men were blessed indeed. They have all crossed over the last river and entered upon eternal life, but their impress left upon the Church and upon the people of Kentucky will never be effaced.

Mr. Kavanaugh had a great affection for Benjamin Lakin, who had taken him into the Church. He was born in Montgomery County, Maryland, August 23, 1767. The family from which he descended were originally from England. Left an orphan at nine years of age by the death of his father, his moral and religious training was confided to the care of his only surviving parent. Soon after the death of her husband Mrs. Lakin removed with her family to Pennsylvania, and settled near the Redstone Fort, in a region of country greatly infested by the Indians. About the year 1793 she emigrated with her family to Kentucky, and settled on Bracken Creek, within or near the limits of Mason County.

Under the preaching of the Rev. Richard Whatcoat, in 1791, and before the removal of the family to the West, during a season of religious interest, Mr. Lakin was awakened and converted to God.* Feeling divinely called to the work of the ministry he became an itinerant preacher on the Hinkstone Circuit in 1794, under the direction of Francis Poythress, the presiding elder. In 1795 he joined the conference, and was appointed to the Green Circuit, in East Tennessee. In 1796 he returned to Kentucky, and traveled on the Danville, and in 1797 on the Lexington Circuit.

During this year he married, and, finding it impossible to support his family in the itinerancy, he located at the close of the year. "Such was the prejudice that existed in the Church, at that day, against married preachers, that it was almost out of the question for any man to continue in the work if he had a wife." †

He continued in a local sphere for only a few years, when, in 1801, he was readmitted into the conference, and appointed to the Limestone Circuit. The two following years the field of his ministerial labor was on the Scioto and Miami Circuit, including all of Southern Ohio. In 1803 he was returned to Kentucky, where he remained for three years, and traveled successively the Salt River, Danville, and Shelby Circuits. In 1806 and 1807 he was again appointed to the Miami Circuit, and then traveled successively on the Deer Creek, Hockhocking, Cincinnati, White Oak,

* Sprague's "Annals of American Methodist Pulpit," p. 268.

† Finley's "Sketches of Western Methodism," p. 180.

and Union Circuits—all lying beyond the Ohio River. In 1814 he again returned to Kentucky, where he preached and labored as long as he was able to be effective. His last appointment was to the Hinkstone Circuit, where he continued for two years.*

At the conference of 1818 he was placed on the list of supernumerary preachers; but the following year on the superannuated roll, which relation he sustained until his death.

For a few years after the failure of his health, he remained in Kentucky; but at a later period he removed to Ohio, and settled in Clermont County, near Felicity. Although unable to perform the work of an efficient preacher in the position he occupied, he never spent an idle Sabbath when it could be prevented. Having regular appointments at accessible points, when no longer able to perform the arduous labors that had characterized him in the strength of his manhood, even down to the grave, he determined to "make full proof of his ministry" by contributing his wasting life to the proclamation of the truths of the Gospel. In the morning of his life "he was one of those ministers who stood side by side, and guided the Church through that most remarkable revival of religion that swept like a tornado over the Western world. In the greatest excitement the clear and penetrating voice of Lakin might be heard amid the din and roar of the Lord's battle, directing the wounded to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Day and night he was upon the watch-tower;

* Mr. Lakin received into the Church, among others, the Rev. John P. Durbin, D. D., and Bishop Kavanaugh.

and in the class and praying circles his place was never empty—leading the blind by the right way, carrying the lambs in his bosom, urging on the lag-gard professor, and warning sinners, in tones of thunder, to ‘flee from the wrath to come.’”* From the time he joined the itinerant ranks until his name disappears from the effective roll “he was abundant in labors, and never hesitated to tax a robust constitution to the extent of its ability.”† In those religious controversies in Kentucky, which, in early times, not only disturbed the peace, but threatened for awhile the very existence of the Church, he stood amongst the foremost in vindication of the truth, repelling with gigantic power the attacks of all opponents. Always fluent in speech, and often truly eloquent—not only a bold, but an able defender of the Church; sacrificing the pleasures of home to bear the tidings of a Savior’s love—Benjamin Lakin held as warm a place in the affections of the Methodists of Kentucky of the past generation as did any one of the noble men who were his associates in labor.

On the 28th of January, 1849, he preached his last sermon to a congregation in McKendree Chapel, Brown County, Ohio. He returned to his home at Point Pleasant on the following Tuesday, complaining of indisposition. He, however, started on the succeeding Friday, on horseback, to a quarterly-meeting at Felicity, Ohio. He rode about six miles, when he reached the house of his niece, Mrs. Richards, in usual health, and enjoying a very happy frame of

* “Sketches of Western Methodism,” p. 183.

† Rev. Jonathan Stamper, in *Home Circle*, vol. iii, p. 211.

mind.* "About 12 o'clock that night he was attacked with a chill and nausea. On Saturday and Sabbath he continued quite unwell. On Monday he was much better; and, after eating his supper in the evening, he sat some time by the fire, and conversed sweetly with the family. At about 7 o'clock he arose, looked at his watch, and walked out of the room toward the front door. A noise being heard in the entry, the family followed, and found he had fallen to the floor. The first supposition was that he had fainted, and they made an effort to revive him; but it was the paralyzing touch of death—his spirit had fled."†

At this session of the conference thirteen young men were admitted on trial. Their names were, William McCommas, Daniel H. Tevis, Richard I. Dungan, Nelson Dills, Thomp. J. Holliman, David Wright, Daniel Black, Clement Clifton, Newton G. Berryman, John S. Barger, George Richardson, Abram Long, and HUBBARD HINDE KAVANAUGH.

Daniel H. Tevis had entered the conference in 1821, and was appointed to the Little Sandy Circuit, in the Kanawha District. Finding his strength unequal to the toils and sacrifices of an itinerant preacher's life, at the close of the year he retired from the field.

A year's rest had partially restored his health, and at the conference of 1823 he again applied for admission and was received. His field of labor was the

* "Sketches of Western Methodism," pp. 183, 184.

† General Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, vol. iv, p. 385.

Hinkstone Circuit, as the colleague of John Ray. With uncompromising zeal he entered upon his work, only to discover that he could not become an effective traveling preacher. Once more his physical powers were compelled to yield, and, although anxious to prosecute the duties of an itinerant he soon found himself unable to remain in the ranks. At the ensuing conference he was discontinued at his own request.

William McCommas was the next to retire. He traveled only three years. His fields of labor were the Big Kanawha and the Little Sandy Circuits, preaching in the latter two years.

Nelson Dills, after traveling the Shelby, the Madison, and Franklin Circuits, died on the 23d of March, 1827. He was born in Harrison County, Kentucky, in 1796. His parents, David Dills and his wife, were members of the Methodist Church and deeply pious. They were of German descent, and were brought up in Pennsylvania, but came to Kentucky at an early day and settled in Harrison County. In the Autumn of 1816, at a camp-meeting held at White's Camp-ground, near Cynthiana, to which Mr. Dills had gone for sport, he was awakened to a sense of his condition as a sinner and happily converted to God, joining the Church at the same time. Believing that he was divinely called to preach the Gospel of Christ, previous to his entrance upon the ministry, he was remarkably zealous and useful. He appointed prayer-meetings whenever convenient, and excelled in the class-room as a leader. In exhortation he had but few equals, and as a singer he had scarcely a peer among his brethren.

In entering the ministry he exhibited in the pros-

ecution of his work a zeal worthy the apostolic age of the Church. He was not, however, permitted to continue long in the field. His career was brief, though brilliant. It was his privilege to terminate his labors in the same charge in which he had commenced his work as an itinerant. On the Franklin Circuit he had won his earliest trophies, and on that same field he gathered his latest laurels. In the several charges he filled a succession of revivals crowned his ministry, and hundreds were converted and added to the Church. His last moments were peaceful and happy.

Daniel Black died the same year, after traveling the Henderson, Cumberland, Logan, and Barren Circuits. In the ministry he was useful, in his life exemplary, in afflictions patient, and in death triumphant. He was born in South Carolina, November 27, 1795; embraced religion July 24, 1821; and was licensed to preach August 18, 1823. He left to the Kentucky Conference a small legacy to be equally divided among the members.

Thompson J. Holliman traveled the Breckinridge, Red River, and Somerset Circuits. These fields of labor were large, and the work to be performed more than equal to the strength of Mr. Holliman. Unable longer to bear the fatigue of the campaign in 1826 he was placed on the list of superannuates, where he remained until his death, which occurred previous to the session of the conference in 1828. During his ministry he accomplished much good, and died peaceful and happy.

David Wright traveled the Dover, Hartford, Bacon

Creek, John's Creek, Barren, and Bowling Green Circuits. He located in 1829.

Clement L. Clifton employed the first year of his ministry on the Green River Circuit, where he was very successful in the accomplishment of good. He subsequently traveled the Somerset, Livingston (two years), Henderson (two years), and the Christian Circuit. Worn down by the arduous labors to which he had been subjected, in 1832 he sought repose in a superannuated relation, in which he remained until 1835, when he asked and received a location. He was well spoken of wherever he labored, and was remarkably useful.

The name of Richard I. Dungan is familiar to the Church in Kentucky. Of his early life we have no record. When a youth he was apprenticed to the tanning business, and during the period of his apprenticeship was converted to God. His first appointment was to the John's Creek Circuit, where he traveled one year, and was then transferred to the Missouri Conference. After spending two years in Missouri he returned to Kentucky, where he continued to travel and preach until the Autumn of 1835, when, "from feeble health and family circumstances," he felt it his duty to locate. In 1839 he re-entered the itinerant ranks, where he labored faithfully until the Fall of 1846, when he again located. In 1855 his name again appears on the conference roll, but his career was destined to be brief. He was only coming home to die "with harness on." He was appointed to the Newcastle Circuit, where, on the 1st day of December, he was taken ill, and died on the 9th of February, 1856.

The talents of Mr. Dungan were not of a brilliant character, yet he was eminently useful as a preacher of the Gospel. In his preaching there was an earnestness and a pathos that sent the truths he delivered home to the hearts of his hearers and led them to Christ. His death was calm and serene. Often triumphant during his last illness, he quietly passed away as sinks the sun to its evening rest.

George Richardson was born in Cumberland County, Kentucky, April 30, 1804. When fifteen years of age he was happily converted and joined the Methodist Church.

Previous to his admission on trial into the conference he traveled the Cumberland mission for several months under the supervision of Peter Cartwright as presiding elder.

In this wide and unpromising field he had been assailed by a band of ruffians, who had resolved that the standard of the Cross should not be planted amid their mountain homes. They but little understood the spirit of the preacher, or the unflinching nerve that he possessed. Attacking him, they tried to drive him from the field, as they had done his predecessor, when with stalwart arm he vindicated his right to remain by proving himself master of the situation. A second attempt, in another portion of the mission, resulted somewhat differently. They consented to allow him to preach, but notified him that they would whip him at the close of the sermon. Five men had engaged to perform this difficult task. With the Bible and Hymn-book in his hand, he stood in the door of an humble cabin and delivered his message to the assem-

bled crowd. First a stillness, like the hush of death, came over the assembly; but as he proceeded—now presenting the terrors of the law, and then the melting scenes of the Cross, inviting them to flee the wrath to come—cries for mercy fell from smitten hearts and rent the air of heaven. The sermon closed, and yet the preacher pleaded his Master's cause. On his knees he passed through the house and yard, exhorting sinners to turn to God. When the services closed the stars were shining in the heavens, and many had found peace in believing. Among those who were converted on this occasion was one who had volunteered to whip the preacher. On the same day he organized a Church in that community.

In the Autumn following he entered the conference, and after traveling the Greenville, Henderson, Livingston, and Little River Circuits, he retired to the superannuated roll, where he remained for three years.

In 1830 he returned to the effective ranks, and was appointed to the Logan Circuit, but having mistaken his strength, at the close of the year he was again placed on the list of superannuates, where he remained until 1835, when he located, his health being too feeble for him to perform the duties of an itinerant preacher.

As a local preacher he labored to the full measure of his strength, devoting his talents and energies, as far as possible, to the accomplishment of good. Thoroughly versed in the Scriptures, he was among the ablest defenders of the doctrines of the Church. He was familiar with the peculiar tenets and institutions

of his own denomination, and presented them with a boldness and ability that silenced opposition. A devout Christian, his life and deportment gave a luster in the community in which he resided to the religion he professed. Successful in winning souls to Christ while an itinerant, hundreds were also converted through his ministry in later years.

His last illness was protracted and severe, but his sufferings were borne without a murmur. With his pastor and his family he conversed freely in reference to his hope beyond the grave. He called to his bedside his wife and children, and addressing them one by one, he requested them to meet him in heaven. He said, "I shall soon be there. I long to lay down this mortal body that I may put on immortality." To his wife he said, "Weep not for me, nor think of me when I am gone as one reposing in the cold clay, but as a happified spirit, at home with God." He died in Logan County, Kentucky, May 26, 1860, and was buried in the family grave-yard.

Abram Long began his itinerant career on the Christian Circuit. From the conference of 1823 until his death, which occurred June 16, 1867, he received twenty-six appointments. He was local one year, and seventeen years his name appears on the roll of superannuated preachers. He was born in Nelson County, Kentucky, April 25, 1796. Of the date of his conversion we are not advised. When he entered the ministry he was in the prime of manhood, and to the duties to which it called him none of his contemporaries were more faithful than he. While his talents were not of a high order, yet as a preacher he

was always acceptable, and filled with credit to himself and with blessing to the Church many of the most important charges in Kentucky. Courteous in his manners and exemplary in his piety, distinguished for his native kindness, and earnest in his exhortations, he was a favorite with all who knew him. The greater portion of his ministry was spent in the Green River country, where he was instrumental in doing much good, and where he was greatly beloved. He did not marry until in his sixty-third year. He died of cancer in the face.

His sufferings for some time before his death were very great, but he bore them with the fortitude of a Christian hero. When unable to speak, he turned to the Bible and pointed to the language, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." He was joyful to the last. He wrote, "Not a doubt is on my mind." He died at the residence of Major Medley, in Christian County, Kentucky.

John S. Barger, who entered the conference the same year with Mr. Kavanaugh, was a young man of considerable promise. His first circuit was the Bowling Green. He subsequently traveled the Logan, Clarke's River, Hopkinsville, Jefferson, Logan, Henry, and Limestone Circuits.

While traveling the Logan Circuit, he fell in love with Miss Sarah L. Baker, a young lady of fervent piety, and well calculated for the position of a preacher's wife. On the Sabbath before the marriage was to take place Mr. Barger preached in the neighborhood in which Miss Baker resided. His text was Matthew xviii, 3. Just as he announced his text the

young lady entered the church, when the discomfited preacher said, "My text is the eighteenth chapter and third verse of Sally Baker." The lady blushed, the audience smiled, and the sermon was remarkably brief.

During the eight years he spent in Kentucky he stood abreast with the most gifted young men in the conference, and witnessed everywhere he labored the awakening and conversion of the people.

In 1831 he was transferred to the Missouri Conference and stationed in St. Louis. At the session of the Missouri Conference, in 1832, he was transferred to the Illinois Conference, where for nearly fifty years he faithfully and successfully preached the Gospel in the principal cities and towns of the State, occupying the most commanding positions, oftentimes a leader in the ranks, in charge of the most important districts. After a long life of labor and toil, and with his work well done, a few years ago he entered upon rest.

Newton G. Berryman was the son of James and Martha Berryman, and was born in King George County, Virginia, August 25, 1805. His parents removed to Kentucky, and settled in Fayette County, when he was about six years of age. He was left an orphan by the death of his father when only seven years old, and hence the responsibility of his early training devolved entirely on his mother, who, though an excellent lady, was not then a professor of religion. Impressed with the importance of saving grace in early childhood, yet having no one to instruct him, he permitted his convictions to pass away. When about fourteen years of age, at a two days' meeting

held in Scott County, he made a profession of religion and joined the Church, under the ministry of Benjamin Lakin. Faithful to the profession he had made, he became the honored instrument in the hands of God in the conversion of his mother and other members of the family. Believing it to be his duty to preach the Gospel, he was first licensed to exhort, and afterward to preach; and at the conference ensuing he was admitted on trial. His first appointment was to the Mount Sterling Circuit, the second to the Christian, and the third to Fountain Head. On these several charges his labors were blessed in the conversion of many souls. Unable longer to perform the labor incident to the life of a traveling preacher, in the Autumn of 1826 he asked for a location. In this relation to the Church we find him actively engaged in preaching the Gospel on every Sabbath and teaching school during the week. Three years' rest from circuit life so restores his health that he re-enters the traveling connection in the Tennessee Conference, in 1829, and is appointed to the Clarksville Circuit. The labors of the year prostrated him, and at the next conference he again locates, but remains at Clarksville in charge of an academy. In the Autumn of 1832 we find him once more a member of the Kentucky Conference, and traveling the Christian Circuit—one of his former fields of labor—with John Redman as his colleague. Under their united labors several hundred were brought to Christ. From here we follow him to the Bowling Green Station, where he remained two years, and where about fifty members were added to the Church.

Having decided to remove to Illinois, he located at the following conference, and was employed by John Sinclair, the presiding elder of Sangamon District, Illinois Conference, to fill the Peoria Station, which had been left vacant. Mr. Berryman remained in Illinois until after the memorable General Conference of 1844, of which he was a member. On the great question which resulted in the division of the Church, he voted with the Southern delegates, which rendered his further connection with the Illinois Conference unpleasant. Leaving Illinois, his name is enrolled in the Minutes of the Missouri Conference, and he is appointed to the St. Louis Circuit. He continued a member of this conference until September, 1849, when once more severe family affliction induced him to retire to the local ranks. In 1854 he again enters the field, travels the St. Charles District for two years, and then fills the Glasgow Station the two following years. His next charge is the St. Joseph Station, and then the St. Joseph District, which not only embraced a large portion of bleak, prairie country, but extended to the Iowa line. From this district he went to Palmyra, where, in consequence of the unsettled state of the country during our civil war, he continued three years. The Hannibal District was the last field he occupied in Missouri, on which he traveled eighteen months.

In 1865 he was transferred to the Kentucky Conference and appointed to the Lexington District. After serving the Lexington District one year he was stationed in Carrollton, to which he was returned the second year. In 1868 he was sent to Harrodsburg,

where he remained for two years. In 1870 he was transferred to St. Louis Conference. Here he remained but a brief period, until God called him home. An injury received from a horse resulted in his death, at Glasgow, Missouri, December 18, 1871. He was thrice married. His first wife was Miss Slaughter, of Kentucky; his second wife was Miss Loring; his third wife was Miss Hassinger, of Missouri.

In the various charges he filled, whether on circuits, stations, or districts, he faithfully performed the duties assigned him, enjoying the love and confidence of his brethren in the ministry and the Church he so earnestly served.

An examination of the printed minutes will show that, among those who entered the conference with Mr. Kavanaugh, no one was appointed to a field where so many sacrifices were to be met, nor where the labors were so arduous.

CHAPTER III.

*FROM THE SESSION OF THE KENTUCKY CONFERENCE
OF 1823 TO THE CONFERENCE OF 1827.*

THE first appointment of Mr. Kavanaugh was to the Little Sandy Circuit as the colleague of Luke P. Allen.

Andrew Monroe was Mr. Kavanaugh's first presiding elder, and between the superintendent of the Augusta District and the junior preacher on the Little Sandy Circuit the most cordial relations existed. Indeed, every young preacher knows the strong attachment he formed for his presiding elder, and the anxiety with which he looked for the return of the quarterly-meeting.

Mr. Monroe entered the Ohio Conference in 1815, and spent the first nine years of his ministry in Kentucky. In 1824 he was transferred to the Missouri Conference, where he fell asleep after fifty-seven years in the itinerant ministry, forty-eight of which were spent in Missouri.

At the Missouri Conference of 1872 the Committee on Memoirs presented the following report:

"Andrew Monroe, as a prince among his brethren, held high rank, and now, that he has gone to his cloudless home, his memory will refresh us at our annual gathering. It is not within the scope of this sketch to enter into any exhaustive analysis of a life

so protracted, aims so single and sublime, purposes so pertinaciously adhered to through a long, eventful course. Abundant *data* exists for such a portraiture of this honored man, which will be wrought into an enduring form. The name and influence of this good man is interwoven into the warp of Methodism as it is to-day upon the American continent. His name is historic. Scarcely a book of Methodist annals has appeared within a half century past that does not contain it. He impressed himself upon two generations.

“Andrew Monroe was born on Nobly Mountain, in Hampshire County, Virginia, October 29, 1792. He was the youngest of a family of eleven children, eight sons and three daughters. Four of the brothers became Methodist ministers. He was converted when a youth, and joined the Methodist Church in Hampshire City. In March, 1815, he was licensed to preach by David Young, presiding elder, and sent to labor with Charles Waddell, on the Fairfield Circuit. The following Autumn he was admitted on trial into the Ohio Conference, and was sent by Bishop Asbury to Cumberland Circuit, Kentucky.” At the time of his transfer to Missouri, the Missouri Conference “embraced the States of Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas, and Indiana.” After serving two years in the city of St. Louis “he was placed on the St. Louis District, embracing the entire State, which he penetrated in every direction, swimming swollen streams, braving the storms of Winter, and enduring the fevers of Summer, that he might proclaim the cross of Christ to the pioneers. . . . Brother Monroe was a member of eleven General Conferences, and his voice was always

heard with respect in that body. He was also a member of the Louisville Convention which decided our present ecclesiastical position. In the absence of a bishop he was almost invariably chosen the president of the annual conference. He filled every important office in the ministry of the Church but that of bishop."

He died at home in the bosom of his family a short time before the meeting of the Missouri Conference, 1872. He left the legacy of a good name to his family and the Church.

Before entering upon his work Mr. Kavanaugh returned to take leave of his mother, a mother whom we have often heard him declare he had never disobeyed. She had dedicated him to God in infancy in holy baptism, had watched over him in childhood, had followed him with her prayers amid the perils of youth, and now, in his early manhood, she realized the consummation of her wishes. God had called him to preach; of that she had no doubt; and he had pledged himself to obedience. He could not go to his circuit without being folded once more in her loving arms and resting his head upon that breast where it had so often been pillowed. She gave him her blessing; it was the blessing of a mother: it was more; it was the blessing of a saint who walked and communed with God. His outfit was such as preachers of that day generally had—a good horse, saddle, and bridle, a comfortable suit of clothes, a warm overcoat, a pair of saddle-bags filled, one pocket with a change of underwear, and the other with standard Methodist books, including a small Bible and hymn-book. He

wore a drab hat, and his coat was round-breasted, the style worn by the preachers of that period. The hour for parting arrived. He took leave first of the rest of the family, and last of his mother. Her words were few. "Be faithful, my son, and true, and God will bless you and make you useful." The tears coursed their way down his face. He mounted his horse and was soon out of sight.

In all his lifetime he had never felt so lonely as on that day. As he journeyed along he thought of his mother; or perhaps thoughts of his sainted father, that father of whom he had no recollection, flitted across his mind, of his leaving home a mere youth, on a similar mission. He thought, too, of the responsibilities of a minister of Christ, and more than once he turned aside into the forest and alighted and knelt, and prayed for courage and for wisdom that he might be able to perform the duties that lay before him acceptably to God and with blessing to the people he would serve.

The distance from Clarke County to the Little Sandy Circuit was about one hundred and fifty miles, and the country through which Mr. Kavanaugh would pass after the first day's travel was inclined to be mountainous, with only an occasional settlement. Sixty years ago there was no turnpike between Lexington and Maysville, and the primeval forest was almost untouched. Mr. Kavanaugh reached his work in due time. The circuit was large, extending from the mouth of the Big Sandy River into Pike, Lawrence, Boyd, and Greenup Counties, and along the Little Sandy, taking in Carter, Elliott, Morgan, Johnson,

and Floyd Counties, with twenty-four preaching places. The country, too, was mountainous; the appointments to be filled by each preacher every four weeks.

Mr. Allen, the senior preacher, made the first round, and announced at each place where he preached an appointment two weeks later for his young colleague. Mr. Kavanaugh met with a kind, if not a cordial, reception. Remarkably neat in his personal appearance, some thought he dressed too fine. His excellent social qualities, his cheerful manners, and his fervent zeal, however, soon won upon the hearts of the people, so that they felt willing to bear with him. There were in this field of labor but few houses of worship. The preaching places were either small log school houses or the private dwellings of the people. The distance oftentimes between appointments rendered it necessary to travel in the afternoon so as to be within reach of the appointment the next morning. Accommodations were frequently uncomfortable, but were cheerfully bestowed by the settlers of that rugged region, and received by the preachers with grateful hearts. He finished the first round, hearing everywhere laudations of the "preacher in charge," in which he heartily joined, for no young preacher ever loved his senior more than Hubbard H. Kavanaugh loved Luke P. Allen.

The equipments of a preacher of that period were not complete without a marking iron, a small, sharp-pointed rod about six inches long, whose use was to mark a tree at the fork of the road, so that there would be no difficulty in finding the way on subsequent rounds. This, however, often produced trouble.

In making his first round, in several instances, Mr. Kavanaugh marked the wrong trees. On the second round a guide accompanied him, making different marks. For the remainder of the year he frequently found it difficult to decide which mark to follow.

Having to preach almost every day, and frequently at night where he stopped for rest, he found but little time for study. In addition his eyes had not yet fully recovered their strength. Anxious to pursue the course of study devised for the undergraduates, in Winter he availed himself of pine knot lights at night, often reading after the family had retired, while in the Summer he read and studied on horseback while pursuing his lonely journey.

The question has often been asked, How did the early preachers acquire such a store of knowledge? The answer is, By recognizing the requirements of the Discipline to "never be unemployed, never be triflingly employed." That they were better theologians than the majority of the preachers of the present day will scarcely be denied. It is true they were not so familiar with the discoveries of modern science as are many of their sons in the Gospel; but they knew the Scriptures, and presented and defended the doctrines of Christianity with an ability that has never been surpassed.

During the Winter but little occurred on the circuit of special interest. There were some awakenings and a few conversions, while the class-meetings were seasons of spiritual profit.

To say that the junior preacher was always cheerful would be an injustice to his sensitive nature.

The roads were bad, the traveling difficult, and sometimes ungenerous criticism from unexpected sources depressed him; but had he not been divinely called to this work, and had he not turned his back upon all besides, and would not God sustain him if faithful to the trust?

The Winter of 1824 lingered long in the lap of Spring, but at length the ice and snow disappeared, and earth once more wore its vernal beauty. The forests were clothed in green, and wild flowers adorned the mountain sides, throwing their fragrance on the balmy air. Nature was donned in its most lovely attire. A brief visit to his mother enlivened his spirits. They had knelt and prayed together. She encouraged him in his work. On his return he held meetings of several days' continuance when showers of grace fell upon the Church and upon the assembly.

The circuit on which a preacher travels his first year is invested with an interest to him in after life that belongs to no other field he may occupy. Notwithstanding the privations endured by Mr. Kavanaugh on the Little Sandy Circuit, yet during his entire ministry he held the people of that charge in grateful recollection, and looked back to the year he spent among them with feelings of indescribable pleasure. A richer experience far to him, and one more beneficial in its results, than if he had been stationed in one of the cultivated and refined villages of the State, was his ministry among the people in that rural district. There he learned that a preacher's life was not one of ease, but of endurance; and that the blessings of

the Gospel were not confined to the rich, but that "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." He learned, too, a lesson of sympathy, so essential to the proper exercise of the functions of the high office to which he was afterwards elevated.

On his way to the conference of 1824 he visited his mother, and detailed to her an account of his year's labor.

"You are not tired, then, my son, of the work?" inquired his mother.

"Not at all," replied her son. "I sometimes get tired in it, but never tired of it. I have enlisted for life." Such was the language and such the feelings of the young itinerant.

The conference was held in Shelbyville, one of the most beautiful villages in the State. The session was opened September 23d, by Bishop Roberts. Bishop Soule was also present, and Bishop McKendree put in his appearance a few days later.

In Shelbyville the Methodist Church occupied a very influential position. It, however, had not reached the proud summit on which it stood without a struggle. At every advance step it had met with opposition, sometimes with doubtful results. Jonathan Stamper had been presiding elder of the Salt River District, extending from the Cumberland Mountains to the city of Louisville and embracing Shelbyville. The Baptist and Presbyterian Churches were both favored with gifted and able preachers. In the former Messrs. Toncray and Waller, and in the latter Archibald Cameron. Their attacks upon Methodism were so unwarranted and severe that Mr. Stam-

per, distinguished no less for his wonderful gifts than for his eloquence, determined to take up the gauntlet and bear aloft the banner of Methodism. Mr. Stamper was aggressive. Messrs. Toncray and Waller were driven to the wall. In defense of Calvinism Mr. Cameron came to their rescue, only to share the fate that had befallen the heroes of a lost cause. Methodism was in the front.

The establishment of "Science Hill Female Academy" in Shelbyville this year was destined to prove a blessing to Methodism, not only in that community but throughout the West and the South. No institution of learning, of high grade, for young ladies had been founded in Kentucky, except the Roman Catholic School near Bardstown; and, indeed, there were only two west of the mountains. Kentucky was growing in population, in influence, and in wealth. The education of her daughters was a question of vital importance. It was impossible then, as now, for Protestant, and especially for Methodist parents, who regard the religious as well as the intellectual culture of their daughters, to place them in Romish institutions of learning, under the guardianship of priests and of nuns. But few instances, comparatively, have occurred in which young ladies of Protestant parents have been educated in Roman Catholic schools, who have not abjured the religion of their father and mother and embraced the fearful heresy of Romanism; nor will it be denied that the system of instruction adopted in these schools is far inferior to that pursued in institutions under the supervision of evangelical Churches.

John Tevis, after traveling four years in Kentucky, had been transferred to the Tennessee Conference, and appointed to the Holston District. While traveling that district he made the acquaintance of Miss Julia A. Hieronymus, who was converted and joined the Church under his ministry, and whom he afterward married. Miss Hieronymus was a Kentuckian by birth. Her father had resided in Clarke County, Kentucky, where his daughter was born December 5, 1799. Anxious to educate his children, and Kentucky at that period offering but few facilities, in 1807 Mr. Hieronymus removed to Virginia in search of a favorable location for this purpose. After a lapse of years he settled in Winchester, Virginia, which then afforded the best male and female schools. There Miss Hieronymus received such an education as secured to her a firm foundation on which to build a more extensive superstructure. From Winchester her father removed to Washington City, where she completed her course of study. It was neither the design of the excellent father in bestowing the means of education, nor the purpose of his gifted daughter in improving the advantages with which she was favored, that she should devote her life to the instruction of others. He was only preparing her for society, of which he expected her to be an ornament, and little dreamed of the brilliant career of usefulness that lay before her.

A reverse in the affairs of her father induced her to engage in teaching. In 1820 she made her first attempt in this responsible vocation at Wythe Courthouse, Virginia. After remaining there for more

than a year, she went to Washington County to become the instructress of an only daughter of a gentleman who resided in that county, near Abingdon.

Immediately after their marriage in 1824, Mr. Tevis, with his wife, returned to Kentucky, and settled in Shelbyville. At the session of the conference after his return to his early home he was appointed to the Louisville Station, leaving his family in Shelbyville; and in the month of March, 1825, Science Hill Female Academy was founded. The first session there were only thirty-five students, six of whom were boarders. It, however, rapidly acquired reputation, and soon its fame was spread, not only throughout Kentucky, but the whole country, until its pupils "were brought from afar," and its rooms were crowded with young ladies preparing for the stern duties of life.

To estimate the good that has been accomplished by Science Hill is impossible. Of such eclipsing superiority over Roman Catholic schools, hundreds sought its halls who but for its existence might have been taught to bow to the Virgin and to kiss the crucifix; hundreds more have been converted to God while receiving their education there, and have returned to the parental roof "twice blest," to enter upon life's great battle. For fifty-nine years this institution has been on its mission of good. Kentucky and the West have sustained it nobly, and the South has been its special patron and friend. When prosperity and peace reigned supreme in their sunny homes, and before the dark cloud of war was seen upon the horizon, Southern parents poured their wealth into its

lap, and received in return their daughters with all the accomplishments that a Christian education can bestow. All over the West and South, in every hamlet, village, and city, home and society are blessed by Christian wives and mothers, distinguished for all the excellences that ennoble woman, who look back with pride to Science Hill as their *Alma Mater*. If grateful recollections are cherished of the benefactors of a country, if deeds of heroism are not forgotten, and if a life devoted to the permanent prosperity of the Church merit a warm place in the affections of its members, then the name of Mrs. Julia A. Tevis will be remembered for ages to come.

The noble woman who for more than fifty years conducted this institution with so much success has entered upon eternal life, but Science Hill, under the supervision of Dr. Poynter, still blesses the Church and the world.

The Newport Circuit, to which Mr. Kavanaugh was sent this year, was scarcely less in its territorial limits than the one he had previously traveled. It, however, embraced an older section of the State, including the promising town of Covington. Jonathan Stamper was his presiding elder, and the sweet-spirited William H. Askins his colleague. The appointment, too, placed him among relatives and the friends of his noble grandfather, and opened before him a still wider field for usefulness.

Mr. Kavanaugh was beginning to attract attention as a preacher, while Mr. Askins was a young man of more than ordinary promise. There had been extensive revivals throughout the circuit; not only the

previous year, but for several years preceding, the labors of the preachers were crowned with success. Messrs. Kavanaugh and Askins entered upon their work with energy and zeal, and soon, not only in Newport, but all around the circuit, sinners were awakened and penitents converted to God.

In 1825 his field of labor was the Salt River Circuit, as the colleague of Thomas Atterbury. This circuit included Springfield (the last his father had traveled before his marriage), Bloomfield, Chaplin, Bardstown, Taylorsville, Shepherdsville, and West Point, and reached out many miles on either side. The talented Marcus Lindsey presided over the Salt River District with marked ability and eminent success. Before his wonderful preaching error paled, and Calvinism hid its head; and after one or two debates with the Baptist Church on the subjects and mode of baptism there could be found no champion in their ranks who was sufficiently incautious to risk a passage-at-arms with this knight of the Cross.

Mr. Kavanaugh was the junior preacher on the circuit, and was beginning to occupy a large space in public thought. He had gradually advanced from the commencement of his ministry until, a writer says, "he was peculiarly attractive by his eloquent preaching."

Bardstown was a difficult place for Protestant Christianity. It was the stronghold of the Roman Catholic Church in Kentucky, and for that denomination it was the seat of learning in the West. St. Joseph's College was there, and Nazareth, their pride and their boast, was only two miles away. For sev-

eral years attempts had been made to plant Methodism upon its soil, but without effect. Mr. Kavanaugh, however, drew large houses. Catholics and Protestants came to hear him, and under his powerful appeals many were won to Christ. In the early part of the year he organized a society in Bardstown, and received, among others, into the Church, Burr H. McCown, who afterwards became a distinguished preacher.

In Springfield, too, his ministry was a glorious success; indeed, all through the circuit he found way to the hearts of the people.

It was but seldom that a preacher then served a charge more than one year, but Mr. Atterbury and Mr. Kavanaugh were both returned the following year to the Salt River Circuit. Such men as Judge Rowan, Charles A. Wickliffe and Hon. Ben. Hardin, men of national fame, called in person on Mr. Lindsey, and solicited his reappointment. Like a flame of fire he passed through the country, preaching almost every day, and exhorting sinners to repentance. Wesleyan, or rather Pauline, in his theology, he knew no compromise where it was assailed, but with due respect to the opinions of others he defended his own views with marked ability, while his life everywhere shed a luster upon the doctrines he taught. There was not a community in which he proclaimed the tidings of a Redeemer's love where success was not achieved. Not only at Bardstown and Springfield were there revivals, but at Chaplin, at Shepherdsville, and throughout the circuit, hundreds accepted Christ and joined the Church. The white membership was almost

doubled, while in the colored membership the increase was large.

Mr. Kavanaugh had closed his fourth year in the conference, and had been ordained both deacon and elder. From the time he became a traveling preacher he was a close student; and notwithstanding the difficulties that confronted him, he had not only read, but mastered the entire course of study required previous to the reception of elder's orders.

The Church too had steadily progressed. The printed Minutes show an increase in four years of two thousand four hundred and eighteen in the white membership, and in the colored of five hundred and nineteen. The increase, however, was much larger. The Kanawha District, with two thousand eight hundred and seventeen white, and two hundred and twenty-four colored, members, formed a part of the membership in 1823, but had since been transferred to the Ohio Conference, which, if added to the membership in the Kentucky Conference in 1827, makes the increase during the first four years of Mr. Kavanaugh's ministry *five thousand two hundred and seventeen* white, and *seven hundred and forty-three* colored. No denomination, perhaps, in Kentucky had increased in the same ratio during these four years.

The increase in the number of preachers was equally gratifying. Instead of seventy-four we have ninety-four to proclaim the tidings of salvation.

George Brown, John P. Finley, Martin Flint, William Young, John R. Keach, Daniel Black, Obadiah Harber, and Nelson Dills had crossed over the last river and entered upon eternal life.

John P. Finley was the intimate friend of Mr. Kavanaugh, and during the period of the latter's residence in Augusta, previous to his entrance into the ministry, his daily companion. His death, which occurred in May, 1825, was deeply mourned by the Kentucky Conference; but no one felt the bereavement more than did young Kavanaugh.

John P. Finley was never employed in the regular pastoral work. He was the son of the Rev. Robert W. Finley, and the younger brother of the Rev. Jas. B. Finley, who for nearly fifty years was a useful and faithful traveling preacher, and who died on the 6th of September, 1857, a member of the Cincinnati Conference, and who uttered, while dying, as his last connected sentence, "I have been blessed with great peace, wonderful peace! I don't know that I ever had such peace in all my life!"

John P. Finley was born in North Carolina, June 13, 1783. His excellent father was a Pennsylvanian by birth, and was born in Bucks County, in that State, on the 9th of June, 1750. At the age of seventeen he experienced religion, and soon after entered Princeton College, then under the presidency of the celebrated Dr. Witherspoon. In that institution he spent several years in reference to the ministry, after going through with his collegiate course. In 1774 he was licensed to preach the Gospel of Christ as a minister in the Presbyterian Church, and was sent as a missionary to Georgia and the Carolinas. The dark cloud of war was then spreading over the political sky, and a struggle between Great Britain and the American Colonies was imminent—a struggle that

was long and bloody. To his country's call his patriotic heart responded, and following the flag and the fortunes of the gallant Marion, Mr. Finley, by his example and his valor, rendered valuable service in the contest. After the close of the war, in 1784, he, with a few others, set out to explore the District of Kentucky. In this journey they encountered, for months together, many perils and sufferings, and finding he could not move through the wilderness with his family, he removed to Virginia and settled in Hampshire County, where he faithfully preached the Gospel to the destitute inhabitants. He subsequently crossed the mountains, and reached the Monongahela, and in the Autumn of 1788 descended the river in a flat-boat, and reaching Kentucky, settled near Stockton's Station, now Flemingsburg. Remaining here but a short time from apprehension of the Indians, he removed to Bourbon County and settled on Cane Ridge. At this place he not only preached to the people, but he opened an institution of learning of high grade, literary in its character, but with a special department for the benefit of young men who were preparing for the ministry and desired a theological training. Among those who entered as students in divinity were Joseph and John Haw, William and Samuel Robinson, Archibald Steel, Richard McNamar, John Dunlavey, John Thompson, and James Welch, all of whom became ministers in the Presbyterian Church. Messrs. Trimble, Mills, and Campbell, and many others who became distinguished as members of the bar, commenced their scientific studies with Mr. Finley. Before the close of

the century he emigrated from Kentucky, and settled in the State of Ohio, below Chillicothe, and was one of the first white men that raised corn in the Scioto Valley.

We are not advised as to the influences that were brought to bear upon his mind, that led him, when nearly sixty years of age, to change his Church relations. In 1808 his two sons, James and John, had professed religion, and joined the Methodist Church, and in the same year Mr. Finley also became a Methodist preacher. In 1811, then sixty-one years of age, he offered himself to the Western Conference, and was accepted, and for many years labored in the itinerant field with great success. But few men of his age preached so frequently, labored with so much zeal, or so ably defended the doctrines of the Church as he; and none surpassed him in the instruction of the children and youth in his pastoral charges; and under his ministry hundreds were added to the Church. When near eighty years of age, although he was placed on the superannuated list, he did not regard his work as done, but frail and feeble as he was, he mounted his horse, with his books and clothes, and setting off north, devoted himself as a missionary in the regions of St. Marie, and formed a circuit, and appointed a camp-meeting on the very frontiers of Methodism. Holiness was his great theme. To the end of his noble life his mind was calm and peaceful. He died December 8, 1840, in the ninety-first year of his age.*

Such was the father of John P. Finley. Brought

* Rev. George W. Maley, in the *Western Christian Advocate*, 1841.

up under such influences, soundly converted, his intellect highly cultivated and richly stored with Bible truth, the Church looked to his entrance into the ministry with much anxiety and interest. The impressions he had received at the Cane Ridge camp-meeting in 1801 had worn away, but were renewed in 1808, under a sermon preached by John Collins, in which year he professed religion and joined the Methodist Church. In September, 1810, he was licensed to preach. It is to be regretted that he did not at once enter the itinerant ranks and devote himself exclusively to the work of the ministry. His power to accomplish good ought not to have been confined to a local sphere; yet, as a local preacher, from the time he was licensed until 1822, when he became a member of the Kentucky Conference, he labored in Ohio with untiring zeal and with great success. His time, however, was divided between the work of the ministry and the education of the youth. From the period when he entered the conference until his death, which occurred in May, 1825, he presided over the fortunes of Augusta College.

“Such was his popularity as a citizen of the new State of Ohio, that the people elected him twice as a member of the Lower House, and once of the Senate of their State Legislature. He was a man of more than ordinary talent—natural and acquired; but his great popularity was owing to his amiable disposition, gentle manners, and many personal excellences. After this he was called to take charge of Augusta College at its first organization, and became the principal of this institution, which is the oldest Methodist college

in the Western country. He continued that relation until it was dissolved by death.

“It was after his removal to Kentucky, and while engaged as teacher in the college at Augusta, that I became acquainted with him. From personal knowledge I could say much in his favor as an instructor of youth, a citizen, a preacher of the Gospel, and a devoted Christian. Religion, cheerfulness, edifying conversation and engaging manners made him a highly acceptable guest in the circles where he was wont to move. He was a classical scholar, a good citizen, a kind husband, an affectionate father, a warm and constant friend. His religion was pure and undefiled before God and the Father, for it led him to visit the fatherless and the widows in their afflictions, and enabled him to keep himself unspotted from the world. Very often, indeed, was he seen at the chamber of the sick and the house of mourning, and few could equal him in imparting consolation and encouragement amid scenes of distress. In the pulpit he was zealous, plain, practical, searching, and powerful. His voice was delightful to the ear, and his action natural and pleasing. By him, indeed, the violated law poured forth its thunders; yet even then it was manifest that his warnings were prompted by love to God and man. He delighted to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ in strains of promise, hope, and mercy. The sinner’s hard heart melted under his burning eloquence, and the despairing penitent trusted in the Redeemer when Brother Finley represented him as able and willing to save. He was deeply experienced in the religion of the Bible. God had been

his sun and shield, his stronghold in the day of trouble; hence, he was prepared to be a son of consolation, and such he truly was. The weak and tempted believer hung with rapture on his lips, and became wiser and happier under his gracious and reviving ministrations.

“He was cut down not far from the summit-level of human life, in the midst of his usefulness, and the tears of his wife, children, relations, and friends. To them it had the aspect of a dark and mysterious providence; yet, ‘just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.’ As he approached the end of his career he gave ample satisfaction that for him ‘to die was gain.’ His last mortal struggle was severe, yet the soul was calm and triumphant amid the convulsions of death; and as the mantling shadows of night were shrouding the earth it fled from family and friends to the paradise of God. His funeral sermon was preached by his esteemed friend, the Rev. P. Akers, from the well-known passage, ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth,’ etc. His mortal remains are decently interred at the rear of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Augusta, Kentucky; and should any of the numerous friends that his piety and worth drew around him visit that beautiful village, they may go and see the place where they have laid him.”*

* *Western Christian Advocate*, of August 1, 1834.

CHAPTER IV.

*FROM THE SESSION OF THE KENTUCKY CONFERENCE
OF 1827 TO THE CONFERENCE OF 1831.*

IN the Autumn of 1827 Mr. Kavanaugh was appointed to the Lexington Circuit, with Richard Corwine in charge, and William Adams, distinguished for his zeal, as his presiding elder.

The Lexington was the most inviting circuit in the State, and spread over a beautiful section of country. It contained twenty-six preaching places, and included Nicholasville, Versailles, and Georgetown.

The mother of Mr. Kavanaugh resided in the bounds of this circuit, which gave to her son the privilege of visiting her frequently. He had but two rest days in the twenty-eight, and he usually spent them at her home.

The four years that Mr. Kavanaugh had spent in the conference, while success crowned his ministry in every field, had greatly improved him as a preacher. It is true he had not yet taken rank with Crouch, with Stevenson, with Stamper, with Morris, and with Lindsey—intellectual giants—yet among the young men in the conference he occupied a commanding eminence. His freedom from ostentation, his unfeigned humility, the unction with which he delivered his message, his warm, impassioned oratory, together

with his catholic spirit, had attracted to him more than ordinary attention.

Between the two preachers there was a striking contrast. While Mr. Corwine did not take rank in the pulpit as one of the first preachers in the conference, yet his talents were above mediocrity, and he was always acceptable to the Church as a minister of the Gospel. He never preached what the world styles great sermons, but he never failed to interest and instruct. His was not the flood of impassioned eloquence that overleaps its banks and carries every thing before it; but it was the gentle stream that rolled smoothly on within the limits assigned it, equally sure to reach its destination, bearing upon its placid bosom the hopes of the world.

Mr. Kavanaugh was different. He was more like a majestic river overleaping its banks, and carrying every thing before it. Besides, Mr. Corwine had traveled the Lexington Circuit before, and was well known to the people.

The junior preacher made the first round of appointments, but during the Fall and Winter did nothing beyond filling his regular work, and performing such pastoral duties as so large a field would permit.

Early in the Spring the signs indicated a revival of religion at several points in the circuit. The interest gradually increased until there were awakenings and conversions at every preaching place. The increase in the membership on the circuit showed how faithfully the preachers had labored.

It was during this year that Mr. Kavanaugh was married. He met Mrs. Margaret C. Green, of Wood-

ford County, a lady of deep piety and of rare accomplishments. She was the daughter of Charles Railey, Esq., one of the most prominent and influential gentlemen in Kentucky. Mr. Railey was born October 26, 1766, in Powhatan County, Virginia, though principally brought up in Chesterfield. He was the son of John and Elizabeth Railey, and was the first cousin of Thomas Jefferson. Attracted no less by her personal charms and cultured intellect than by her devotion to the Church and her zeal for the cause of Christ, he sought her hand, and on the 24th of July, 1828, she became his wife. No marriage could have been more happy. He loved her with all the affection of his great warm heart, and her devotion to her husband was beautiful.

The conference of 1828 met in Shelbyville, and it was on this occasion that we first saw and heard Mr. Kavanaugh preach. He reached Shelbyville on Saturday afternoon before the session opened, and on Sunday was to occupy the pulpit, both morning and evening.

We were living in the family of an uncle, S. W. Topping, and were indebted to his kindness for a home, and for the promise of an education. He was, unfortunately, a follower of Tom Paine, and had never permitted us to attend Church, although he occasionally went himself. Learning that a distinguished preacher would occupy the pulpit on Sunday morning, he concluded to go and hear him. The subject on which Mr. Kavanaugh preached embraced the responsibility of parents and guardians. Attracted by the simplicity with which the preacher uttered divine

truths, and by his eloquence, he listened with patience. He at length reached that portion of the subject involving the question of parental responsibility, charging that God would hold men to strict accountability for the conduct and final salvation of children intrusted to their training. On his return home Mr. Topping was serious, and, although but little inclined to converse, spoke kindly of the preacher. He thought him sincere, whether his religion was a reality or a myth.

Later in the afternoon he said, "Albert, you can go to Church this evening if you wish, and hear this great preacher." We had never heard a sermon, and felt no inclination to go; but when we declined, he said, "But you will go, for I am going, and will take you with me."

The church stood on the brow of the hill, and was crowded when we entered it. A convenient seat was offered us, for, although a deist, he was much beloved by the people for his great charity and kindness of heart.

The place was new. The preacher arose and read his hymn. He was low, only five feet and four inches in height, and yet of heavy build. He prayed. It seemed that he was talking with God. Another hymn was sung and then he announced his text—we could never forget it—Hebrews xii, 1, 2: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our

faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

The sermon was grand from the commencement to the close. For an hour and a half he held spell-bound that vast assembly. His peroration thrilled every heart. As he contemplated Christ as he passed away from earth, whither he had come to redeem fallen man, and entering heaven to share with the Father the glory he had in the long past, shouts of Alleluia broke upon the evening air. The preacher's voice rose above the noise as he exclaimed: "Yes, there to intercede for the millions purchased with his blood."*

We may have been too young to form a proper estimate at that time of the gifts of the preacher, but from that hour to this he has been our *beau ideal* of a Gospel minister. In childhood, in youth, in early and in mature manhood, and in declining years, we have heard the ablest preachers among all denominations of Christians, but never have we heard his equal. Nor was it simply the impression made upon the mind of a child that induces this conception of his wonderful pulpit powers, but not a year has passed since then, unless during his absence on the Pacific Coast, when we have not listened to the words of life as they fell from his lips, and still our opinion has undergone no revision.

From the Lexington Circuit we follow him to

* We wrote a few years ago a full sketch of this sermon and asked Bishop Kavanaugh if he ever heard it before. He replied: "Yes, I preached that in Shelbyville nearly fifty years ago."

Russellville, where he succeeded Simon Peter. A small society of Methodists was organized in Russellville as early as 1808, but in 1821 numbered only twelve persons.

In 1823 Edward Stevenson, the Apollos of the Kentucky Conference, was stationed in Bowling Green and Russellville, and was returned the following year to Russellville, which had been separated from Bowling Green. His ministry was greatly blessed. An extraordinary revival crowned his labors the first year, from which he reported at the ensuing conference seventy-nine white and fourteen colored members, and at the close of the second year eighty-nine white and twenty-four colored members. The talented Peter Akers succeeded Mr. Stevenson, and reported at the close of the year one hundred white and twenty-five colored members. In 1826 Mr. Akers was returned, and had the pleasure of witnessing a great revival under his ministry, leaving at the close of his second year one hundred and thirty-four white and twenty-eight colored members. In 1827, under the ministry of Mr. Peter, the report of numbers made the previous year is unchanged.*

The appointment of Mr. Kavanaugh to that charge in 1828 gave great satisfaction. While during the year there was no general revival, yet a good religious sentiment prevailed under his pastorate. The congregations were large and serious, and the Church was greatly edified.

* Mr. Peter, in all probability, failed to make any report, and the secretary took the figures of the former year as approximately correct.

Littleton Fowler, his intimate friend, was stationed in Bowling Green. He held a meeting in February in which Mr. Kavanaugh assisted him and accomplished much good. From the commencement of the meeting public thought was arrested, and a spirit of awakening permeated the community. On Sunday, at eleven o'clock, he preached on the general judgment, and such was the impression made upon the audience that many arose from their seats and cried for mercy. The scenes of that day were so vividly brought before the minds of those who heard him that they could almost behold God in grandeur, the world on fire, the descending Judge, and the universe assembled before him, and catch the final sentence as it fell irrevocably from the lips of the Son of Man.

“But when shall these things occur?” The anxiety of the world as to when the judgment will take place is not peculiar to the age in which we live. The disciples sought to learn from Christ when they asked: “Tell us when shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world.” The Savior advises them that it should be preceded by signs in the heavens and on the earth. Its appearance shall be sudden. “For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so also shall the coming of the Son of Man be.” “The sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken, and there shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, and then shall the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the

clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And he shall send his angels, with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from one end of heaven to the other."

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only."

No man knoweth the day. Day is here used for season.

It may be in Springtime, when Nature is donned in its loveliest attire; when earth wears its vernal beauty, and, freed from the snows and storms of Winter, invites the toil of the husbandman; when the forests, clothed in foliage of green and enlivened with "the lulling strains the feathered warblers woo," and roses throw their fragrance on the balmy air. Or it may be in Summer, when the golden harvest bends beneath the reaper's sickle, and plants and flowers adorn hill and vale; or it may be when the frosts of Autumn touch the ripened crop, and men are wondering where they may store their harvest; or it may be amid Winter's chilling blast, when all Nature wears its mantle, whose robes in gorgeous splendor hang in icy folds over land and sea, that the last loud trump may sound.

"No man knoweth the hour." The day may open like other days that have preceded it. The sun may be shining with his accustomed splendor, or the moon, donned in her silvery robes, may be walking like a queen through the heavens, or the stars may be keeping time to the world's clock, when the commencement day of the final examination begins.

"No man knoweth the hour." It may be in

early morn, when the sun first gilds the eastern horizon, that a sound, loud and shrill, to which the ear had never before been used, may fall on earth and sea; or at noon, when the king of day is driving his fiery chariot through the heavens, when the last, loud note of time may send its deafening peals through the valleys and up the rock-ribbed mountain sides, proclaiming the funeral of the world; or it may be just as the monarch of the sky, after pouring his radiant beams on hill and vale, gladdening the hearts of millions, is hiding his face behind the hills of the west, that the funeral dirge of time may be sung; or at midnight the world may be startled from its sleep by the fearful cry, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment." But whether at morn, or noon, or night, every ear shall hear the summons, and every eye shall behold the Son of Man as he comes in the clouds of heaven, and all the holy angels with him.

The effect of this sermon was wonderful, while many resolved upon a better life, and kept their vows.

The following year we find Mr. Kavanaugh in Louisville, with Littleton Fowler as his colleague.

The first Methodist Society in Louisville was organized in 1805, the village then being embraced in the Salt River and Shelby Circuit. Previous to 1809 the little congregation worshiped in a log school-house, which occupied the ground near where the court-house now stands.

In the erection of a house of worship in Louisville, the Methodists led in the van of the Churches. In 1809 a lot was procured on the north side of Market Street, between Seventh and Eighth Streets, where

a small church, the first in the village, was erected. In 1816 the first church was sold, and a lot procured on Fourth Street, between Market and Jefferson, on which a more commodious church edifice was built.*

At the time Methodism made its first appearance in Louisville, the Salt River and Shelby Circuit included all that portion of Kentucky. The following year it was detached from the Salt River and transferred to the Shelby, in which it was continued until the formation of the Jefferson Circuit, in 1811, when it became a preaching place in that charge. It remained in the Jefferson Circuit until 1818, when it was formed into a station, and Henry B. Bascom appointed the pastor.

When, in 1829, Messrs. Kavanaugh and Fowler were appointed to Louisville, the population amounted to ten thousand persons, with a membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church of four hundred and twenty-six, one hundred and fifty-seven being colored. The labors of these earnest preachers of the Gospel were greatly blessed. A revival of religion, commencing soon after the close of the conference, in which hundreds were converted, continued during the Winter to bless the Church. The health of the junior preacher was feeble, which imposed the greater portion of the labor on Mr. Kavanaugh, who seemed capable of any amount of endurance. At the close of the year there were reported six hundred and thirteen, three hundred and eighty of whom were white; about one-seventeenth of the population being Methodists.

* The New York store now occupies the ground.

One of the sweetest spirits that ever belonged to the Methodist ministry in the West was Littleton Fowler. He was the son of Godfrey and Clora Fowler, and was born September 12, 1802, in Smith County, Tennessee. In 1806 he emigrated to Caldwell County, Kentucky.* At a camp-meeting held at Bethlehem, in Caldwell County, in June, 1819, by the Cumberland Presbyterians, he was converted to God, and soon afterward joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. The facilities for obtaining an education in the portion of Kentucky in which his father resided were by no means favorable. His opportunities for doing so were confined to the instructions he received from the itinerant schoolmaster, who taught for only short terms, according to the custom of the country.

From early youth he manifested unusual integrity of character, was reliable in all his statements, and ready and willing to resent any insinuation derogatory to his honor or the correctness of his purpose. In his business plans he was persevering, attentive, and industrious. As he grew up he became impressed with the importance of cultivating and adopting a pleasing manner in his social intercourse, and availed himself of all the means in his power to effect it.

In 1817 or 1818 he had a fall from his horse, sustaining an injury thereby from which he never fully recovered; and from that time his health was

*The General Minutes state that his father removed to Kentucky in 1811, but a letter to the author from the Hon. Judge Fowler, of Smithland, Ky., a brother of the Rev. L. Fowler, fixes the date at 1806.

imperfect, and he was very frequently subject to long and painful confinements. These afflictions were drawbacks on his labors and usefulness, and very depressing to his spirits.* “In stature he was a little more than six feet high, yet inclined to leanness. His forehead was high, expansive, and commanding. His eye dark, brilliant, and deeply set. The features of his face, though well defined, were regular.”

In 1820 he was licensed to exhort, and September 30th, in the same year, to preach the Gospel, and entered the Kentucky Conference the next month.

In entering the ministry, Mr. Fowler was influenced only by the obligations that rested upon him and his love for the souls of men; and during the twenty years he spent as an evangelist, none of his contemporaries labored more faithfully to promote the cause of the Redeemer than he. His first appointment was to the Red River Circuit, as the colleague of Richard Corwine. Of a frail constitution, his health became so impaired by the labors of the year, that, at the conference of 1827, he was left “without an appointment in consequence of affliction.” In 1828 we find him in charge of the Church in Bowling Green, and in 1829 at Louisville, as the colleague of Hubbard H. Kavanaugh. We next meet him in the Cynthia Station, and in 1831 at Maysville. In all these charges success crowned his labors. While in the Maysville Station his health became so much impaired that he was able to perform the duties of the pastorate for only a portion of the year; but at the subsequent conference it so far improved that he

* Letter to the author from the Hon. Judge Fowler.

was transferred to the Tennessee Conference, and stationed at Tuscumbia. At the conference of 1833 he was appointed the agent of La Grange College, which position he filled for four years.

The republic of Texas had just come out of a fierce and bloody war. In her efforts to become an independent nation she had the sympathy of the people of the United States, and received timely assistance from many of her sons, who bore arms in her defense. The country, although comparatively a wilderness, was receiving a large accession to its population from the United States. To the Church Texas opened up a field for usefulness vast in extent, with its fields already white unto harvest. In the early annals of Methodism in Texas, the name of Littleton Fowler will forever be conspicuous. On the 22d of August, 1837, he received the appointment as missionary to Texas, and preached his first sermon in Nacogdoches on the 16th of October. He attended the next session of the Tennessee Conference, held at Huntsville, Alabama, and the same year returned to Texas as superintendent of the Texas Mission, which embraced the entire territory of the republic. In 1839 the work was divided into two districts, and he was placed in charge of the eastern division, called San Augustine District. At the organization of the Texas Conference in 1840, he was continued on the San Augustine District. In 1841, he was appointed agent for Ruttersville College, and in 1842 he traveled the Lake Soda District, on which he was continued the following year. The Texas Conference for 1843 was held in December previous to the General Con-

ference of 1844, when the work in Texas was divided into two conferences, called Texas and East Texas Conferences. The East Texas Conference, of which Mr. Fowler was a member, convened on the 8th of January, 1845, at which time he was appointed to the Sabine District, on which he closed his labors.

Even a cursory glance at the appointments he filled impresses us at once with the vastness of his labors. The districts he traveled spread over a territory more than equal in extent to that embraced in many of the annual conferences. His quarterly-meetings were often separated by a journey of several days, "which had to be traveled alone, without reference to weather or accommodation." The ground was frequently the bed on which he slept, with no covering but the broad, blue sky. He often had to leave the trails, and conceal "himself behind some friendly covert, to elude the glance of the treacherous Indian." Texas society was then in its rude state, and to perform the duties of a missionary subjected the faithful preacher to privations and want at every step. Littleton Fowler, however, had counted the cost before accepting this sacred trust; and in the prosecution of his duties no danger daunted him, no sacrifice turned him from the path of duty. How well he and his noble compeers accomplished their work the success that followed their ministry must decide. Mr. Fowler entered Texas in October, 1837, and died January 19, 1846. He had spent less than nine years in that field. The records of missionary labors scarcely present results equal to the spread of the Gospel in Texas during these few years. At the conference succeeding his

death there were in Texas two annual conferences, with six districts, forty-three separate charges, fifty-nine effective and two superannuated preachers, sixty preachers in the local ranks, and a membership of five thousand four hundred and thirty-eight white, and eleven hundred and ninety-five colored.

“The intellectual powers of Littleton Fowler were of a very high order. His views of every subject were liberal and comprehensive. Though his early education was defective, he compensated that by close and untiring application after he was admitted to the ministry. During the whole of his life he was a student. He had an excellent memory, which retained with remarkable tenacity the knowledge of whatever he studied. . . . His style of speaking, both in the pulpit and in ordinary conversation, was rigidly correct, so that I was surprised to learn from his own lips that he had never enjoyed the benefits of scholastic training, but that his attainments were almost entirely self-acquired. He reasoned accurately and logically, and seldom failed to convince his auditors of the truth of any position he assumed. He was always inclined to address the judgments of men first, and when they were convinced, or when he conceived that he had said enough to effect that object, he would follow with an appeal to their emotions and sympathies, which rarely failed of its effect. He was interesting as a speaker, because he always led his hearers to his conclusions by the same process of reasoning which had brought his own mind to them. I have often heard him commence his sermon in the mildest manner. He would continue for some time as if in conversation

with his audience, or as if demonstrating a proposition in mathematics; then warming with his subject, his fine eye would kindle with enthusiasm, his words would enchain every ear, and his sincerity would penetrate every heart. If to be able to instruct, to interest, to hold in breathless silence an assembly, be an *orator*, then *he* was an *orator*. The love of God, the love of man, the eternal happiness of heaven, were his favorite themes; and if you heard him discuss them when his mind and soul were fully aroused, you almost felt the arms of divine mercy encircling you; you could forgive him whom you thought your direst enemy; you could see the benignant faces of saints and angels round 'the throne of Him that liveth forever and ever.' He seldom spoke of the threatenings of God; but when he did, the sinner who heard him was awe-stricken and overpowered with a sense of his own unworthiness; and he who could not be *persuaded* to do the will of God by his love and promises, was *terrified* into submission by fear of his righteous judgments. . . .

"On the 21st of June, 1839, not long after his arrival in Texas, Mr. Fowler was married to Mrs. Missouri M. Porter, then of Nacogdoches, a lady whose mind, disposition, and accomplishments rendered her fully worthy of his love and confidence. She made him ever a faithful, affectionate, and devoted wife. After his marriage he settled in Sabine County, where he established a home which was his while he lived, and is that of his family still. As the head of his family, he was distinguished for that hospitality, generosity, courtesy, and open-hearted de-

meanor which everywhere and always characterize alike the gentleman and the Christian. . . .

"His last sermon was preached in the village of Douglass, in Nacogdoches County, from Rom. i, 16: 'For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.' It is said to have been equal to any of his best efforts. He died on the 19th of January, 1846. He was taken sick early in that month and declined rapidly. From the commencement of his illness he seemed impressed with the belief that he should not recover. I visited him several times and found him always patient under his sufferings and submissive to the will of God. He seemed to have no regret at dying, except the thought of leaving his family. He would frequently allude to his two small children, the older then being but six years of age, in the most touching manner, but would invariably recall himself to his Christian frame of mind by saying, 'God will take care of them. He has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless.' There never was any permanent improvement in his condition from the first moment of his attack. The ablest physicians of the country endeavored to arrest his disease, but without effect. Death had marked him for his own, and of this he constantly and confidently assured his friends. He was triumphant in death."

The conference of 1830, held in Russellville, was a pleasant one to Mr. Kavanaugh. It afforded him the opportunity of visiting a people with whom he "had taken sweet counsel," and to whom he had broken the bread of life. It is true that only one year had elapsed since he had left that delightful

charge, but the privilege of mingling once more in the home circle of a people he loved so well must be enjoyed to be appreciated.

From this conference he was sent to Danville and Harrodsburg. These towns were ten miles apart, and were located not only in a beautiful section of the State, but in that portion that was settled at an early date.

The first Methodist society in the district of Kentucky was organized in 1783 by Francis Clarke, a local preacher, who emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky that year. He settled in Mercer County and organized a class about six miles west from the town of Danville. The Danville Circuit appears in the Minutes as early as 1788, yet many years elapsed after this period before Methodism was established in that beautiful and prosperous village, or even before a society was formed.

In 1813 there was a Methodist family in Danville by the name of Walker. They were deeply pious, and the only representatives of Methodism in that place. The village had been visited by Methodist preachers at an early day, but no society was organized until 1823, when a small class was formed by Henry McDaniel.

From this period until the conference of 1825 the court-house was occupied by the Methodists as a place of worship, and here a congregation of about seven persons waited upon the ministry of the preacher.

At the conference of 1825, Lewis Parker and Evan Stevenson were appointed to the Danville Circuit. Mr. Parker was one of the ablest members of

the conference, while Mr. Stevenson was a youth of more than ordinary promise, and distinguished for his energy and zeal. Under the warm and earnest preaching of these devoted men the community were so fully awakened that the court-house became too small to contain the congregations, and they had to repair to, the market-house. Notwithstanding the deep impressions made by the ministry of Parker and Stevenson, under their labors there was no material increase in the membership of the Church. Many persons, however, had been awakened, and many hearts had been divinely impressed.

Parker and Stevenson were followed by William Holman and Henry S. Duke, who entered upon their work with spirit and energy. The class was small, consisting of Mrs. Fleece—who was the first to join it—Mrs. Crutchfield, Miss Crutchfield, Miss Wheeler, and two colored members, Rachel McIlvoy and Sarah Carter.

The impressions that had been made on the popular mind had not passed away when Holman and Duke appeared in Danville. Very soon, under their ministry, many souls were converted to God, and a number of persons connected with the best families became members of the Methodist Church.

At no place in Kentucky have stronger prejudices existed against Methodism than in Danville. As the Methodist Church has predominated in many portions of the State, so has the Presbyterian Church, from the commencement of the present century, been stronger in Danville than any other. The Central College, chartered in 1819, is located there, and is under the

patronage of that denomination. However gratifying it may have been to the members of the Presbyterian Church to witness the displays of Divine power under the ministry of Holman and Duke, yet that persons who might desire to enter the Methodist communion should meet with opposition from their friends excites no surprise.

From this period the Methodist Church has occupied an elevated position in this place, numbering among its members some of the most influential families in the State.

At the conference of 1827 William Holman was appointed to Danville and Harrodsburg, a station just formed. The success that had attended his ministry in Danville the previous year had so strengthened the Church at that place as to require almost entirely the services of a preacher; and the popularity and influence of Mr. Holman in that community rendered his reappointment an imperative necessity. At Harrodsburg we had no Church organization, nor had Christianity, under any other denominational influences, made much impression on the people.

The ministry of Mr. Holman in Harrodsburg, during the Autumn and Winter, was highly acceptable to the people, but no society was formed until the Spring of 1828, when Christopher Chinn, Sarah W. S. Chinn, John L. Smedley, Nancy Brown, Elias Passmore, Elizabeth Passmore, and Margaret Tadlock joined the Church, and constituted the first class.

At the time when Mr. Kavanaugh was appointed to this charge there was a membership of two hundred and twenty-eight white, and seventy colored, but

whether the larger membership was in Danville or Harrodsburg we have no means of ascertaining. It is, however, reasonable to suppose that the Church in Danville was the stronger, as it was planted earlier on that soil than at Harrodsburg.

If the success that had attended his ministry in other fields was not seen in the results of his labors here, yet under his pastoral care the Church was greatly blessed and prospered. The revival that had occurred under the faithful work of Mr. Holman left to his successor the watch-care and nursing of the young members, and for this department of a preacher's work Mr. Kavanaugh was well adapted, and to this task he addressed himself with assiduity and zeal. The surrounding country, too, was favored with his preaching. He visited the neighboring towns and country places, and assisted the preachers in their work, revivals crowning his labors. Although only eight years had elapsed since he entered the conference he now stood on a commanding eminence. His progress had been rapid, and his ministry sought by the most popular towns in the State. He worked by the side of the most distinguished preachers in the conference as their peer, while his pulpit labors were characterized with a zeal that was scarcely equaled by his co-laborers, and certainly not excelled.

CHAPTER V.

*FROM THE SESSION OF THE KENTUCKY CONFERENCE
OF 1831 TO THE CONFERENCE OF 1835.*

WE alluded in the previous chapter to the high rank that Mr. Kavanaugh had taken as a preacher.

His subjects were always well chosen, and his sermons the result of intense thought and close study. It was not so much the text that he mastered as the doctrines it contained, and yet he never traveled outside the Scripture which he announced as the foundation of his thoughts. The great cardinal truths of Christianity were perfectly familiar to him, and he never failed to pursue such as the text suggested with signal ability. The doctrines of the fall of man and the depravity consequent upon it, not as taught by some modern theologians, but as set forth in the Bible—the atonement, justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit, and Christian perfection—were prominent in his sermons, while he often dwelt on the loss of the soul and the reward of the blessed. We have seen him oftentimes in the deepest study, seemingly oblivious to every thing around him, previous to entering the pulpit, but never saw him write a line preparatory to the task before him ; and never, upon any occasion, have we heard him preach with either manuscript or note in sight. He seemed to

trust to his familiarity with the questions to be discussed and to the inspiration the occasion might impart. In presenting the doctrines of Christianity, as taught by Mr. Wesley, he had scarcely an equal anywhere, and in defending them no one surpassed him. He but seldom in the pulpit confined himself within the limits of an hour, and often preached nearly twice that time. His language was well chosen, always chaste, sometimes beautiful. Commencing at the mountain's base, he would linger for a while amid the lowlands, and then begin the ascent, pausing along its rock-ribbed sides, and then climbing to its loftiest heights, he would for a moment rest his wing and then soar upwards until he seemed to push ajar the gates of heaven. He would look upon the fadeless glories and glittering splendors of the beautiful city, and then return to tell of its songs of triumph, of its shouts of praise, and of the millions who walk over its burnished plains. With a matchless voice, his enunciation clear and distinct, he but seldom failed to carry his audience with him to the transcendent heights where he loved to linger.

In 1831 he was stationed in Bardstown and Springfield, where he had preached in 1825 and 1826, at which time they were included in the Salt River Circuit.

The society in Bardstown, as we have already seen, was organized by him. During the four years he had been absent the Church had acquired but little additional numerical strength. There was a membership of only twenty-five white and thirty-five colored members. At Springfield the outlook was no more

favorable, the membership not being equal to that in Bardstown.

The overshadowing influence of Romanism in both these communities was well calculated to impair the energy and to dampen the zeal of a preacher less earnest in his work than he who had been chosen to the task of establishing the truth in these fortresses of error. His ministry among the people, while traveling the Salt River Circuit, had greatly endeared him to them, and hence he entered upon the discharge of his duties under favorable circumstances. During the period of his absence his improvement in the pulpit was very apparent. Instead of the timid youth, they beheld the firm, yet modest, man grappling with the most difficult theological questions, and showing himself the master of every situation. Roman Catholicism, bold and defiant, the growth of centuries, protected by her institutions of learning and her crafty priesthood, failing to daunt his noble spirit, felt the shock of his strong arm. Studying the birth and growth of that system of error, he unmasked it and held it up in all its hideousness, both in Bardstown and Springfield, excusing nothing, showing the enormities that had followed in its path, until he checked it in its progress; and, although feeling the stunning blows he wielded, such was the suavity of his manners that even the priests respected the hand that dealt them.

At the session of the conference he had been elected as a representative of that body to the General Conference, a distinction but seldom conferred on so young a man. The General Conference was held

in Philadelphia, commencing May 1st. His duties as a delegate to that body encroached somewhat upon his work as a pastor, as it rendered necessary an absence of several weeks. His colleagues in the delegation from Kentucky were Peter Akers, Martin Ruter, Jonathan Stamper, Benjamin T. Crouch, William Adams, Marcus Lindsey, G. W. Taylor, Richard Tydings, Henry B. Bascom, Joseph S. Tomlinson, John Tevis, George McNelly.

No question was brought before the body to call out the commanding powers of Mr. Kavanaugh on the floor of the conference, but in the pulpit he shone with resplendent luster.

Before leaving for the General Conference, he held a meeting in Bardstown, which considerably increased the membership of the Church. Immediately after his return he commenced a meeting in Springfield, which was protracted through several weeks, resulting in many conversions and additions to the Church. At both these meetings he had the assistance of his intimate friend, Marcus Lindsey.

From Bardstown we go with him to Frankfort, the capital of the State. The Church in that city was organized by Richard Corwine, in 1822, and was included for several years in the Shelby Circuit. In 1826 it was detached from that charge and associated with the village of Newcastle, and served by Benjamin T. Crouch. Since 1827 it had been a separate charge, while the preachers who had occupied the pulpit were among the most gifted in the conference—Stevenson, Light, Dyche, Crouch, and Duke had successively served that Church.

Frankfort offered a favorable opportunity for becoming better known throughout the commonwealth than Mr. Kavanaugh had previously enjoyed. The meeting of the State Legislature brought to the city not only the members of that body, but politicians and distinguished gentlemen from every portion of Kentucky usually came to Frankfort during the session. In attending public worship they generally sought the Church where the pulpit was filled by the ablest preacher. The Methodist Church, of course, was the center of attraction. The witchery of his eloquence, the charms of his oratory, the grand truths he presented, and the zeal with which he pleaded with men to be saved, won the hearts of the people. Crowded audiences waited upon his ministry, while many caught the words of life from his lips. No previous year had the Church enjoyed such prosperity, nor had Methodism attained to a position so commanding.

Kentucky Conference this year sustained a heavy loss in the death of Barnabas McHenry, and of Marcus Lindsey.

Barnabas McHenry, the son of John McHenry, was born December 6, 1767, in the State of North Carolina.* When Barnabas was about eight years of age his father removed to Washington County, Virginia. He made a profession of religion when only

* Dr. Abel Stevens says, in the third volume of his "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church" (p. 293), that Barnabas McHenry "was born December 10, 1767, in Eastern Virginia." The time and place above given of his birth is on the authority of a letter to the author from his grandson, Hon. John H. McHenry, of Owensboro, Kentucky, who copied for us.

fifteen years old and joined the Methodist Church, and in the twentieth year of his age entered on his itinerant career. His first appointment was to the Yadkin Circuit, in North Carolina. He spent the subsequent year in Kentucky, probably in the Lexington Circuit, to which Peter Massie had been appointed, though his name appears in connection with the Cumberland.

In a letter to one of the pioneer preachers, Mr. McHenry says: "Soon after I reached the Kentucky settlement—which was on the 11th of June, 1788—Brother Haw formed the design of placing me on Cumberland Circuit, to which he then intended to accompany me, and make a short stay; but, before he had executed his purpose, he was superseded by Brother Poythress. The consequence was that brothers Haw and Massie went to Cumberland, and I continued in Kentucky that year, according to the original intention of that appointment. Brother Haw, it would seem, communicated his arrangements previous to the printing of the Minutes, which occasioned my name to be inserted as appointed to the Cumberland Circuit."

The next year (1789) he was appointed to Danville Circuit, with Peter Massie for his colleague.

The personal appearance of Mr. McHenry was commanding, his manners attractive, his intellect of the highest order, and his voice strong and well-trained. Soundly converted in early life, he consecrated himself to the work of the ministry. Regarding Methodism as the best exponent of Christianity, he devoted his noble life to the vindication of its heavenly truths. With Kentucky Methodism he was destined to become intimately identified, and in the formation of its char-

acter to take a conspicuous part. By the probity of his life, his sterling integrity, his invincible purpose to make every thing subservient to his religious obligations, as well as by the power he displayed in the pulpit, he wielded an influence for the cause of truth that is now deeply engraven in the hearts of the Church, though he has passed away. His contemporaries speak of him in terms of highest praise. Rev. Jacob Young, in his "Autobiography," in speaking of meeting, on one occasion, with several Kentucky gentlemen of distinction, says: "The most distinguished man I met was Barnabas McHenry. I may truly say he was a man by himself." Rev. Lewis Garrett,* referring to his death, says: "In him the Church lost a tried and able minister, and the cause of Christianity an efficient and firm advocate;" and, in later years, Dr. Bascom,† who never bestowed undue praise on either the living or the dead, said: "His preaching was mainly expository and didactic. The whole style of his preaching denoted the confidence of history and experience. All seemed to be real and personal to him. The perfect simplicity, and yet clear, discriminating accuracy of his manner and language, made the impression that he was speaking only of what he knew to be true. He spoke of every thing as of a natural scene before him. There was an intensity of conception, a sustained sentiment of personal interest, which gave one a feeling of wonder and awe in listening to him. You could not doubt his right to guide and teach. One felt how safe and proper it was to follow such leading. His

* "Biographical Sketches," p. 30.

† *Quarterly Review*, vol. iii, pp. 421, 422.

style was exceedingly rich, without being showy. There was no effervescence. It was not the garden and landscape in bloom, but in early bud, giving quiet but sure indication of fruit and foliage. His language was always accurate, well chosen, strong, and clear. All his sermons, as delivered, were in this respect fit for the press—not only remarkably free from error on the score of thought, but from defect and fault of style and language. His whole manner, too, was natural, dignified, and becoming. Good taste and sound judgment were his main mental characteristics. Of imagination proper he had but little, and still less of fancy. Reason, fitness, and beauty were the perceptions by which he was influenced. The intrinsic value of things alone attracted him. The outward show of things made little or no impression upon him under any circumstances. The inner man—the hidden things of the heart—controlled him in all his judgments and preferences.”

Although the General Minutes announce the appointment of the Rev. Barnabas McHenry to the Cumberland Circuit in 1788, he did not take charge of this work until 1791. This year he leaves Kentucky, to cultivate “Immanuel’s lands” elsewhere.

During the three years of his absence from Kentucky his labors were abundant. The first was spent on the Cumberland Circuit; the second as presiding elder over the Holston, Green, New River, and Russell Circuits, spreading over a vast extent of territory in Virginia and Tennessee; the third as the presiding elder over the Bedford, Botetourt, Greenbrier, and Cow Pasture Circuits, in Western Virginia. In 1794

he returns to Kentucky, and is appointed to the Salt River Circuit—the most laborious in the conference. During this year he was married to Miss Sarah Hardin, daughter of Colonel John Hardin; and, at the close of the year, located, and, in that sphere, for many years rendered valuable service to the Church.

In 1819 he was readmitted into the traveling connection, but after two years in the effective ranks he was placed on the list of superannuated preachers, where he remained until called to his reward.

Among the noble men who battled for the cause of God in the West, no one had borne himself more gallantly than did Barnabas McHenry. Panoplied with the truth as it is in Jesus, familiar with the doctrines of which he was a fearless and able advocate, his sword gleamed in the sunlight on almost every hill-top and in every valley in Central Kentucky. The days of his active service, however, had been numbered; yet, unwilling to repose amid the trophies he had won, or the laurels he had gathered on so many hard-fought fields, we find him contributing his remaining energies to the advancement and progress of the cause which had been the cherished object of his life. His conduct was a comment on the religion he professed. He enjoyed the blessing of sanctification, and died of cholera, in triumph, on the 16th of June, 1833.

Among the names that were prominent in the Methodist ministry in Kentucky whom we can first remember, that of Marcus Lindsey ranked high. He was born in Ireland, December 26, 1787, but came to America with his parents when about ten years of

age.* His father settled in Kentucky, on Licking River, near Leach's Station, where he remained until the Indians disappeared from the State, when he removed to a farm on the road from Newport to Falmouth, about seven miles from the former place. The mother of Marcus Lindsey was a member of the Baptist Church, and was endowed with a superior intellect; her mind was richly stored with knowledge, and she was distinguished for her enlarged and liberal views in reference to other Christian communions.

Favored with educational facilities enjoyed by but few young men of his day, and blessed with a great mind, it had been his own purpose—added to the wishes of his family—to prepare for the bar. His legal attainments were sufficient for him to have entered upon the practice of law, with flattering prospects of success before him. About the time he had completed his studies he was awakened, under the Methodist ministry, to a sense of his condition as a sinner, and sought and obtained mercy. He soon became impressed that the path of duty invited him to a higher and nobler work—the preaching of the Gospel. Brought up in the lap of plenty, he entered the conference when he knew that sacrifices and suffering would confront him at every step. Listening only to the voice of duty, he faltered not. On one hand, there were spread out before him the evergreen fields of wealth, of honor, of ease; on the other, a life of toil, of privation, of want, presented itself to his view; but “he conferred not with flesh and blood,”

* Letter to the author from Hon. T. W. Lindsey, of Frankfort, Ky.

but "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, because he had respect to the recompense of the reward."

At the conference of 1810 he became an itinerant and was appointed to the Hartford Circuit, with the sweet-spirited Blackman for his presiding elder. In 1811 he was sent to preach the Gospel of Christ to the hardy settlers along the waters of Sandy River. In 1812 he was appointed to the Little Sandy, when he formed that circuit. The hardships endured by the missionary in that mountain region, seventy years ago, can scarcely now be conceived of by us. Mr. Lindsey murmured not. If he swam the swollen streams, amid the piercing winds of Winter, or slept on the snow-carpeted earth—as he often did—he uttered no complaint. He had put his hand to the plow and dared not look back. A dispensation of the Gospel had been committed to him, and whether his mission led him to the homes of want or the mansions of wealth, he faithfully discharged his duty.

At the conference of 1813 he was appointed to the Union Circuit, in the State of Ohio, and the following year to the Marietta, where he remained for two years. In these fields of labor his ministry was greatly blessed; hundreds were added to the Church. Among the many brought to Christ through his instrumentality, while traveling the Marietta Circuit, was John Stewart, a colored man, "who went out as the first missionary among the Wyandotte Indians. Stewart had been a very dissipated man, and, in one of his drunken fits of delirium tremens, he had started to the Ohio River to drown himself. On his way he had

to pass by the place where Lindsey was holding meeting. Being attracted by the sound—for Methodist preachers generally cry aloud and spare not—he drew up and stood by the door, where he could distinctly hear all that was said. The preacher was describing the lost sinner's condition, his exposedness to death and hell; and then he presented the offers of mercy, showing that Jesus died for all, and the worst of sinners might repent and find pardon. It was a message of mercy to that poor, forlorn, and ruined soul. It turned his feet from the way of death to the path of life. He returned to his place, and falling upon his knees he cried for mercy. God heard the poor Ethiopian's prayer. While piteously he pleaded for mercy, salvation came to his heart. At the next meeting he was found at the church, sitting in the back corner, but clothed, and in his right mind. When the invitation was given to persons to join the Church he went forward, and the preacher received him, and instructed him more perfectly in the way of the Lord. He had received some education and was enabled to read and write. Like most of his brethren of the African race, he was an admirable singer, possessing a voice of unusual sweetness and power, and he took great delight in singing the hymns and spiritual songs of the Church. Some time after his conversion he became greatly exercised on the subject of preaching. So intense and all-absorbing became his thoughts on the subject, that he could neither eat nor sleep. He was continually engaged in reading the Bible and in prayer for weeks. His long fasting and almost ceaseless vigils were broken by a vision which he told us

came to him one night. Whether awake or asleep he could not say, but in the transition he heard a voice distinctly saying, 'You must go in a north-westerly direction, to the Indian Nation, and tell the savage tribes of Christ, your Savior.' He had this vision for three successive nights.

"It is said that dreams indicate the mind's anxieties, and it is highly probable that the things which engross the mind by day continue to occupy it by night—at least so far as to give a bent and coloring to the thoughts when the outward senses are locked up in sleep. This being the case, then, from the fact that Stewart was greatly exercised on the subject of preaching, we may be led to infer that his vision or dream was but a part of his call to preach the Gospel. The only thing wonderful and extraordinary in the dream, is the specific nature of the call, designating, as Paul's vision of the man of Macedonia, the very place to which he should go. Now that revelation is exhausted, and the Bible is to be regarded as a finality on all subjects pertaining to belief and duty, we have but little faith in dreams or 'spiritual communications' so-called, as constituting any part of the rule of faith or practice. The sure 'word of prophecy,' which God has given us, will, if understood and followed, guide us into all the ways of truth and righteousness.

"Stewart was poor and destitute of friends, with the exception of the Methodists, who received and treated him as a brother; but, even among his brethren, who could he get, by any possibility, to believe that he was called to go on a mission to preach the Gospel to the Indians? Firmly impressed, however,

with the belief that the dispensation of the Gospel had been committed to him, he made all the preparation his circumstances would allow, and, with his Bible and hymn-book, started out, not knowing whither he was going, save that the vision directed him to the north-west. Abraham, when called from Ur of the Chaldees, had, doubtless, much greater faith when he entered upon his journey than this sable son of Ham, but there was not less uncertainty in regard to the unknown destination. Stewart continued his travels; and hearing of the Delaware Indians on the Muskingum, he directed his course thitherward. When he arrived among them, he commenced singing and praying, and exhorting, but it was in an unknown tongue. The peaceful Indians gazed upon the dark stranger with silent wonder, but were not moved by his tears and entreaties. Being impressed that this was not the tribe to which he was called, he hurried on. After a fatiguing journey, he arrived at Pipetown, on the Sandusky River, where he found a large concourse of Indians engaged in feasting and dancing. They were in the very midst of their wildest mirth and revelry when he appeared among them. Being a dark mulatto, he attracted their attention, and they gathered around him, and asked him to drink of their fire-water; but he too well knew the fatal effects of the deadly draught to allow it to pass his lips. At this refusal the Indians became angry, and were beginning to manifest signs of hostility; but he commenced, in a clear, melodious voice, singing one of the songs of Zion. Its strains rose above the din and uproar of the multitude.

They were strangely enchanting, and, like the voice of Jesus on stormy Galilee, they calmed the tumult of passion which threatened his destruction. The war-dance and song ceased; the multitude gathered around him, and hung upon his lips in breathless silence, as if enchanted by the sound. When he ceased, he fell upon his knees, and poured out his heart to God in prayer for their salvation. There stood by him an old chief who understood his language, and, as word after word escaped his lips, he interpreted it to the listening hundreds. When his prayer was ended, he arose and exhorted them to turn away from their drunken revelry and Indian ceremonies, to the worship of the true and living God, assuring them that if they continued in this course they would be forever lost. As the earnest entreaties of the colored preacher were communicated by the old chief, many were deeply impressed with the truths which he uttered, and the work of God might have then and there at once commenced, but for the interference of Captain Pipe, the head chief, who became violently enraged, and, brandishing his tomahawk, swore if he did not cease he would kill him on the spot. John ceased his exhortation, and turned with a sorrowful heart away. Being ordered to leave immediately, on pain of death, he again started out upon his journey, and, guided by an invisible hand, he went to Upper Sandusky. Here he found another band of Indians, and among them a black man named Jonathan Painter, who had been taken prisoner by them at the mouth of the Big Kanawha, in Virginia, when a boy. He was a good interpreter. With this

man he soon became intimate, and procuring his services, he went with him to attend a great Indian festival. When he arrived, he begged permission to speak to the assembled multitude, but they paid little attention to his request. He still pleaded for the privilege, for his heart burned to tell the wandering savage of Jesus and his love. After much entreaty, through his interpreter, they agreed to let him speak to them the next day. The time and place of meeting were fixed, and when Stewart, with his interpreter, appeared, how was his heart chilled and discouraged only to find one old Indian, by the name of Big Tree, and an old Indian woman, called Mary! To these, however, he preached Christ and the resurrection. God attended his word; and though small and feeble was the beginning, yet the labors of Stewart were blessed. He continued to hold forth, as opportunity favored, the word of life to the Wyandottes, and as the product of so feeble an instrumentality, the mission to the Wyandottes was established by the Church." *

After an absence of three years, Mr. Lindsey returned to Kentucky, and was elevated to the responsible position of presiding elder, in which he remained until the last year of his life. He spent, at different times, five years on the Salt River District, three years on the Green River, four years on the Kentucky, one on the Ohio, and three on the Cumberland District.

Possessed of indomitable energy and untiring zeal, his mission divine, and his heart and herculean fac-

† Finley's "Sketches," pp. 388-392.

ulties consecrated to the service of God, his entrance upon the work of the ministry was welcomed by the Church, and his career was destined to be brilliant. Early morn found him in his study investigating the great truths of the Gospel, and in a few years he became eminent among his brethren. His person commanding, his manners prepossessing, his voice strong, full, and musical, and familiar with all the doctrines of the Word of God, he wielded a mighty influence for good wherever he went, and he went almost everywhere throughout Kentucky. The labors of his noble life were spent principally on large and extensive districts, for which he was well qualified. Thoroughly acquainted with the government of the Church, an executive officer of high rank, with pulpit abilities scarcely equaled—with a zeal that was almost boundless, a fine singer, powerful in exhortation and prayer, and devoted to the exercises of the altar, his quarterly meetings were at once invested with the highest importance.

Mr. Lindsey was styled a doctrinal preacher. No man was more familiar with the doctrines of the Church than he, and all who knew him ranked him among the ablest polemics of the day. In controversy, he indulged not in those asperities which so often dishonor the pulpit when opposing the views of others; but, "with thoughts that breathe and words that burn," the weapons of truth wielded by him "were mighty in pulling down the strongholds of error."

The errors of Calvinism, as well as the exclusive views held by the immersionists in regard to the

subjects, the mode, and the design of baptism, disturbed the quiet of the Church in Mr. Lindsey's day; but before the potent weapons of truth, as wielded by him, they melted away as melts the snow before the rising sun. He laid his premises, marshaled his proofs, and drew his conclusions, and the sea of controversy was calm. He was also an excellent practical preacher; in fact, he excelled in every department of ministerial work. Beneath the rich and pathetic appeals that fell from his lips sinners saw "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," and turned to God.

In the Autumn of 1832 he was appointed to the Shelbyville* and Brick Chapel Station. The appearance of the Asiatic cholera in the Old World awakened fearful apprehensions in the minds of many in this country; and as its march shortened the distance between it and the United States, the stories of its fearful ravages blanched many a countenance with terror. From the time that Mr. Lindsey first heard of this fearful scourge, he entertained the thought that he would be numbered among its victims. In September of 1832 it made its appearance in the city of Louisville. At the conference held in Harrodsburg, in October, 1832, the presiding bishop proposed to appoint him to Louisville. The long and valuable

* It was during his pastoral oversight of the Church in that lovely village that I first made his acquaintance. I was then a child. During a protracted illness of my father his visits were frequent to our house. His pious counsels, and earnest prayers in behalf of my father, not then converted, as well as the kind admonitions he gave to me, greatly endeared him to our family, and made a lasting impression on my young heart.—AUTHOR.

services of Mr. Lindsey to the Church made it proper that he should be consulted in reference to his appointment. Willing as he had always been to accept any position assigned him, while he offered no serious resistance to the appointment that had been suggested, he expressed a preference for Shelbyville, and offered as the reason that he had strange apprehensions in reference to the cholera, and that Shelbyville had not been and would not probably be visited by it.

He entered upon his work at Shelbyville with a zeal seldom equaled, and never surpassed. Immense crowds flocked to his ministry, and received the Gospel from his lips. If he vindicated the doctrines of Christianity, error paled and trembled before the power of truth; if infidelity met his withering glance, it stood speechless, and offered no resistance; if he made his appeals to the ungodly, and told them of their doom, Sinai trembled to its base, while we almost heard the thunder of Jehovah's anger, or saw the lightning's vivid flash, and the home of the lost. If he dwelt on the rewards of the blessed, the crown of immortality appeared in view. In his pastoral labors he visited the homes of wealth, and sought out the places of poverty, affliction, and sorrow; while he did not neglect the rich, yet among the poor of his charge he was constantly found, ministering to their comfort, kneeling around their humble altars, and offering to them the sweet consolations of the cross. The whole community admired, honored, loved Marcus Lindsey.

The family of Mr. Lindsey did not remove with him to Shelbyville, but remained on his farm in Wash-

ington County, about fifty miles from his charge. The Summer of 1833 will long be remembered in Kentucky. The fearful cholera had come, "and the angel of death had spread his wings on the blast," and from city, village, and hamlet went up the melancholy wail of sorrow; many hearts were burdened, and many tears bedewed the cheeks of weeping ones bereft of those they loved. The impression that he would fall by the scourge was so fastened upon his mind that nothing could efface it. In the month of February, before his death, he wrote on one of the inside doors of his family room, in a bold, strong hand, which can yet be read, "I shall die with cholera in the Summer or Fall of 1833," and then signed his name.*

Although more than fifty years have elapsed, we remember his last sermon to the Church in Shelbyville. The cholera had reached the neighborhood in which his family resided—his neighbors were dying, and he could not stay away. The parting scene was a sad one. "Duty and affection call me to my home," said he. "My neighbors are dying, with none to offer them the consolations of religion, or to speak words of comfort to the bereaved and sorrowing. I may see you no more, and think I will not; but I commend you to God, and bid you farewell." His words were few—the entire audience was in tears.

On his arrival at home all he had heard was fully realized; the scourge was passing through the neighborhood, and the rude foot-prints of death were to be seen all around—and yet there was no abatement.

* Letter to the author from Mr. Lindsey's daughter, Mrs. Catherine H. Wilson, of Lebanon, Ky.

If Mr. Lindsey, in view of his presentiments, had been cautious when danger was afar off, now it was at hand he threw off all reserve, and met each oft-recurring peril with a calm and fearless intrepidity. As an angel of mercy, he passed through the community by day and by night, visiting the sick, praying with the dying, and pointing their fading eyes to the "land afar off." Many families mourned their loved and lost. His family, too, put on their deepest weeds of mourning. The strong arm on which they had leaned was palsied in death. Marcus Lindsey was no more!

Worn down by his unremitting attentions to others, he lived but a short time after he was attacked by cholera; but those few hours were crowded with joy and triumph to the dying saint. Looking upon the little group around him, he turned to his weeping wife, and said: "I had hoped to live to help you with these little ones, but God has called me home." To a little daughter he said, "My child, meet me in heaven." These were his last words.

He is buried in a beautiful grove near Thomas's Meeting-house, where his family worshiped at the time, about six miles from Lebanon. On the stone at the head of his grave is the following inscription:

Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. MARCUS LINDSEY,

MINISTER OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

HE FILLED THAT OFFICE TWENTY-THREE YEARS WITH DIGNITY.

HE DIED A MOST TRIUMPHANT DEATH

JULY 27, 1833,

AGED 45 YEARS, 7 MONTHS, 1 DAY.

On the first day of the following September a sermon was preached on the occasion of his death in Shelbyville to a large audience by his intimate friend and fellow-laborer, the Rev. Jonathan Stamper.

The loss of Mr. Lindsey was deeply felt by the Church in Kentucky; for a great man had fallen in Israel, in the prime of his life, and in the midst of his usefulness. He "was deformed in both hands from his birth. His right arm and thumb were perfect, the hand small, but well shaped, with only two fingers, one large, the other small, grown together and bent from the knuckles; his left arm was deformed from the elbow; it was flat, and two or three inches shorter than the other. His left hand was rather smaller than the right, with only a thumb and one finger, both exactly alike; they were about two and a half inches long, and bent at the knuckles without nails."* His personal appearance was commanding; in height fully six feet, of herculean frame, and weighing over two hundred pounds. His hair was black, his complexion dark, with a high forehead and brilliant black eyes. His nose was large and his mouth delicately formed. He was a member of every General Conference from the time of his eligibility until his death.

Another name, that of Peter Akers, between whom and Mr. Kavanaugh the most intimate relations existed, properly belongs to this chapter, as his labors as a preacher in Kentucky close with the conference of 1832.

* Letter to the author from his daughter, Mrs. Catherine H. Wilson.

Previous to his conversion he had studied law, and entering upon the practice of his profession he promised to attain to great eminence at the bar.

He had located, as a lawyer, in Flemingsburg, Kentucky. Shortly afterward, on the 12th of March 1818, he was married to Miss Eliza S. Faris, a young lady of fine intelligence and of excellent family, but averse to religion. While attending court in Prestonsburg a quarterly meeting was held in the court house, where considerable interest was manifested upon the subject of religion. Among the lawyers who were present was a Mr. Bright, who had once been a preacher or exhorter in the Baptist Church. At the close of the meeting, on Sunday at noon, he proposed, jocularly, to Mr. Akers, that they should protract it, and have service that evening, and that Mr. Akers should preach, and he, Bright, should exhort. The challenge was accepted, but the exhorter becoming alarmed mounted his horse in the afternoon and left the village, while Akers, holding his ground, assured any who inquired that he would meet his engagement.

The court house was crowded at an early hour, and the greatest excitement prevailed. It was well known that the gifted young lawyer had made no pretensions to religion, and it was difficult to believe that he would venture an attempt to preach the Gospel.

Entering the room he walked with steady step to the stand, on which lay a hymn book and Bible. He read a hymn, and after singing prayed most fervently, and then announced his text, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the

sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.”*

For fifteen minutes he discussed the text with marked ingenuity and great composure, and then suddenly pausing, his face suffused with tears, said: “I am a sinner and need a Savior. If there be any person present who has any influence at the throne of grace I want them in their prayers to remember poor Peter Akers.”

At a later period, while attending the Floyd Circuit Court, he was present at a camp-meeting, and a report—though incorrect—had preceded him to Flemingsburg, that he had professed religion. Mrs. Akers had cherished the hope that, in the practice of his profession, her husband would soon become “rich and independent;” and apprehending that if he obtained religion and became a member of the Church, the path of duty might lead him into a calling less lucrative, she derived no satisfaction from the intelligence she had received. Her mind, however, soon underwent a change on this subject, and she became solicitous, not only for her own salvation, but also for that of her husband. From the time she became serious on the subject of religion she not only sought her own pardon, but endeavored to impress upon his mind “the propriety of their both returning to God.” On the 22d of May, 1821, she departed this life. Her death was full of triumph. She died of consumption. Her affliction had been long and severe, but no murmur escaped her. She had sought religion with earnestness, and obtained its sweet consolations. “I know

* Revelation xii, 1.

I must soon die, but I am not now afraid of death; Jesus has washed away all my sins; I am going home to Jesus." To her father, "I want you to meet me in heaven." These were among the expressions she uttered. When her strength was gone, "and death was fast sealing her mortal lips in eternal silence, a cold stiffness was fast pervading all the avenues of life; while she lay calm and undismayed in the awful storm of dissolving nature; while her happy soul was thus suspended for a moment between time and eternity, as if having a view of both worlds, and fluttering to be on the wing for that 'country from whose bourn no traveler returns,' she forced from her quivering lips these precious and consolatory words: 'Glory! this is the best time I have had yet!' and yielded up her spirit without a struggle or a groan."*

It was during her sickness that Mr. Akers agreed with her to spend the remnant of his life in the service of God. On the night of the 21st of March, 1821, he and she had family prayer by themselves for the first time. In referring to this event, Mr. Akers says: "It was truly an affecting time; we had been helping each other for three years in the concerns of this life, and were now in the prospect of a speedy separation, uniting our ardent cries and petitions at the throne of grace for pardon, sanctification, and redemption." On the 25th of the same month a sermon was preached in Mr. Akers's house by the Rev. Dr. Houston, from the text, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." It was the holy

**Methodist Magazine*, Vol. IV, p. 465.

Sabbath. At the close of the sermon the invitation was given to any who might wish to join the Church, "When," says Mr. Akers, "I gave him my hand, and God my heart, and my wife reached hers from the bed."

He had just passed his probation in the Church, when he entered the itinerant ranks in 1821, and has continued in the service of the Church in the various duties assigned him until the present time. The first eleven years of his ministry were devoted to the Church in Kentucky. He filled the most important stations in the State—Lexington, Russellville, Louisville, Danville, and Harrodsburg were among the fields he occupied. In 1832 he was transferred to the Illinois Conference—of which he is still a member—and soon became one of the most prominent members in that body.

He is, at this distant period (1884) remembered in Kentucky with affectionate regard. His labors as a minister of Christ, while a member of the Kentucky Conference, were distinguished by an uncompromising devotion to the cause he had espoused. In the pulpit he was exceedingly popular, and defended the doctrines and the polity of the Church with an ability that claimed the respect, and commanded the confidence, of his audiences; and success crowned his labors.

William C. Stribling is a name prominent at this period in the history of Methodism in Kentucky.

"He was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, March 18, 1795. He was the oldest son of Thomas and Elizabeth Stribling, who were citizens of Virginia. They emigrated to Kentucky, and settled near Lex-

ington in 1825. Soon after, he moved to a farm which he had previously purchased in Logan County, where he resided till his death in 1827. His wife remained upon the farm for several years, and thence moved with her son Benjamin to Cass County, Illinois. She died near Virginia, in the above county, in June, 1834. Thomas Stribling and his wife were members of the Methodist Church, and died in the triumphs of Christian faith.

“William C. Stribling received his early education in the common schools of Virginia, with one term at a grammar school. He obtained the grace of conversion October 12, 1810. He received license to exhort in 1812, and was first licensed to preach January 24, 1813. His first field of labor was in Virginia, under the direction of the presiding elder for a few months. He was received upon trial in the regular itinerancy in the Tennessee Conference, October, 1813; was ordained deacon, October 22, 1815, by Francis Asbury; and elder, November 6, 1817, by Robert R. Roberts. He received a certificate of location, September 27, 1823, from Enoch George. He was readmitted into the regular work and traveled for a few years, and again took a certificate of location from Joshua Soule, dated Versailles, Kentucky, October 15, 1827.

“His experience in the itinerant ranks embraced some fourteen years, mostly in Tennessee and Kentucky Conferences. For a short time he extended his labors into the Missouri Conference.

“He was married October 2, 1821, to Miss Mahala, only daughter of Jonathan and Lourana Becraft, of Bourbon County, Kentucky. In 1832 he, in com-

pany with his father-in-law, moved to Illinois, and settled in Morgan County, near the town of Jacksonville. By this marriage there were born to him two children—namely, Mary Elizabeth and Joanna. The younger died at the age of sixteen; the elder married Mr. James H. Lurton, one of the prominent citizens of Morgan County, who at present resides upon the old homestead farm. His widow still lives, and makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Lurton. Her faith is unshaken in the God of her fathers, and she anticipates, before a great while, a happy reunion with her departed husband.

“Mr. Stribling, a few months before his death, moved into the city of Jacksonville, and occupied his splendid home till the hour of his death, which occurred, after a brief sickness, December 18, 1872. His funeral discourse was preached by Rev. Peter Akers, D. D., from the words, ‘Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.’ (Matt. xxiv, 44.)

“Mr. Stribling was a prodigy, a wonderful character. In his make-up he was unlike any one else. He is exceedingly hard to illustrate through pen-portraiture. To read the man correctly one must have known him personally.

“He has passed from us, leaving comparatively little material for the historian to arrange and set in order that the intelligent reader may be interested in the study of one of the brighter lights of the early Western leaders of American Methodism. In his ministerial abilities he stood in comparison favorably with Durbin, Bascom, Tidings, Stamper, Light, Latta, and

others. He appeared before the Church in the early time, when the fathers—especially in the West—made the listening crowds feel the force of their eloquence as natural orators, with none of the trammels that often burden the pulpit of the present day.

“We have no written sermons from Mr. Stribling to aid in writing up the make of this more than ordinary man. He was peculiarly gifted. His memory was wonderful. He often remarked, ‘I never have occasion to use the word, I forgot.’ He was a man of books, a veritable *bookworm*, and a close and tenacious thinker. When reading, if any thought or idea advanced by the author caught his special attention, he noting it, could use not only the idea, but the exact language, if he so desired.

“Hundreds, if not thousands, of the early worshippers of the Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri Conferences have listened to the earnest appeals of Mr. Stribling. When in his best days he stood in the front ranks, leading and molding character, the fruits of which are at work to-day permeating a large territory where American Methodism at present is a national power.

“His manner was quaint, and had a tendency to attract attention, yet he possessed the power to impress upon his audience the gravity of his theme in the most solemn and serious style. While it may truthfully be said of Mr. Stribling that he was peculiarly an attractive preacher, there were certain subjects upon which he excelled. His most remarkable efforts were generally upon the Sufferings of Christ, the Resurrection, and the General Judgment. At

times he was possessed of deep and profound emotion. The magnetism of his own nature would occasionally arouse his audience; and generally, on those occasions, he carried the multitude with him.

"There were but few men who could impress the solemnity and sacredness of the sacrament of the Lord's-supper as he. He was marvelous in the use of language. He had strong tendencies in the line of poetry. He was an ardent and devout student of Milton, Young, and Pollok, and took a deep interest in *committing* and *communicating* from these authors.

"Mr. Stribling early formed the habit—probably it was natural for him—to make use of stilted or extravagant language. Many years ago an amusing episode occurred between him and Rev. John T. Mitchell, formerly book agent at Cincinnati. It was while Mr. Mitchell was stationed in Jacksonville, Ill. Mr. Mitchell took a deep interest in Mr. Stribling. Meeting him on the street upon a certain occasion, Mitchell addressed Stribling in a very high-flown manner. Stribling at once accepted the challenge, one *broadside* following in quick succession from these assailants. Mitchell soon found, to his discomfiture, that his stock in trade was all used up. Significantly looking into the face of Stribling, he quizzically replied, 'Brother Stribling, as far as I *understand this case*, I am *ahead*. Good morning.'

"All such incidents tended to quicken the appetite of Mr. Stribling, and at once Webster's Dictionary *opened before him*.

"As an illustration of the peculiar style of this peculiar man, I send you his reproof upon the use of

tobacco : ‘ Sir, the deleterious effluvia emanating from your tabacconistic reservoir so obfuscates my ocular optics, and so distributes its infectious particles with the atmospheric fluidity surrounding me, that my respirable apparatus must shortly be obtunded, unless, through the abundant suavity of your pre-eminent politeness, you will disembody that luminous tube from the pungent, stimulating, and sternutatory ingredient which replenishes the rotundity of the vastness of its concavity.’ The above grew out of a young man smoking in the presence of Mr. Stribling. He whiffed the smoke in his face, and caught this remarkable chiding for his want of good manners.

“ There lies before me a letter written by Mr. Stribling to his wife while he was filling a pulpit in Chicago, made vacant by the death of Rev. John Clark, of the Rock River Conference. I will duplicate the letter just as he wrote it :

“ CHICAGO, Illinois, August 19, 1854.

“ ‘ Now it came to pass in the days of troublous times, poor W. [meaning himself] said in heart, Go to now, behold, I will set in order, and write words to her whom my soul loveth.

“ ‘ O, thou fairest among women, know and understand that thy servant reached the city of Springfield according as he purposed in his heart. And he entered into the house of her who is supposed by men to have soothing entertainment. And behold, she gave unto him morsels designed to refresh the heart of man. Then, behold, when they had been swallowed up quickly, she whispered in the ear, “ If thou turn

aside, either to the right or left, you will be left." Therefore, poor W. made speed to get along as thou knowest he is wont to do when greatly hurried.

"Thus he got on before the last moment was fled, and he arrived here after the sun had gone down and the hour of ten had fully come.

"Now, lo, the high-priest is gone forth, so that poor W. hath not seen him, albeit it is said, he wrote a second epistle to poor W. Peradventure thine eyes have seen it.

"The stranger hath not known where to go, but after finding room in an inn, till the shadows of the night had fled away, he sought diligently, and found a brother, surnamed Nolen, who abode in the village nigh unto thee, and wrought as silversmith in the days of old time; and behold, they also have given morsels to poor W., and their damsel hath given paper and ink unto thy servant, that he may write unto thee. Mine host saith that health prevaileth in the city.

"He who writeth this epistle can not tell how things will go with him till the return of the disciple whom Jesus loveth. So W. hath gone into where many books and papers are prepared for the sons and daughters of men, and behold! and behold! W. looked on and desired many of these books, but whether he will reach forth his hand and partake thereof he saith not.

"The writer of this epistle is not able to say when thou shalt look him in the face. Now let it come to pass, when thou lookest upon this epistle, say in thy heart, Lo, I will place myself hard by the writer's ink-horn, and write many words, and send

them to poor W., a stranger and sojourner now in the city of Chicago, Ill.

“‘The man, far from handsomeness.’”*

“In a conversation which I had with Bishop Kavanaugh, in Quincy, Ill., he spoke in terms of enthusiastic admiration of the late Rev. Wm. C. Stribling, saying that in his semi-centennial sermon before the Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, he had paid Stribling the tribute of being the most remarkable preacher he had ever known, and then related an incident illustrating his extraordinary power in the pulpit, and that genuine surprise that people usually experienced on first hearing him.

“He said that some time after Stribling located he met him at a camp-meeting in Kentucky, which was largely attended, and where there were preachers enough to make a good-sized conference, some of them quite celebrated. But when a preacher was selected for the most important hour on Sunday, Stribling was the man. Being a farmer at that time, he was very plainly clad in a cheap suit of blue cotton, considerably faded and worn, so that his appearance was very unclerical. The crowd was great, the occasion was great, and the expectation was great; and great was the mortification, not to say disgust, when the homespun stranger took the stand. Why should he be put up when there was such a galaxy of illustrious stars ready to dazzle them with their superior glory?

“‘He announced his text,’ said the bishop, ‘and

* This sketch of Wm. C. Stribling was furnished by Rev. McKendree McElfresh, of Illinois Conference.

preached on the resurrection such a sermon as I never heard from any other man, before or since. The vast crowd was captured and held in almost breathless surprise and interest till the close. After the services were over an old farmer walked up to him, and, gazing at him as if in wonder, said: "See here, stranger. If you have a worse suit of clothes than that at home, I wish you would put them on, and come down into my neighborhood and preach to the people. I just want to see 'em surprised.'"'

"The above is substantially the bishop's remarks, as I remember them."*

Mr. Kavanaugh was next stationed in Lexington, where he remained for two years, the same success crowning his labors as in the fields he had previously occupied.

The zealous John James preceded him in that city. From the first Sabbath after conference, when Mr. Kavanaugh entered upon his new charge, there were indications of a prosperous year. The zeal of the Church was quickened, class-meetings were more animating, prayer-meetings more largely attended—while at public worship the house was not sufficiently large to seat the congregation. The preaching, too, was distinguished with an earnestness that could not but result favorably to the cause of Christ.

Although the membership was large, yet the pastor carefully visited and prayed with each family during the first quarter.

On the 5th of January, 1834, Mr. Kavanaugh

*The above interesting letter is from G. R. Stribling McElfresh.

commenced a meeting under unfavorable auspices. The weather was exceedingly cold, and for a few days the attendance was small; but, encouraged by the example and zeal of the preacher, the congregations increased, and the house was soon filled both morning and evening. The interest became intense. Awakenings were numerous, and the cries of penitents fell upon the ear, while many passed from death unto life. Day after day, and night after night, the voice of the preacher was heard proclaiming the tidings of mercy, and urging sinners to escape the damnation of hell. Through long weeks he protracted his labors without any abatement, never seeming to grow weary, working in both pulpit and altar, until more than two hundred persons were happily converted, and one hundred and eighty-one joined the Methodist Church. From this meeting the fire spread throughout the Lexington Circuit, and more than three hundred persons in addition sought Christ, and were added to the Church.

It was in Lexington that Mr. Kavanaugh administered a reproof to a man who he thought was treating with contempt the message he was delivering, that worried him no little. He was preaching, apparently with good effect, when a man in the congregation, near the center of the house, laughed aloud. The preacher reproved him, but he laughed again; the reproof was repeated, and so was the laughter. He found it difficult to proceed; when a brother stepped to the pulpit and said, "Brother Kavanaugh, that man is an idiot." The preacher's embarrassment was not relieved.

At a subsequent time, while preaching at Brook Street, in the city of Louisville, a young gentleman and lady, occupying a conspicuous place in the church, engaged in conversation and laughed, to the annoyance of both preacher and audience. After bearing with them as long as was proper, Mr. Kavanaugh called the attention of the congregation to their conduct, and said:

“You see that young man and young woman in that pew, talking and laughing. I would reprove them but for one thing: I once reprovèd a man in Lexington for laughing, and you will imagine my mortification when I was told that he was an idiot. I have reprovèd no one for laughing since, lest I might make the same mistake.”

It was when returning from the session of the conference held in Mt. Sterling, in 1834, at which he was reappointed to Lexington, that Richard Holding was lamenting the difficult field to which he was sent, the Cumberland Mission. Mr. Kavanaugh attempted to console him.

“Yours,” said Mr. Kavanaugh, “is not a hard lot, and remember, we ought to esteem it a privilege to preach anywhere;” adding, “I always go cheerfully to whatever place I am sent.”

“Yes,” replied Holding, “I reckon you do; for you are sent to the best appointments, and when you are changed, it is from glory to glory.”

During his pastorate in Lexington his popularity never waned. He continued to attract to his church the largest audiences, from all classes of society, and when, at the close of his term, he preached his vale-

dictory, an audience more densely crowded than on any previous occasion was before him, every one regretting that the law of the Church limited the pastoral term to two years.

CHAPTER VI.

*FROM THE SESSION OF THE KENTUCKY CONFERENCE
OF 1835 TO THE CONFERENCE OF 1839.*

THE death of William Adams, which occurred August 5, 1835, left a vacuum in the Kentucky Conference that might not be easily filled. He had sustained to Mr. Kavanaugh the endearing relation of presiding elder, and the warmest friendship existed between them. He was the "son of Simon and Cate (Wren) Adams, and was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, June 29, 1785. He was a nephew of William Watters, the first native American traveling preacher. His father was a member of the Church of England, but his mother was a Methodist. His father migrated to Kentucky in 1786 or 1787, and settled in the neighborhood of Lexington; and when Benjamin Ogden came to Kentucky as a missionary he made the house of Simon Adams one of his preaching-places, having become acquainted with him while they were both performing military service in the Revolution. The father of William had been well educated, and was a member of the Territorial Legislature; and he gave his son such advantages as the neighborhood furnished, though they secured to him nothing beyond a good English education, upon which, however, he engrafted much more extensive attainments in after-life.

"William Adams was converted in the fourteenth

or fifteenth year of his age, about the time of the memorable revival which took place in Kentucky, near the commencement of the present century.”*

In 1814, he became a traveling preacher, and never turned aside from the work until released by death. His first appointment was the Salt River Circuit. In 1815 and 1816 he traveled on the Jefferson; in 1817 the Danville and Madison; in 1818 the Franklin; 1819, the Shelby; 1820, he was returned to the Jefferson, and in 1821, he traveled the Lexington.

At the Conference of 1822 he was appointed to the office of presiding elder, and placed on the Salt River District, on which he remained for three years, when he was changed to the Kentucky District, where he labored for four years. In 1829 he was appointed to the Ohio District, which extended from Franklin County to the lowest extremity of Ohio and Daviess Counties. In 1831 he was relieved from the arduous duties of the presiding eldership and stationed in Lexington, but at the following conference we find him on the Harrodsburg District, where he remains two years. In 1834 he received his last appointment, which was to the Lexington District.

His “whole ministry was marked by great labor and self-denial. His first circuit was more than four hundred miles around; but he traveled it once in six weeks, preaching at some thirty places, and not unfrequently preaching twice or three times each day for weeks together. And this was but a fitting introduction to the twenty or more laborious years that fol-

* Rev. J. W. Gunn, in Sprague's Annals, p. 562.

lowed. The country was then new and rough, and the wants of himself and his family were very inadequately provided for; but nothing could damp the ardor of his resolution, so long as he was privileged to see the work of the Lord prospering in his hands, and this blessing seems rarely to have been withheld from him.

Dr. Bascom said of him:

“He had naturally a strong mind, and it was well stored with valuable information. To no mean pretensions of scholarship, especially as it regards English literature, he added an admirable store of theological attainments; and few men have appeared upon the same theater whose every-day performances throughout the year ranked higher than those of William Adams. Although seldom overpowering in the pulpit, he was always lucid, strong, and convincing. His manner was singularly suasive and impressive. His moral and religious worth was universally known and appreciated among those who enjoyed his acquaintance. Grave and serious in manner, he was at the same time cheerful and amiable. Studious and laborious in his habits, he was always social and accessible. He lived beloved, and died regretted by all who knew him well, and especially by those who knew his value as a member, and for many years the secretary of the Kentucky Annual Conference.”

“As an unexceptionable and faithful Gospel minister; as a prudent, safe, and wise ecclesiastical counselor; as a judicious, circumspect, and model presiding elder; as a disinterested, faithful, and affectionate friend; as a dignified and affable gentleman, and as a

modest, humble, and devoted Christian, the Kentucky Conference has never had the superior to William Adams. He died, I think, in 1835, in the neighborhood of Shelbyville, Kentucky. A few minutes before his death he laid his hands upon the heads of his little grandchildren and invoked upon them his patriarchal blessing. 'Now raise my head higher upon the pillow,' he said. Then, as if conscious his last work on earth was done, he lifted his eyes upward toward heaven, and spoke as if addressing ministering angels, whose presence he realized: 'Stop! wait just a moment, and I will go! Now I am ready!' These were his last words. In a moment the spirit had fled, and with the heavenly convoy was soaring upward to its home on high. O what a void was in the conference when it met a few weeks afterward in Shelbyville, and William Adams, its long-tried and much-loved secretary, was not in his chair! I could scarcely realize that he was not there; and when Dr. Bascom arose with deep emotion and said, 'I pray that his mantle may fall on me!' every throbbing heart said Amen!"*

"William Adams was a faithful preacher, laboring successfully in the vineyard of the Lord about fifty years ago. There are yet some living witnesses of the success of this excellent preacher of righteousness, who wept in secret over his congregation, but wreathed no flowers about the sword of the Spirit, to dull its edge—a man whose clear intellect pierced through the sub-

* Rev. T. N. Ralston, D.D., in *Christian Advocate*, January 3, 1867.

tleties and dispelled the shadows in which others wrapped themselves to evade the perception of right. Called, commissioned, qualified, and sent forth by the Lord, he hesitated not to enter the field with men self-banished from the domestic circle for days, weeks, and often months at a time, seeking the lost sheep of the house of Israel. His heart yearned in pity over the world of sinners, and he counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. He was a man of striking individuality and energy of character, self-possessed and dignified, with those solid virtues which admirably fitted him for the presiding eldership—then a very important office in the Church.

“The manner of Brother Adams, and his peculiarly deep, rich, flexible voice, that seemed to clothe each thought in a fitting garment, compelled the attention of his listeners. He possessed that magnetism whereby some characters control and influence even those with whom they have little sympathy. This model gentleman and model Christian was not at all demonstrative in manner; yet he possessed a soul of fire that would have formed a Christian of the strongest type in the early ages, and who would have suffered martyrdom to sustain his principles. I never heard him laugh or indulge in jesting of any kind; though, when his face was lighted with a smile, it shone all the sunnier because its sedate seriousness was not often disturbed. The earnestness of his ministerial labors left him but little time for simpering small talk or idle ceremony; yet he was never surprised into an uncourteous or an

unchristian word, nor did he ever forget or undervalue the beautiful amenities of life.

“That he did not rush into the ministry uncalled by the voice of God, is well attested by a fact of his own stating. After preaching some years, he thought he must locate, that he might give more attention to his family affairs; but so restless, uneasy, and anxious was he in reference to the work he believed himself called to perform, that like Christmas Evans, the old Welsh preacher of world-wide notoriety, he could give neither sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids until, the providence of God seeming to open the way, he returned to the itinerancy, and sowed the good seed broadcast and with an unsparing hand throughout the length and breadth of Kentucky, the fruits of which will tell for good in eternity. If God calls a man to preach, his family will be provided for. The promises to that effect hang thick as clustering grapes throughout the Scriptures. Brother Adams’s family was provided for. His wife, eminently fitted to be the companion of such a man, faithfully performed the home-duties, and the two children were reared to be a blessing to their parents in time, and doubtless a crown of rejoicing in eternity.

“Such a man as Brother Adams secures for himself an immortality more beautiful and grand than that of poet or statesman. He lives not merely in the sacred though fading associations of a single spot, but the light of his spirit will continue to shine in every one of the multiplied souls which his faithful ministerial labors have from year to year called from the death of sin and quickened into newness of life.

He died old and full of years, because his life had been crowned with action and with thought.

“ ‘We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.’ ” *

He died in Shelby County, at the residence of his son-in-law, the Rev. William Gunn, August 5, 1835, of typhus fever. On Sunday night, before his death, he said to Mr. Gunn: “Something seems to say, I am fast shaking hands with time; I think I shall soon be gone. I see nothing here worth living for, unless it is to do a little good in the Church. If it be better to depart and be with Christ; I want to go and see him.” To his wife he said, “We must soon part. You have done a great deal to sustain the Gospel. Around and underneath you be the everlasting arms. Every day and every hour lean upon the Lord.” He requested his friends to come together and sing and pray with him, and joined in the singing; and after prayer he shouted aloud, “Glory! glory to God! God is love!” Soon after which he said, “It is a very easy death.” He then sung:

“With ease our souls through death shall glide,
Into their paradise,
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant through the skies.”

He further said to Mr. Gunn, “Tell the preachers to live to God—to live to God alone.” After a few minutes, he added, “It is a perfect calm,” and turning his eyes upward, said, “I do n’t know but we will get

* Letter to the author from Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, of Shelbyville, Kentucky.

to Zion together; there is a mighty rush." A few minutes before his departure he looked up and said, "Wait a few minutes and I will be ready—just one minute"—and then his spirit fled.

No member of the conference felt the bereavement more deeply than did Mr. Kavanaugh. They had labored side by side in the earlier years of his ministry, and won trophies for Christ upon the same fields, and now he could only, while he bowed in submission to his sovereign will, kiss the rod that smote.

The General Conference for 1836 was to meet in the city of Cincinnati. Indications looked to a warm contest on the questions of slavery and abolition. The Kentucky Conference, anticipating the agitation of these questions, appointed an able committee—of which Mr. Kavanaugh was a member—which, after mature consideration, presented the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

"1. *Resolved, by the Kentucky Annual Conference,* That we strictly adhere to the principles of our Church on the subject of slavery, and that it is our purpose to persevere in the course hitherto pursued, without any alliance whatever with men or measures whose object may be an interference with the question of slavery, uncalled for by the common good, and productive of mischievous rather than beneficial results.

"2. *Resolved,* That, in the judgment of this conference, the interference of abolitionists and anti-slavery associations, in the North and elsewhere, by which the peace and quiet of a large portion of the nation are disturbed, and their common interest, laws, and safety placed in jeopardy, should be looked upon

as an unwarrantable assumption of claim and an abuse of the rights of citizenship.

"3. *Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this conference, whenever such interference with the rights of American citizens is attempted by foreign emissaries, whether as lecturers, ecclesiastics, or otherwise, all lawful means should be promptly resorted to, to arrest at once the mischievous tendency of their seditious intermeddling and officious insolence.

"4. *Resolved*, That, without presuming to decide, we would respectfully suggest that it is a dangerous maxim to be adopted by American citizens in the present crisis, that we may appreciate as pure and correct the motives of men whose measures and movements tend directly to subvert the Constitution and dissolve the government.

"5. *Resolved*, That it is not considered by this body allowable for any minister or member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, within the limits of this conference, or, as we conceive, elsewhere, to resort to any extra-judicial means whatever for the purpose of interfering with the question of slavery.

"6. *Resolved*, That we continue to repose entire confidence in the rectitude, policy, and operations of the American Colonization Society, and that we commend it to all who are likely to regard our opinions as any way worthy their approval and patronage."

The Kentucky Conference plainly foresaw the results of the policy of abolitionists upon the Church, as well as the State, and deemed it proper to place themselves right before the people of Kentucky and before the nation.

In the election of delegates to the General Conference, the Kentucky Conference chose men who would stand abreast with the ablest ministers in the Church. Of course Mr. Kavanaugh was among them.

Previous to this session of the conference there had been but one Methodist Church in the city of Louisville. The membership was large and scattered throughout the city. To meet the demands of the rapidly increasing population, it became necessary to divide the congregation into several societies, and locate their places of worship at convenient points. Hence the appearance this year in the Minutes of Upper Station (afterward Brook Street), Fourth Street (now Fifth and Walnut), and Eighth Street (now Chestnut). Mr. Kavanaugh was appointed to Fourth Street, which was the central Church. On his return to Louisville, after an absence of five years, he was warmly welcomed, and entered upon his labors with a commendable zeal. A preacher is not always a proper judge of his success. Notwithstanding his unsurpassed fame, his uncompromising energy, and his assiduous labors, he saw but little, if any, fruit from all his toil. For the first time since he had entered the ministry, he became discouraged, and thought of retiring from the field. He communicated his feelings to his wife, who whispered words of cheer, and did all she could to hold up his hands, while "the waves and billows" of temptation were "passing over him."

"Perhaps I am mistaken in thinking that I am called to the work of the ministry," he said to this noble woman one day when they were alone.

"That is impossible," she quickly replied, "for look at the success that has crowned your ministry everywhere you have preached the Gospel."

"If that argument holds good," he answered, "then why such barrenness here?"

"It is not always harvest-time. You must sow before you reap. Besides, one sows and another reaps. Have you not sometimes thought that you entered upon the labors of those who preceded you, and reaped a harvest from their toils? This year may be seed-time for your Church, and the harvest may come hereafter. On our itinerant system such results must frequently occur."

He arose and left the room, the tears streaming from his eyes. He retired to his place of secret prayer and knelt before God. The struggle was long and severe, but God heard him. He returned to the family room. The eyes of his wife caught the smile that rested upon his face as he repeated the impressive and beautiful hymn, commencing with,—

"Away my unbelieving fear,
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Savior doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face.
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No! in the strength of Jesus, No,
I never will give up my shield.

"Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil;
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,

Yet will I triumph in the Lord,—
The God of my salvation praise.”

Mrs. Kavanaugh was correct. He had sown good seed, and the year following the harvest was abundant.

In the Autumn of 1832 he had left Bardstown. Four years had elapsed when he returned again to that charge. After the temptation of the previous year, to which he had well-nigh yielded, it was important, perhaps, to his future ministry that the present year should be marked with prosperity. The months of Autumn and of Winter passed away without any special indications of divine power, but with the earliest buddings of Spring the congregations began to increase, and the Church exhibited greater signs of life.

March had not disappeared until, under the preaching of the pastor, a gracious revival began, and continued sweeping through the community, like a flame of fire, until it pervaded every class, and reaching the Presbyterian Church, which was equally blessed with his own. Seventy persons professed religion, thirty-five of whom joined the Methodist Church, and the same number the Presbyterian.

The May following a meeting, at which we were present, was held in Mt. Washington, then included in the Taylorsville Circuit, of which Richard D. Neale had charge. Mr. Kavanaugh was invited to assist him. Fresh from the revival in Bardstown, he entered upon the work in the spirit of his Divine Master, and preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. He spent about ten days at the meet-

ing, preaching morning and evening, witnessing the richest displays of Almighty goodness.

Nor was his fame confined to his own Kentucky. Beyond the Mississippi his services were eagerly sought after.

The conference for several years had suffered from the loss of many of its ablest preachers, not only by death, but by transfer to other conferences. Within a few years McHenry, Lindsey, Powers, Vance, McKnight, Ogden, Landrum, Harrison, Outten, Adams, Cosby, Duke, and Littlejohn had died, and within the same time McCown, Young, Wallace, Light, Bird, Holliday, Evans, and Frazee had been transferred to other conferences. It would be difficult for any conference to sustain itself under such a draught upon its members. It was proposed, however, to make a further invasion upon its ranks by the transfer of Hubbard H. Kavanaugh to the Missouri Conference, for the purpose of stationing him in the city of St. Louis. Unwilling to interfere with the episcopal prerogative, the conference, nevertheless, deemed it not improper to request the bishop not to transfer Mr. Kavanaugh. The following resolution was offered by Benjamin T. Crouch and Henry B. Bascom :

“ *Whereas*, it has been represented to many members of this conference that some steps have been taken to remove Brother Hubbard H. Kavanaugh from the ranks of this conference by transfer ; and,

“ *Whereas*, this conference is already very much impoverished in the older portion of its membership, by removals, deaths, and otherwise ; therefore,

“ *Resolved*, That we *respectfully request* Bishop

Roberts to give Brother Kavanaugh an appointment in this conference."

The removal of Mr. Kavanaugh from Kentucky at this period would have been a serious misfortune to the Church in the State. No preacher in the conference more fully enjoyed the confidence of the public, or held a warmer place in the affections of the Church than did Mr. Kavanaugh. For many years he had occupied the most important fields, and his ministry was sought everywhere throughout the commonwealth. Endowed with an intellect of a high order, with powers of oratory rarely equaled, and with zeal and devotion to the Church that no one could challenge, he exerted an influence that was felt not only in the walks of Methodism, but in other communions. He was no common man, and the Kentucky Conference felt that if his ministry was needed elsewhere, for the very same reason it was required in Kentucky; besides, he had grown up among them. He had entered the Kentucky Conference in early manhood, and for fourteen years their fortunes and his had been one, and they felt unwilling that a separation between him and them should occur. Their petition to the bishop was respectful. Mr. Kavanaugh was not transferred.

About this time a remarkable man appeared in Kentucky. He was an Irishman by birth. John Newland Maffitt was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, December 28, 1794. His father was a member of the Methodist Society, and endeavored to impress upon his son the principles of true religion. Death, however, deprived him of his paternal parent,

leaving him in childhood to the sole guidance of his mother, who was a member of another communion. Frivolous and gay, he passed through his youth forgetful of the instructions of his sainted father and the oft-given advice of his mother, engaging in every species of amusement where God and heaven are forgotten.

At the age of nineteen he was arrested by the Holy Spirit, was powerfully awakened to a sense of his condition as a sinner before God, and, deeply penitent, pleaded for mercy, poising between hope and despair. The struggle was severe, and was protracted through several days and nights; but the joy that succeeded was "unspeakable and full of glory." From his early childhood he had entertained the impression that he would be a preacher; yet after his conversion we see him reluctant to yield to the conviction of his heart, or to listen to the voice which appealed to his conscience: "Wo is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!" Only a few weeks elapse, however, until we find him praying in public, exhorting sinners to repent, and making an appointment to preach, but he failed in the attempt. Discouraged and depressed, he resolved to abandon all thought of the pulpit, when a revival in the city of Dublin, under the ministry of a soldier-preacher, opened the way for him to exercise his gifts; and we soon behold him offering hope to the despairing, salvation to the lost, and life to the dead. From time to time, without official authority from the Church, he continued to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. His earnest appeals arrested the ungodly, aroused the Church, and brought

much fruitage to his Master. Ungenerous criticism and opposition determined him again to decline a work to which he believed himself to be divinely called, when Arthur Noble, the friend and colleague of Gideon Ouseley, the famous Irish missionary, invited him to meet him in Ballymena, and travel with him on his missionary route. Handsome in person, graceful in his manners, tender in his address, and endowed with a powerful and persuasive eloquence, he soon occupied a place in the popular thought that could be claimed, perhaps, by no man of his age in the Emerald Isle.

Early in life he was married to a young and very beautiful girl, who joined her influence with that of his mother to dissuade him from being a preacher. Added to this, pecuniary misfortunes overtook him, and determined him to emigrate to America. On the 21st of April, 1819, he landed in the city of New York, being in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

In 1822 he offered himself as an itinerant preacher to the New England Conference, and was admitted on trial. His first appointment was with the celebrated George Pickering, as a conference missionary. In 1823 he was appointed to Fairhaven and New Bedford, and the following year he was the junior preacher on the Barnstable Circuit. In 1825 he was stationed in Dover, and in 1826 in Dover and Somersworth. At the conference of 1827 he was sent to the city of Boston, and in 1828 to Portsmouth, where he continued for two years. In 1830 he was returned to the city of Boston, and the following year was left without an appointment, to give him the opportunity

of settling his temporal affairs, which had become somewhat embarrassed. In 1832 he located.

During the ten years that Mr. Maffitt traveled as a preacher he performed the duties of an itinerant with energy and zeal, and in the several fields he occupied success crowned his labors. Whether as a missionary, carrying the tidings of a Redeemer's love to the poor and the humble throughout the New England Conference, or lifting the standard of the cross in the rural districts, or unfurling its crimsoned banner in the capital of Massachusetts, we find him not only faithful, but beloved by the people he served, and everywhere gathering stars to deck the crown of his rejoicing in the hereafter.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Maffitt turned away from the itinerant work, to which he was so well adapted; yet it is cause for gratitude that, in retiring to the local ranks, he lost none of the fire that had so often flashed from his eye as he presented the glories of the cross, nor the zeal that had distinguished him as an itinerant preacher, nor an iota of the purpose he had formed to devote his energies and his life to the service of the Church.

In 1833, in connection with Lewis Garrett, he issued, in the city of Nashville, Tennessee, the first number of the *Western Methodist*, a religious weekly paper, which from that period has continued under various names, as the *South-western Christian Advocate*, *Nashville Christian Advocate*, *Nashville and Louisville Christian Advocate*, and is at present the *Christian Advocate*, the central organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

His fame had preceded him to the West, and wherever he preached vast assemblies thronged to hear him, eager to catch the words of life as they fell from his lips. As an orator he had taken rank with the first preachers of the age, and in the horizon of public esteem occupied a commanding eminence. It was not merely the fire that lit his eye, nor the flashes of genius that sparkled through every portion of his mighty appeals, nor his lofty flights of oratory, that won for him a reputation and a name scarcely equaled in the history of the pulpit. It was the burning zeal that was consuming him; it was his fervent piety; and, above all, it was the brilliant success, which threw its full-orbed light along his path. Thousands came to hear him, and thousands, through his instrumentality, were converted to God and added to the Church.

In the Autumn of 1833 he entered the Tennessee Conference, and, with Littleton Fowler as his colleague, was appointed agent for La Grange College, of which Robert Paine was president. In 1834 he was elected to the chair of elocution in that college, where he continued for two years. At the Tennessee Conference of 1836 he requested and obtained a location, and never afterward entered the itinerant field. His mode of warfare in the ministry was that of a guerrilla—outside the regular method employed by the itinerant preachers.

Mr. Maffitt had visited Kentucky in the Winter of 1833, and spent a brief period in the city of Louisville, where his ministry was greatly blessed. In the Spring of 1837 he again appeared in the State,

and in the village of Glasgow won his earliest trophies. Passing on to Lexington, which he pronounces "one of the most beautiful cities west of the mountains," he entered at once upon the great business of his life. Edward Stevenson was the pastor. Mr. Maffitt remained in Lexington upward of two months, during which time he preached almost every day and night. On his first appearance in the pulpit in that city every pew in the church was filled, the aisles were crowded to their utmost capacity, and the occasion was distinguished by a quickened religious interest in the popular mind. On the corners of the streets, in the marts of trade, in places of business, the fame of the preacher was on every lip, while many were anxiously inquiring the way of life and salvation. The city press teemed with his praise, and the entire community listened to his earnest sermons, coming from his great, warm, Irish heart. From the very commencement the interest increased, and during his protracted stay in the city there was no abatement. Bishop Morris was present, and preached a few sermons; but the public eye was turned to Mr. Maffitt, who had won so largely upon the hearts of the people. In the *Western Christian Advocate*, of August 18th, Mr. Stevenson writes: "*Eighty-four persons have been converted, and our meeting is still in progress.*" At a later period Mr. Maffitt writes to Mr. Stringfield, editor of the *South-western Christian Advocate*: "About *one hundred and sixty*, as nearly as I can remember, were the fruits of the revival in Lexington, and over *one hundred and thirty* became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church—most of whom, if

not all, were, in the judgment of charity, soundly converted to God. May we all be so happy as to meet one another around the burning throne, to dwell with God and the holy angels, in sweet companionship, forever!"*

The preaching of Mr. Maffit was peculiar and difficult to describe. We have heard ministers who were more profound in research and more logical in argument than he was; but we have seldom, indeed, listened to any one who excelled in so many departments of ministerial work as did John Newland Maffitt. We have heard him when his voice was persuasive and soft as the harp of Æolus, and we have sat beneath his ministry when like thunderbolts it fell upon the ear. His prototype was the great apostle of the Gentiles, whose life and character he loved to portray. Of St. Paul he presented the following beautiful portrait:

"As he had received his commission direct from heaven, he counted all worldly honor but dross when compared to the excellency of the sacred treasure given him by the Lord Jesus. The glittering charms of time and sense he despised, rejecting, like holy Moses, the splendid trophies of aspiring fame. It was the excellency of the religion of Jesus, disclosed to his mind by the power of the Holy Ghost, that won his great soul and spurred him on to victory and conquest.

"He therefore laid aside every weight and hindrance that might encumber him in his arduous work, suffered himself to be stripped for the race and

* *South-western Christian Advocate*, January 25, 1838.

harnessed for the battle, and, girding up his loins, resolved, in the strength of Israel's God, to tread in the footsteps of that same Jesus he once persecuted to death in the person of his followers. Throwing himself on the resources of his own mind, buoyed up by the spirit of the holy prophets, which had fallen on him at his first introduction to the holy office, he moved forward through danger and suffering, not anxious to avoid either if in the path of duty, tampering not with sin, nor trimming between God and the world for gain or ease.

“He expressed cheerfulness and joy under suffering. ‘We are troubled,’ says he, ‘on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.’ ‘I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ’s sake.’ His language at Ephesus, on taking leave of his brethren, was expressive of the elevated state of his mind: ‘And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there; save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy.’ And when passing through Cesarea he appeared in the same interesting light. ‘What mean ye,’ says he, ‘to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.’

“He was gloriously successful to the end of his course,

because the hand of the Lord was with him. This is evident from the repeated assurances which God gave of almighty strength, support, and guidance. In visions of the night angels appeared to strengthen his mind against the assaults of every enemy, bidding him be of good cheer. The divine agency rendered him invincible, as well as patient and resigned, under suffering, strengthened with all might by the Spirit in the inner man. What or whom should he fear?

“ ‘For he had wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury could cripple or confine;
No nook so narrow but he spread them there
With ease and was at large. The oppressor held
His body bound, but knew not what a range
His spirit took, unconscious of a chain,
And that to bind him was a vain attempt,
Whom Heaven approved.’ ”

“He was gloriously successful to the end of his course. The arm of God was stretched out in his behalf, and signs and wonders were wrought by his word. For upward of thirty years he had labored incessantly in the Lord’s vineyard, extending the savor of divine love to every spot he visited, or to which he sent his writings—encompassing sea and land, traveling over a vast portion of the then known world, and extending the Redeemer’s kingdom from the east to the uttermost bounds of the west. He marched forth into the thickest ranks of the enemy, vexing them with his incursions. Equipped with armor of divine proof, his only weapon the word of God, which is the sword of the Spirit, he rushed on his most puissant foes, assaulting them in all their strongholds. As he advanced, the temples of the gods were forsaken, the walls of

superstition tottered, and the spreading glories of the cross illumined the palaces of kings. His weapon prevailed against the potentates of the earth, the wisdom of the greatest philosophers, and on the ruins of barbaric pride and pontific luxury he placed the simple majesty of the religion of the Galilean peasant.

“Behold this champion of the cross after he had fought a good fight! See him coming in at the close of the glorious warfare. With what calmness and grandeur he looks down upon suffering and death! Truly, they move him not. The cross glitters on his bosom; his hand firmly grasps the sword of the Lord; a halo of glory encircles his brow; the sunshine of eternity gleams upon his countenance.

“Happy Paul! thy sun is going down in brightness, growing larger as it sinks, like that luminary, throwing its golden splendors far and wide over distant lands when itself is no longer visible to the eye. Thus departed this prince of apostles from the field of missionary enterprise, crowned with the laurels of victory and glory, to reap an eternal reward in the Church triumphant above.”

If Mr. Maffitt spoke of the temptation in Paradise, you would imagine yourself in the garden of Eden, surrounded with all its charms, or reposing amid its flowers, where all was joy and innocence and love, listening to strains of gratitude and praise breaking forth from hearts pure and holy; you would see the tempter insidiously entering this delightful retreat, and hear his siren voice as he reasoned with the woman, guileless and beautiful, and fresh from the creative touch of the almighty hand; you would feel the in-

creasing danger to which she was exposed, as the coils of the serpent were gradually fastening upon her, until the triumph of the enemy was complete, and all was lost. If the redemption of the world was his theme, he would carry you to the lofty mount of prophecy, and then bid you accompany him down the corridors of time, leaving generations behind you, to the period when angels announced to the astonished shepherds on Bethlehem's star-lit plains the birth of the Son of God; with Simeon, you would take the Babe in your arms, and watch the Nazarene as he passed from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood; the entrance of Christ upon his public ministry would take place in your presence, and you would see him at his baptism, when the Holy Spirit in the likeness of a dove descended and abode upon him; you would follow him, while here and there he gathered a solitary disciple, and be entranced by the strange doctrines he preached in his Sermon on the Mount; you would mingle with the astonished multitudes while the blind were being restored to sight, the deaf to hearing, the dumb to speech, and would see the leper, scorned and hated, and exiled from society, cleansed, and again received into its bosom; in your presence the lame man would throw away his crutch, and leap for joy; and the tear would be wiped from the cheek of sorrow as Jairus received his daughter again to life, as the son of the widow of Nain was restored to his mother, and as Lazarus returned from the grave where he had been buried to his sisters at Bethany. If he describes the crucifixion, you stand by the cross, and see the nails as they pierce his hands and feet;

you are touched with the compassion that floats in the dim and languid eyes of the illustrious Sufferer, and are startled as the words of agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" fall from his expiring lips; the heavens are shrouded in blackness, fierce lightnings leap from cloud to cloud, and thunders peal their notes of sorrow, as the God-man cries, "It is finished!" If the resurrection of Christ is the topic on which he preaches, the descending angel, the alarmed chivalry of the Roman army, the risen Lord, stand out with prominence; and if the subject is the ascension of the Redeemer, your eye follows the falling cloud until it rests on the side of Olivet; you behold the Savior as he steps upon it, and then you watch it as it ascends higher and higher, until it is lost to sight in the immeasurable distance, and still your eye lingers in that direction until you hear the joyous acclaim, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." Then a hush like the stillness of the sepulcher passes over the audience, lasting but for a moment, when once more from the celestial parapets a voice is heard, "Who is this King of glory?" The reply rolls back to heaven, "The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." Then he passes through the portals.

We have heard him describe the horrors of the damned until we almost gazed upon the burning flame, and seemed to listen to the rattling of the chains of the lost, and hear their groans of anguish, and see

them as they writhed in their agony and woe. We have listened to him as he spoke of heaven and portrayed its joys, until the jeweled gates rolled back, and walls of jasper and streets of burnished gold met our vision, and an innumerable multitude, with palms and crowns, were reposing beneath the boughs of the tree of life, or wandering along the banks of the beautiful river that makes glad the city of God; and we seemed to hear their songs of victory and shouts of triumph as they exclaimed, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever."

We heard him once as he talked of the judgment, and the scenes of the last day appeared full in view; the heavens, black with angry clouds, canopied the world; the lightnings flashed along the sky; thunders pealed forth in every direction, till distant worlds echoed the direful clangor of the last agonies of dissolving nature. Then he cried, "Behold a rising world, and see demons and spirits damned coming up from realms of blackest night, and see the Judge coming down the vaulted sky, attended by all the hosts of heaven, and all the redeemed from earth who had entered upon eternal life. *See him, as he comes!*" The vast assembly that sat before him with one accord rose from their seats and looked upward, expecting to behold Him who would judge the world, with all his shining retinue surrounding him.

We repeat, we have heard preachers who in some respects excelled Mr. Maffitt, but we have never met

with one who exercised such power over an audience as he did.

From Lexington we follow him to Danville, where, about the 1st of September, he commenced a series of meetings. As in Lexington, he preached to crowded audiences, day and night, for several weeks. Under his ministry the Church was revived, backsliders were reclaimed, and sinners awakened and converted to God. The Gospel preached by him was mighty, through God, to the "pulling down of strongholds;" it was the "power of God unto salvation." Day after day eager throngs came to the house of God to be instructed in the way of life, and night after night the altar was crowded with sincere penitents, inquiring, "What must we do to be saved?" In the pulpit, in the altar, in the social circle, on the street, he pleaded the cause of his Divine Master, and never seemed to be weary. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ" was the feeling which animated and inspired him in the grand and noble work to which he had consecrated his energies and his life.

The labors of Mr. Maffitt in Kentucky, extended through more than two years, and had been most signally blessed. The last meeting at which he was present in the State was held in Mount Sterling, commencing August 1, 1840. Here, as everywhere else he had labored, sinners were awakened, penitents converted, and the Church revived. At the close of the meeting ninety-two persons had witnessed a good confession. A camp-meeting was held at Poynter's Camp-ground, immediately after the close of the meeting in

Mount Sterling, at which William Gunn, Carlisle Babbitt, and Thomas Demoss were present. Here thirty-two persons professed to find "the peace which passeth all understanding."

The question has often been asked, Why was it that the labors of John Newland Maffitt were so blessed that everywhere he preached the Gospel the work of God was revived?

Mr. Maffitt was a man of *one* work. The glory of God and the salvation of sinners occupied all his thoughts and controlled all his actions. He seemed to think of nothing else. We have very frequently known him, after preaching in the morning, to devote the afternoon to religious conversation with seekers of religion, and then preach again in the evening, and afterward spend hours at the altar, and then retire late—not yet to sleep, but to think of the best method of achieving success. We have known him to rise frequently during the night, to pen a thought that had occurred to his mind, or to kneel in prayer before God. His responsibilities to God and his duty to man absorbed every thought. Wherever he labored he not only expected, but *resolved, to succeed*, and his boldness and zeal inspired the confidence of the members of the Church whom he expected and *required* to co-operate with him. He labored, too, with an energy that never flagged. He appeared never to grow weary. As long as a penitent sinner would remain at the altar Mr. Maffitt was willing to stay with him, and sing, and pray, and instruct him. He was no respecter of persons. Whether sin was to be found in high or in low places, in the most scath-

ing manner he rebuked it. He divested it of all its covering, and exposed it in all its hideousness. He was faithful to God, and earnest in saving the souls of his fellow-men.

It does not come within the scope of the present volume to follow the career of Mr. Maffitt farther; yet it will not be improper to trace his history to the close of his life.

In 1841 he was elected chaplain of the lower house of Congress. He discharged the duties of this position with great credit to himself and with benefit to his hearers. In the capital of the nation he lost none of the reputation he had won in the West.

After the close of the term for which he was elected, he left Washington City and visited Richmond, Virginia, and other cities in the North and East, where the same success crowned his ministry as in Lexington, Louisville, and other cities in Kentucky. His residence was mainly in the Atlantic cities until 1847. About this period he was married to Miss Pierce, of Brooklyn, New York, his first wife having died in Galveston, Texas. As some complaints were made against him, and his Church relations falling into an informal state, he was considered as having withdrawn his membership from the Church in New York. Retiring to Arkansas, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was licensed to preach *de novo*. He remained in Arkansas about two years, when he left that State for the Gulf cities.

In the Spring of 1850 we find him carrying on a religious meeting in a small chapel of a suburban vil-

lage of Mobile, Alabama. This was the last meeting he conducted.

No man in the American ministry, so far as we have known, has ever been so relentlessly persecuted as John Newland Maffitt. We are not surprised at this. The Divine Master was persecuted before him. The bold and fearless attacks made on vice by Mr. Maffitt, if they failed to persuade the ungodly to abandon their evil habits, were well calculated to embitter and array them against him. His success, too, in the great work that occupied his life had a tendency to provoke the wrath of the enemies of the Church. Every thing that hate, and envy, and malice could invent, to impair his influence and to break his power, was said and done; yet, through more than thirty years, in which he preached the Gospel of Christ, he maintained an unsullied reputation as a Christian, not a single stain ever fastening itself on his escutcheon. Confiding too easily in pretended friendships, we are not surprised that he was often betrayed; yet no betrayal ever cast a blight on his fair name. Malignant, and bitter, and busy as was the tongue of calumny, he cherished no malice against his enemies, but to all their charges his reply was, "God forgive them!" Guileless in heart, and conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, he ought to have borne up under the heartless persecutions that were leveled against him to the last. No man knew the human heart, its depravity and corruption, better than he did, and he ought not to have allowed his spirit to be broken by the continued assaults of his persecutors. The attacks upon his reputation cul-

minated in an article which appeared on Thursday before his death in a paper published in Mobile, copied from the *Police Gazette* of New York. He had borne much, but his sensitive nature could bear no more. From the appearance of this article he was greatly disturbed, and never slept. His sister—Mrs. Ellen Ball, the wife of Dr. Ball, whom he was visiting—was boarding with Mrs. Ballasette, where Mr. Maffitt spent his time. Walking the floor of Mrs. Ball's room, he frequently pressed his heart, exclaiming, "O Ellen, they have broken my heart!" and again, "My poor heart is breaking!"

Upon the appearance of the article already referred to, Mr. Maffitt was advised to avenge himself. To this advice he replied that "such an act would be inconsistent with Christian life," and quoted, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." On Monday morning he went to Toulminville, a suburban village of Mobile, to the house of Major Reuben Chamberlain. "Napoleon's Grave" was his favorite piece of music. Between six and seven o'clock, P. M., while Miss Chamberlain was playing this piece, Mr. Maffitt left the parlor and went out on the gallery, groaning heavily. He, however, immediately returned to the hall, and fell prostrate. He was lifted up and carried to a sofa. While lying there, Mrs. W—— said to him, "Your enemies will outdo you." He replied, "They will," and prayed, "Lord, have mercy on them, and forgive them!" Mrs. W—— asked him if he could forgive them. He replied, "Yes, from the bottom of my heart; for if I forgive not, how can I expect forgiveness?" Medical atten-

tion was procured without delay. Dr. E. P. Gaines administered an opiate, and forbade his talking. He spoke but little afterward, and died, May 28, 1850, at fifteen minutes past two, A. M., saying, "They have broken my heart!" He was buried in Magnolia Cemetery, where he still sleeps. No marble marks the spot. His grave is simply bricked over.

It might be thought that after the death of Mr. Maffitt the tongue of slander would be hushed. But no! more busy than before, it continued to follow him, charging that he had died by his own hand—that poison had caused his death. This suspicion, which nothing but the most malignant hate could have suggested, soon found its way into the press, and spread throughout the country. It was due the reputation of the distinguished dead, and it was due the cause of the Master he had so faithfully served, that this slander should be arrested. After consulting with his sister, Mrs. Ball, Dr. Jefferson Hamilton and the Rev. W. H. Milburn, stationed preachers in the city of Mobile, determined that a *post mortem* examination should be had, under the ablest medical supervision. This examination silenced at once and forever the heartless calumny. It revealed a *broken heart*. On one side of it there were three holes; *the other side had literally burst.** They had broken his heart. Noble man! He has entered into the rest that "remaineth to the people of God," and to-day shares its bliss with

*Dr. Nott, who took out the heart, kept it for several weeks, and then sent it to the medical faculty in New Orleans for examination. It was returned and deposited in the grave.

the many thousands who were brought to Christ through his ministry. "Sleep on, and take thy rest." In thine own beautiful language: "The sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in their fountain, the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. The voice of thunders shall not awake thee: the loud cry of the elements, the winds, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chambers where thou dost sleep." God watches thy dust, and will at last gather it unto himself.

Mr. Kavanaugh was returned to Bardstown, and in the Summer of 1838 Mr. Maffitt made him a visit, and occupied his pulpit for nearly a month, day and night. Under their joint ministry the Church was greatly revived, and about fifty souls were converted to God.

In February, 1837, he had received from Governor Clark the appointment as superintendent of public instruction, in the early morn of the great movement of that day which has resulted in the common school system of the State.

Having entered the Kentucky Conference in 1837, the acquaintance we had previously formed with Mr. Kavanaugh became more intimate, and then ripened into a warm friendship, and upon our part into reverence. A member of the same conference with him for many years, we had every facility that association could offer for knowing him well.

The early history of the Methodist Church in Kentucky is replete with interest. On the question

of education, even previous to the admission of Kentucky as a State into the Union, the Methodist Church was seen in the van of other Christian denominations in originating measures for the education of the youth. The erection of the Bethel Academy, and the noble efforts of our fathers to sustain it—although they failed to do so—is a monument to their enlightened Christianity that no changes of time can destroy. Their failure, however, instead of disheartening their sons in the Gospel, only added strength to their purposes and efforts in the future.

The great want of a literary institution of a high order in the State, under the patronage of the Church, was too apparent to admit of argument. From 1812 to 1820 the Ohio and Tennessee Conferences had each embraced about one-half of Kentucky, so that no community of interest was likely to be felt in an enterprise of this kind. The formation of the Kentucky Conference placed the Church in a position to look after their resources, and to come up to the measure of their duty.

The Ohio Conference for this year met twelve days in advance of the Kentucky. Previous to the conference, the question of “getting up an institution of learning among the Methodists in the West” had been submitted by Mr. George S. Houston, an intelligent and pious layman residing in Dayton, O., to James B. Finley, at that time the presiding elder on the Lebanon District. The subject was first canvassed in Mr. Finley’s district, and then brought before the Ohio Conference.

Unwilling to attempt the enterprise alone, the

Ohio Conference appointed a committee to attend the Kentucky Conference, and propose that the two conferences "unite in the establishment of a college under their joint patronage."

The Kentucky Conference made the following response :

"The committee appointed to confer with the committee from the Ohio Conference on the subject of erecting a seminary reported as follows:

"The committee to whom was referred the subject of a seminary having, as far as time would permit, attended to the duty assigned them, beg leave to report:

"1. That the establishment of a seminary within the bounds of this conference is expedient and necessary.

"2. The place where we have a prospect of the most ample funds for the purpose is in the town of Augusta, on the Ohio River.

"3. Inasmuch as the Ohio Annual Conference have adopted measures toward a union with this conference in the establishment of a seminary at that place, it is our opinion that a union of the two conferences is expedient.

"4. That it is expedient for this conference to appoint a committee, whose duty it shall be to confer with the committee of the Ohio Conference, and to take such measures in favor of the contemplated establishment as they may think advisable; *provided* they do not place themselves or this conference liable to expense.

"5. It shall be the duty of this conference, in

case of success in such establishment, to take the most prudent measures in their power, in conjunction with the committee of the Ohio Conference, to secure the influence and government of the institution to the Methodist Episcopal Church.' " *

The commissioners appointed by the Ohio Conference were John Collins and Martin Ruter, while George C. Light and Marcus Lindsey represented the Kentucky Conference.

On the 15th of the following December the commissioners visited Augusta, Ky., and held a conference with the trustees of Bracken Academy, "and laid before them the object of their appointment, and also informed them that, after visiting many other places, they had determined to locate said institution at Augusta, provided a little assistance could be obtained from the trustees of the academy and the citizens in building a college edifice and giving the institution a start, until the conferences could sufficiently command their resources, when they would amply endow the same as an institution worthy the people for whose benefit they were laboring. The trustees of Bracken Academy agreed to give them the *proceeds* of the fund in their hands, and all the principal over and above the sum of \$10,000."

"Several individuals, now no more, entered with laudable zeal on this work. Among them was Brother James Armstrong, the distinguished benefactor of the institution, who deeded to the Methodist Episcopal Church the plat of ground on which the beautiful college edifice now stands, to be held in trust for col-

* MS. Journal, Kentucky Conference, 1821, pp. 15, 16.

lege purposes by them forever. He also erected the buildings, and was looked upon as the distinguished friend of the college during his life."*

The college was properly chartered by the Legislature of Kentucky, December 22, 1822.

This institution was soon in successful operation. At the conference of 1822 John P. Finley was appointed president.

To properly endow an institution of learning requires effort, energy, perseverance. In endeavoring to accomplish this task, the conferences met with much to discourage them. Under all the embarrassments to which such enterprises are exposed, the vast amount of good that resulted to the Church and the country from Augusta College can never be estimated. Over its fortunes some of the noblest intellects have presided; its faculty was always composed of men of piety, of genius, and of learning; and in all the learned professions, in almost every Western and Southern State, its alumni may yet be found. It gave to the medical profession, to the bar, and to the pulpit many of their brightest lights.

In 1831 Peter Akers had been appointed "conference agent" for Augusta College, but the small returns scarcely justified his continuance in the field.

In 1838 the Ohio and the Kentucky Conferences both became awakened to the importance of more active efforts in behalf of this enterprise, and each placed an energetic and gifted man in the field.

* Extract from a communication by the Rev. James B. Finley, published in the *Western Christian Advocate* of July 11, 1834.

Edmund W. Schon, at that time a member of the Ohio Conference, was chosen by that body for this important work, while a similar trust was committed to H. H. Kavanaugh by the Kentucky, each to work within the bounds of his own conference. No two men better adapted to such a task could have been chosen; and if there was any rivalry between them it was only such as an earnest wish to accomplish good would warrant.

For several years, before he came to Kentucky, Edmund W. Schon had been prominent before the Church and the country as a preacher of the Gospel. He was born in Moorefield, Virginia, April 14, 1808, and was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church September 20, 1824, at a camp-meeting near Clarksburg, Virginia. He was licensed to preach October 10, 1827, by William Stephens.

In 1828 he offered himself to the Pittsburg Conference, which included in its territory that portion of Virginia in which he was born and brought up, and was accepted. Belonging to one of the best families in the State of Virginia, of fine personal appearance, with a mind highly cultivated, his manners polished, and distinguished for his eloquence, his burning zeal, his fervent piety, and his devotion to the cause of Christ, he promised great usefulness in the Church.

At the time he entered the Pittsburg Conference Dr. Bascom was president of Madison College, an institution of learning in the bounds of that conference. A strong attachment on the part of Dr. Bascom was formed for the young itinerant, which, on the part of

Mr. Schon, was fully reciprocated, and which grew into the warmest friendship in the hearts of both.

Mr. Schon was appointed to Youngstown Circuit as the colleague of Billings O. Plimpton, and with Ira Eddy as his presiding elder traveled on the Lewis Circuit, having traveled on the Redstone Circuit the previous year under the presiding elder. His next appointment was to the Monongahela Circuit as junior preacher. In 1831 he was transferred to the Ohio Conference and appointed to the city of Cincinnati, where he remained two years. At the conference of 1832 he was appointed agent for the Colonization Society, in which position he remained but one year. In 1833 he was transferred to the Missouri Conference and stationed in the city of St. Louis, but at the close of the year returned to Ohio, and was stationed in the city of Columbus, where he remained for two years. In 1836 we again find him in Cincinnati, in the Western Charge, with Cyrus Brooks as his colleague, and the following year, with David Warnock, he preaches to the same congregation. In 1838 he was agent for Augusta College, and in 1839 was returned to Cincinnati, and appointed to the Eastern Charge, where he remained two years.

At the session of the Ohio Conference of 1841 he received the appointment of general agent of the American Bible Society for the West, in which he continued for several years. He was a member of the famous General Conference of 1844, and amid the exciting scenes of that occasion he voted with the Southern delegates.

While he was not favorable to slavery, having

liberated several slaves that he inherited, yet he did not think that slavery was a sin *per se* and regarded the action of the General Conference in the case of Bishop Andrew as a violation of the compromise law of the Church.

Finding no longer any sympathy in the Ohio Conference, and unwilling to yield his convictions, he availed himself of the plan of separation, and identified his fortunes with Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In the city of Cincinnati there were many members of the Church who desired to adhere to the Church South, and hence his appointment to Soule Chapel in that city in 1846.

Dr. Schon was no stranger in Kentucky. He had been present at several of the annual conferences, and in the pulpit and on the platform had captivated the hearts of the people. His adherence to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was gratifying to that branch of Methodism, while the Kentucky Conference received him most cordially.

In 1847 he was transferred to the Louisville Conference, and stationed at Fourth Street, in the city of Louisville. A great revival of religion crowned his ministry that year, in which more than one hundred persons were converted and added to the Church. The following year his labors in the same charge were equally blessed. Unwilling to be deprived of his services, as the law of the Church would not permit his appointment for the third year, a portion of the members resolved upon the formation of a new charge, to be known as Third Street, to which he was appointed, where he remained two years.

In 1850 he was elected by the General Conference missionary secretary, which office he continued to fill until 1868, when he returned to the pastoral work. He was then stationed at Shelby Street, in the city of Louisville, three years, and then on the Louisville District four years.

In 1875 he was sent to the Bowling Green District, but died June 7, 1876, in full hope of eternal life. Dr. Sehon was a man of commanding presence, fine address, and polished manners. Remarkably gifted as a preacher, and taking high rank as an orator, and as a platform speaker with scarcely a peer, he wielded an influence for good during the long period of his ministry, laboring with uncompromising zeal and success. Whether he bore the banner of the cross, stained with Immanuel's blood, along the waters of the Monongahela, or proclaimed its hallowed story on the banks of the Mississippi, or in the Queen City of the West, or whether throughout our Southern land he invited sinners to Christ, hundreds sought repose and safety beneath its crimsoned folds.

The fields he was to occupy were new. He had before him the entire State as the theater of his labors. He had shown himself an able polemic, and the people were familiar with him as a preacher of commanding talents, but as a platform speaker he was yet untried. He entered upon the duties he had accepted with the same zeal that had hitherto distinguished him, traversing the commonwealth, reaching almost every county, delivering addresses in the morning to vast assemblies, and preaching to immense audiences in the evening, until his name became a household

word, and his life the synonym of all that is noble and pure. His theme on the platform—the education of the young—laudable in itself, became more commanding when it received the touch of his Herculean mind and brilliant oratory; while his genuine Irish wit and pleasant humor won for him a place in the popular heart from which he would never be displaced.

With what success either Mr. Sehon or Mr. Kavanaugh met in collecting funds for the endowment of Augusta College we are not advised; but they crowded its halls with young men who wished to prepare for the stern duties of life. Never before had the roll of students been so large as during their agency, while Mr. Kavanaugh filled so well the office of superintendent of public instruction, that he was asked to continue it by Governor Wickliffe in the following administration.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE SESSION OF THE KENTUCKY CONFERENCE
OF 1839 TO THE CONFERENCE OF 1842.

IN 1839 Mr. Kavanaugh desired to return to the pastoral work, but the interest of Augusta College demanded his continuance in the agency he had filled the previous year with so great advantage to that institution.

Dr. Joseph S. Tomlinson was the president of Augusta College, and Henry B. Bascom professor of moral science and *Belles-lettres*, at the time he was the agent, and between these eminent preachers and him the warmest friendship existed.

“Joseph S. Tomlinson was born in Georgetown, Kentucky, March 15, 1802. His parents were respectable, but in limited circumstances. His father dying while he was a child, he was apprenticed to the saddlery business, in which he soon became a proficient. He entered Transylvania University an orphan boy, dependent principally upon his trade, to which he laboriously devoted his spare hours, for his support. Anxious to complete his course as soon as possible, he applied himself with indefatigable diligence, and in due time graduated with honor. In early youth he was converted to God, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church; and some time before he graduated was licensed to preach. From his first ef-

forts as a public speaker he was hailed as a youth of extraordinary promise to the Church.

“At the time of his graduation at Lexington, the friends of our infant college at Augusta, at that time the only institution of its grade under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and then struggling for existence, were in want of a competent professor, and Tomlinson, young as he was, was selected for the place, and accepted the important trust. He immediately hastened to the field of his future labors, where for nearly thirty years, with the exception of a few brief intervals, on account of declining health, he faithfully toiled at his post. Here he severely taxed all the energies of his powerful intellect and feeble body in advancing the cause of learning and the interests of religion. That his labors were abundant here will appear from the fact that, in consequence of the frequent vacancies in the faculty, it became necessary that at different periods he should occupy different chairs. At one period he was professor of languages, at another of mathematics, then of natural science, then of moral philosophy and *Belles-lettres*. In every department of instruction he determined to be a master; and so he was. But to accomplish this required intense study and indefatigable application, which seriously impaired his health. Indeed, he was long a confirmed dyspeptic, and the morbid sensitiveness of the dyspeptic invalid is matter of general notoriety.

“In 1825 he was admitted into the traveling connection, and regularly graduated to the offices of deacon and elder. At a comparatively early period of

his career, and when literary institutions bestowed their honors with less profusion than at present, he was deemed worthy to receive, and had conferred upon him, the degree of D. D., which honor he wore with dignified modesty. For a number of years Dr. Tomlinson was president of Augusta College, in which position he remained until it was broken down by the withdrawal of the patronage of the Kentucky Conference, and the repeal of its charter by the Legislature of that State. Subsequently the doctor was elected to a professorship in the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, but did not accept, though he acted for two years as agent for that institution. He was next elected to a professorship in the Ohio University, at Athens. This appointment, with much persuasion, he accepted, and served one year, at the expiration of which he was elected president of that institution. This appointment he declined because of ill health and almost entire mental prostration, produced by what he deemed the greatest calamity of his life—the sudden and melancholy death of a favorite son by cholera. The doctor inherited a strong predisposition to mental derangement, as is proven by well-known facts in the history of his family; and from the sudden death of his son, which fell upon him like a paralysis, combining with other causes, his mind began to waver. The bold and fearless man became the irresolute and timid child. His energies were prostrated, and soon his friends saw with alarm that he was rapidly becoming the victim of a most melancholy form of mental derangement. He was, however, subsequently twice elected to responsible posi-

tions—to the Springfield High-school, and the State University of Indiana—both of which he declined, for the reasons above stated. Although for a number of the last months of his life he had momentary lucid intervals of apparent sunshine, yet the darkening clouds gradually condensed around and above him, until, as he repeatedly declared to the writer, his agony became insupportable, and he incapable of resistance or self-control; and yet when drawn out, the charms of his conversation, the perspicuity and power of his sermons, and the unction of his prayers, partially concealed the deep and hidden tendency to mental alienation. He, however, repeatedly stated that domestic difficulties had no agency in the matter—that he had one of the most agreeable families in the world. This state of things continued until Saturday, June 4, 1853, when the tragical event of his death occurred. We would gladly draw the veil of oblivion over the scene, but the fact has gone abroad—he fell by his own hand.

“Dr. Tomlinson possessed a mild and amiable disposition, cultivated the social principle, and enjoyed society in a high degree. He was an accomplished gentleman. As a husband, he was kind and affectionate; as a parent, tenderly indulgent. He was endowed by nature with a rich and vigorous intellect, which was thoroughly cultivated. He was a ripe scholar. As a teacher and governor, he was skillful, prudent, and faithful; as a preacher, he was considered a model—argumentative, persuasive, pathetic. He was pronounced by a competent judge, though no personal friend, ‘the ablest debater in America.’ As a Christian, he was exemplary and uniform in the discharge

of religious duty; and while he was almost constantly reproaching himself, he never spoke unkindly of a fellow-being. That the life of such a man should have such a termination is matter of painful reflection, but to which it is a duty to submit, as to other inscrutable permissions of Him 'whose ways are perfect.' '*

When we were admitted on trial in the Kentucky Conference, in the Autumn of 1837, Dr. Tomlinson was the president of Augusta College, and was regarded not only as one of the most gifted members of the conference, but as one of the most remarkable men of American Methodism. Whether as a debater upon the floor of the conference, or as a preacher of the Gospel of Christ, he not only commanded the respect, but claimed the admiration of all who knew him. Coming up from the ranks of humble life, and having to grapple with poverty in childhood and youth, yet by his own indomitable energy acquiring a thorough classical education, he not only demonstrated his aptitude for the elevated position in which he had been placed by his brethren, but he stood a living example to young men in the ministry of how much might be accomplished by untiring industry and perseverance. Amiable in his manners and mild in his disposition, he was a universal favorite.

In 1832 he was a member of the General Conference—the first that was held after he was eligible—and in 1840 his name stands first in the list of the delegates from Kentucky.

Our acquaintance with Dr. Tomlinson until 1843 was only such as might exist between two preachers

* General Minutes, vol. v., pp. 295, 296.

the difference in whose ages separated them widely, and who only met once a year at an annual conference. This year we were appointed to the Minerva Circuit, embracing Augusta, where he resided. From the time we entered upon our labors on that circuit until our term of service expired, we knew him intimately. The General Conference of 1844 met during our pastorate in that charge, and although it was evident that the action of that body in the case of Bishop Andrew would result in the division of the Church, yet we had no disturbance in our field of labor until after the session of the Kentucky Conference subsequent to the adjournment of the General Conference. At the annual conference of 1844, we were reappointed to the same charge. The previous year had been one of marked prosperity to the Church in that circuit. Between five and six hundred souls had been converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The second year opened with indications of greater prosperity than the first. While the tide of religious emotion was sweeping over that portion of the State, and the ranks of our Zion were being rapidly swelled, Dr. Tomlinson, who had taken his position with the majority in the General Conference of 1844, resolved to carry, by his magic influence, the Minerva Circuit with the Northern division of the Church. The General Conference had adopted the two following resolutions :

“1. That, should the annual conferences in the slave-holding States find it necessary to unite in a distinct ecclesiastical connection, the following rule

shall be observed with regard to the northern boundary of such connection: All the societies, stations, and conferences adhering to the Church in the South by a vote of a majority of the members of said societies, stations, and conferences, shall remain under the unmolested pastoral care of the Southern Church; and the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church shall in no wise attempt to organize Churches or societies within the limits of the Church South, nor shall they attempt to exercise any pastoral oversight therein; it being understood that the ministry of the South reciprocally observe the same rule in relation to stations, societies, and conferences, adhering, by vote of a majority, to the Methodist Episcopal Church; provided, also, that this rule shall apply only to societies, stations, and conferences bordering on the line of division, and not to interior charges, which shall, in all cases, be left to the care of that Church within whose territory they are situated.

“2. That ministers, local and traveling, of every grade and office in the Methodist Episcopal Church may, as they prefer, remain in that Church, or, without blame, attach themselves to the Church South.”*

The Minerva Circuit was an appointment on the border, and came under the provisions of the above resolutions. While the privilege of voting an adherence, North or South, was not extended to interior charges, yet a line of circuits reaching far into the State—believing that the charge in which Dr. Tomlinson resided would adhere North, and by this means place them on the border—had, one after another,

* History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, p. 91.

already cast their vote of adherence to the Northern division of the Church. It was this consideration that quickened the zeal of Dr. Tomlinson and his friends, and this, too, invested the decision of that circuit in favor of the Southern branch of the Church with a commanding importance. The struggle was severe; the controversy, however, resulted in every society adhering to the Church South, except the Church in Augusta.

It was during the discussion of the questions involved in this controversy, that the conviction was forced upon us that Dr. Tomlinson was deranged. We had labored side by side with him in the pulpit; we had associated with him in the family circle; and now and then we had feared, and expressed the apprehension to friends, that he was occasionally insane; but when we watched him closely through the long and anxious months during the discussion of the great principles which divided the Church, our impressions became fully confirmed, that the empire of reason was tottering to its fall, and that his majestic intellect would become a fearful wreck. That he was a good man we have no doubt.

Methodism in Kentucky, in 1816, was distinguished for the appearance in its pulpit of a young man who had not only taken rank with the ablest ministers of the Church, but was attracting more than ordinary attention in the public mind. The sunshine of fortune had not smiled on his early years, nor had he been blessed with the advantages that education bestows. Converted in childhood, he enters the ministry when only a youth. Grappling with dif-

ficulties, before he became a preacher, that seemed almost insurmountable, he holds them in abeyance to his wishes. Not conforming to certain notions then prevalent, his entrance into the ministry met with opposition, while in the prosecution of his work, persecutions bitter and relentless pursued him at every step. Without the sympathy of the Church, to the welfare of which he was devoting his strength, and opposed by many of his *seniors* in the ministry, of whom he expected encouragement yet courted by other communions, he *spurns* their propositions, and remains alike unmoved by the chilling words of censure or the warm breath of praise. Such was Henry Bidleman Bascom.

He was the son of Alpheus and Hannah Bascom, and was born on the 27th of May, 1796, in the town of Hancock, Delaware County, New York. On the 18th of August, 1810, he embraced religion, and in the Spring of 1811 he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the ministry of Loring Grant. His father emigrated to the West in 1812, and settled in or near Maysville, Kentucky. He remained here but a short time, when he removed to Ohio, about five miles from Maysville, in the direction of Ripley, where he located permanently.

The poverty of the family, which was large, made it necessary for Henry to labor constantly for their support at a period when he should have enjoyed the advantages of a school.* Willing to perform any kind of labor that would render lighter the heavy

*He never went to school after he was twelve years of age.—*Henkle's Life of Bascom*, p. 18.

burden that rested upon his father, we find him at one time engaged in the humble pursuit of driving a dray.

Impressed with the conviction that he ought to preach the Gospel, and unable to see the path of duty in another profession or pursuit, at fifteen years of age he is exercising his gifts as an exhorter. In the month of February, 1813, he was licensed to preach by James Quinn, and was immediately appointed by Mr. Quinn to the Brush Creek Circuit, as colleague of Robert W. Finley. Both in his sphere as an exhorter and in his first efforts to preach, he attracted no inconsiderable attention. His deep piety, no less than his commanding talents, and his zeal for the cause of the Redeemer, made an impression upon the community wherever he labored.

He was admitted on trial in the Ohio Conference in 1813, and appointed to the Deer Creek Circuit, and the following year to the Guyandotte Circuit—the latter in the State of Virginia.

Highly appreciated as Mr. Bascom was in the fields of labor which he had served, and faithfully as he had discharged his duties, the prejudice that existed in the conference against him, growing out of his fine personal appearance and his ornate style in the pulpit, prevented his admission into full connection and his election to deacon's orders. No objection was brought against his piety, or his attention to the several duties that devolved on a traveling preacher; but he did "not either dress or look like a Methodist preacher." And this was sufficient to place him under distrust. He was continued on trial, with con-

siderable opposition, and appointed to the Mad River Circuit, "extending from the frontier settlements west of the Great Miami, eastward on to the Scioto, and northward into the Indian country." This was one of the most laborious and difficult fields in the West. He entered upon his work immediately upon the close of the conference, and labored with all the energy of which he was capable. On the Guyandotte Circuit he had received but *twelve dollars and ten cents* for his year's services; but still he murmured not. Long and dreary rides, poor fare, and poor pay, difficulties and privations confronted him at every step; yet he faltered not. He closed his year's labor, and feeling that he was entitled to the confidence of his brethren, and that it would not be longer withheld, he attended the conference. But trials again awaited him. The men who had before passed judgment upon him were unwilling to reverse their unjust verdict; and although their predictions that he would leave the ministry had not been realized, yet the style of his clothes was "too fashionable for a preacher," and they determined to subject his fealty to the Church to further tests, by withholding from him the orders to which he was entitled. It was at this conference that Bishop McKendree* said, "Give me that boy; I will be responsible for him."

The history of the Church scarcely presents an example of persecutions so groundless, and at the same time so relentless, on the part of older preachers, of a young man in the ministry, as those endured

* It was not Bishop Asbury, as has generally been thought, who made this request, as he was then dead.

by Henry B. Bascom. At an age when temptations are more difficult to resist than perhaps any other, how was it possible for him to breast such a storm, while he could no longer hope that its fury would be spent? True, he commanded an influence over the people not claimed by any of his contemporaries; and in the conference the best and ablest men—among whom William McMahon was prominent—were his advocates. Such friendships as he enjoyed, while they softened the sorrows and lightened the burdens of his heart, were not sufficient to support him under such trials. As we have contemplated Dr. Bascom as the most popular pulpit orator in America, there has been too much disposition to lose sight of his religious character. A reference to his diary, kept during the early periods of his ministry, presents to us the source to which he looked for aid. “Felt very low in spirits; resorted to the woods and prayed.” “Spent the evening in prayer and meditation, and felt sensible manifestations at the time of the evening sacrifice.” “Rose before sunrise, prayed with the family; retired to the woods, where I found the Lord precious.” “Rose pretty early, fed my horse, attended to secret prayer, returned to the house and prayed with the family.” “Rose very early, fled to the woods and prayed.” “Feel calmness of soul, but not so much engaged as I wish to be. Lord, breathe thy Holy Spirit on me!” “Wrestled in prayer at my bedside, then went to the woods and prayed.”

With such passages his diary abounds, and in them we find the secret of his fortitude and forbearance.

At the conference of 1816 he was transferred to

the Tennessee Conference and appointed to the Danville Circuit in Kentucky, and the following year to the Danville and Madison, with William Adams. At the conference of 1818 Mr. Bascom was appointed to Louisville, where he remained for two years, as the first preacher ever stationed in the city. His popularity here was so great with all classes that a petition for his return the third year, signed by a large number of gentlemen not connected with the Methodist Church, and not familiar with the law of the Church governing the pastoral term, was sent to the bishop presiding at the ensuing conference.

At the conference of 1820 Mr. Bascom was appointed to the Madison Circuit as junior preacher, with William Martin in charge—who had at this session of the conference been admitted on trial—and the following year, as *third* man, on the Hinkstone, with two other preachers.

Already sensitive in view of the treatment he had previously received, he regarded his position on these circuits—on the first, being placed under a minister who was only a probationer, and on the second, as assigned the third place on the circuit, and at the time when he was courted by the most influential men in the State—as evidences of opposition to him in the conference, and hence, in 1822, he was transferred, at his own request, to the Ohio Conference, and appointed to the Brush Creek Circuit. The following year, through the influence of the Hon. Henry Clay, he was elected chaplain to the Lower House of Congress, being at the time of his election stationed at Steubenville, Ohio. At the close of the session of Congress

he spends several months preaching through the country, and in several of the Eastern cities, to admiring thousands. In Annapolis and in Baltimore he attained to an eminence never before reached by any preacher in America, and was regarded as the first pulpit orator of the world.

He attended several camp-meetings, where, before the potent weapons of truth, as wielded by him, hundreds were awakened and converted to God. In Harrisburg and Philadelphia, attracted by his fame, thousands waited upon his ministry and heard the Gospel from his lips.

In 1824 he was transferred to the Pittsburg Conference, and stationed in the city of Pittsburg; and the following year he received the appointment of conference missionary. In Pittsburg he sustained the reputation he had won, and placed the Church in a position far more elevated than it had previously enjoyed. In his new appointment as conference missionary he had a field for his mighty talents that would bring more glory to God than any he had occupied before. He was received with enthusiasm everywhere.

In 1826 he was stationed in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and in 1827 and 1828 he was president of Madison College, located in Uniontown, Pennsylvania. The inaugural address which he delivered on his formal installation into office as president abounds in beauty and strength. From this address we give a few extracts:

“As a solitary or social being man must be partially wretched if devoid of proper instruction; but if

possessed of the advantages of education nothing but an evil, an upbraiding conscience, can make him miserable. In the city or the desert, in a palace or a cottage, in robes or in rags, standing on land or rolling on the ocean, buried amid the snows of Iceland or burning beneath the fervors of the torrid zone, he has resources of which he can be deprived only by the Power that conferred them. Beggared by misfortune, exiled by friends, abjured by society, and deprived of its solace, the interior of the intellectual structure continues unaffected and underanged amid the accumulating wretchedness without, and the temple of the soul is still sacred to the cherished recollections of 'Nature and Nature's God.' . . .

"Let memory, for a moment, sketch the desolate map of Greece. Where now are the walks of Genius and the retreats of the Muses, upon the banks of the Ilissus, and the Agora of Athens? Where is the grove of Plato, the Lyceum of Aristotle, and the Porch of Zeno? We have to repeat, Alas! Greece is no longer the theater of learning, and Athens is endeared to us only as the *Alma Mater* of the literary world!

"Visit the classic but profaned ruins of Athens and Rome, and ask the genius of the place, or the page of history, where is the freedom immortalized by the philippics of Demosthenes and the orations of Cicero, and the one and the other will answer, Knowledge departed and liberty was exiled! Polished Greece, therefore, and imperial Rome owed their distinction to letters. And what is it knowledge can not achieve? It has transformed the ocean into the

highway of nations. Steam, fire, wind, and wave, all minister to the comforts and elegancies of life. The cold and insensible marble speaks and breathes. The pencil of Raphael gives body and soul to color, light, and shade. The magnet, the mysterious polarity of the loadstone, conducts man over the bosom of the deep to the islands of the sea, while the glass introduces him to the heavens and kindles his devotion amid the grandeur of a thousand worlds! . . .

“The exceptionable parts of the works of these celebrated models of taste and composition (particularly Greek and Latin authors) will be carefully excluded; but you will find much to admire and much that is worthy of imitation. Even here you may wander with Homer upon the banks of the Simois and the Scamander. You may gaze on the beautiful Helen and the enraged Achilles. The chiefs of Greece and Troy will engage in mortal combat before you, and you will dissolve in tears at the meeting of Hector and Andromache. Herodotus will introduce to you the millions of barbarians following the standard of Xerxes. The brave Leonidas and his Spartan band will dispute the passage of Thermopylæ before your eyes. Victory will disgrace Persia, and defeat bring glory to Greece. Horace and Virgil will introduce you to the palatine and capitolium of Rome; they will conduct you along the banks of the Po, adorned on either side by the meadows of Mantua; and you shall regale and delight yourselves amid the enchanting groves of Umbria. Go on, then, young gentlemen, and seek a deserved and well-merited celebrity; and if you can not reach the summit

of Parnassus, linger at its foot, and imbibe the streams of knowledge and science as they gurgle by.”*

Bishop Andrew, in a sermon preached before the Louisville Conference, at Greensburg, Kentucky, September 21, 1850, on the occasion of his death, says:

“In an unfortunate hour, as we think, the Church called him away from the active labors of the pulpit to serve in her literary institutions. Not that he lacked any requisite qualification for the chair of instruction; but it has seemed to us both a pity and a wrong thus to have fettered and caged this soaring eagle. Methinks he should have been left free to sweep through the world a blazing meteor, and to make full proof of his ministry in a field better adapted to his unequalled powers. The pulpit, doubtless, should have been his only battle-ground; for the pulpit he was specially designed and supereminently qualified by the great Head of the Church. If those twenty years of comparative seclusion in college-halls had been given to the active duties and labors of the ministry, we can not refrain from the thought that a far richer harvest had been reaped of glory to God, good to man, and enduring fame to the preacher himself.”†

In 1829 he was appointed agent for the American Colonization Society, which position he held for two years. In 1831 he is transferred to the Kentucky Conference and fills the chair of Moral Science and *Belles-lettres*, in Augusta College, to which he had

* Henkle's Life of Bascom, pp. 186-188.

† Cross of Christ, pp. 139, 140.

been elected. He remained in Augusta until after the conference of 1841.

"Soon after this he was elected president of Louisiana College, but declined acceptance. He had also the presidency of the Missouri University tendered to him, which he also declined.

"He was elected president *pro tem.* of Transylvania University, which had, by the trustees thereof, been offered to the Kentucky Conference, and through them to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Kentucky Conference appointed commissioners to act in behalf of the conference and accept the proposition of the trustees. The commissioners did so, and nominated Dr. Bascom for the presidency of the college, but he declined. He afterward consented to act as president *pro tem.* until a more permanent organization could take place; but the difficulties in the Church between the North and the South delayed the arrangement anticipated, and Dr. Bascom was elected permanently the president of the university. Under the auspices of his presidency the university rose to decided prosperity.

"About the year 1840 and 1841 the honorary title of D. D. was conferred upon him; and his biographer states that 'within a short period the same honor was conferred by two colleges and two universities.' In 1845 he also received the title of LL. D. from the La Grange College, Ala.

"Dr. Bascom was elected a delegate to the General Conference of 1844, as indeed he always had been since the General Conference of 1828; but at this time was elected from the Kentucky Conference,

getting all the votes of the conference except, I think, only three. The extensive and valuable service rendered by him in that trying crisis of the Church is a matter of history. He was the author of the protest offered by the Southern delegates against the action of that conference in the cases of Harding, of the Baltimore Conference, and of Bishop Andrew, and of other documents bearing on the same questions.

“In 1845 the convention of delegates of the several annual conferences in the South met in the city of Louisville, Ky.; and it being ascertained that the people of the South, or rather the Southern members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, were in favor of a Southern organization of the Methodist Church by a ratio of *six* to *one*, it was determined to take the necessary measures to effect the organization demanded, and Dr. Bascom was called on to write the report of the committee on that subject. That document was worthy of the ability of the distinguished author, and of the able body of ministers which adopted it.

“In 1846 Dr. Bascom, who was a member of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which met at Petersburg, Va., presented to that body the proposition of the trustees of Transylvania University, making a tender of the university to that conference, and, on its acceptance, presented his resignation as the president, and also the resignation of all the faculty of the university, that it might be officered again by the nomination of the General Conference; whereupon the conference

placed Dr. Bascom in nomination again to the trustees as president of the university.

"The same conference also established a Quarterly Review, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and elected Dr. Bascom the editor. He was also appointed by the same General Conference the chairman of the board of commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to settle the controversy between the Methodist Churches, North and South. He was now oppressed with business, all of which was of a heavy and responsible character, and he sustained himself well in all these departments.

"In the year 1849 Dr. Bascom prepared a volume of sermons for publication. This was an object generally and greatly desired. The volume was issued early in the year 1850, in the city of Louisville. It met, as might well have been expected, with a very rapid and extensive sale."*

"He seldom made speeches, and never long ones, in annual or general conferences. But his interest was always awake, his judgment was always sound and to be relied on; and when an emergency required it, the force of his superior intellect was always put under contribution. He had the far-seeing views of a statesman, and a nerve, energy, and address in keeping. He was at the farthest possible remove from the mere dreamy sentimentalist, or the 'fussy' man of talk. The versatility of his powers and the practical bent of his genius are illustrated by a ref-

* Bishop Kavanaugh, in General Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, p. 813.

erence to the prominent part he took in the most important transition known to American Methodism, the division of the Church. It is not saying too much to affirm that his adhesion to the Southern cause was the crisis of a great movement which, under the blessing of God, has given peace and the promise of an uninterrupted progress in prosperity to the Southern annual conferences. He had attended the meetings of the Southern delegates, at which the solemn question of separation from the North was anxiously debated. With keen eye, but closed lip, he had watched the progress of the debate.

“‘Deep on his front engraved,
Deliberation sat, and public care.’

“When the moment for *action* was come, he rose and walked to the chairman’s seat, and announced that he was prepared to peril all upon the righteousness of the movement, and to give his full adhesion and support to the Southern cause. The effect was electrical. The Western delegations immediately came forward, and to a man committed themselves fully to the same cause. The battle was won. By acclamation, Dr. Bascom was requested to draw up a protest against the offensive action of the majority of the General Conference. The masterly paper which he produced in a short time exhibited his vast power of original and searching analysis, and his familiar acquaintance with the principles of constitutional law. Its chain of argumentation is so cogent and luminous that Dr. Dixon, a representative of the British Wesleyan Church, pronounced it ‘one of the most power-

ful and eloquent state documents ever put into the hands of the reader.' The part taken by Dr. Bascom in this affair cost him the loss of many a Northern friend, and exposed him to many assaults on the part of the Northern Methodist press; but it establishes a claim to the gratitude and affection of Southern hearts which no lapse of time can weaken."*

We give the following notice of Mr. Bascom from the pen of the Rev. John Newland Maffitt, himself, at the time he writes, one of the finest orators of the country :

"I consider Mr. Bascom one of the most extraordinary men of the age. As a pulpit orator, he is an original, and is unrivaled in the Union, for none are like him. His path is emphatically his own, denying the possibility of comparison with that of others. His shining, therefore, dims no other light. He is the solitary star that fills with a flood of effulgence the skies of his own creation, and gilds with loveliness the forms which have arisen at the call of his genius. His manner is like that of no living preacher. If you seek to find the model on which he fashions his sermons, it can not be found in the libraries of the Old or New World. If you would know the secret of his strength, you must fathom the depths of an intellect rich with rare and peculiar treasures; you must add to this the intensity of emotion with which he regards every subject that comes within the grasp of his mind. His baptism by the Holy Spirit was with the tongue of flame. His mind, like the

* W. M. Wightman, D. D., in *Biographical Sketches*, pp. 111, 112.

Olympic wrestlers, struggles for mastery wherever it grapples. Let him encounter "the gnarled and unwedgeable oak" of error in its century-hallowed form, and the contact is like that of the electric fluid, rending and illuminating at once, but not, like the fabled bolt of Jove, rendering 'sacred what it scarred.' The fortification which he demolishes is ever after contemptible and untenable. The votary of error under any banner which Bascom may stoop to assail ever afterward will disown his flag, and be ashamed of his former inconsistency.

"It belongs only to a kindred mind, partaking of his own magnificence, to analyze Bascom. I shall have little to say, except in general descriptions. But were one to ask me what is the secret of his influence—how does he fill to the roof every church in which he speaks, and send away the admiring thousands of country, town, or city, filled with astonishment and rapture or shame, repentance or praise, at his will—I should answer, negatively, not by his oratorical action, for of this he has but little. You only see that he is in earnest by the bowing of his head, even when he is engaged in holding direct converse either with God or man. It is not in the power or intonations of his voice. For oratorical display his voice would be considered a bad one, although it is fearfully distinct even in its husky whispers, and as rapidly strikes through his terse and keenly polished periods as that brightest and swiftest of created elements, to which the coruscations of his genius may be most aptly likened, does through the folds of a thunder-cloud. The audiences, who sit open-mouthed

and breathless before him, are able to say little of his manner when they go away. The subject only, and with an omnipotence of power, has stood before them either as an angel of light or a fearful demon; the one to sing, 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' the other to forestall doom, and threaten an eternity of woe.

"Reared in that great school of impassioned oratory, the West, he has also gained the concise and logical ratiocination of the East. Let the inflated individual who has, in his boasted researches into philosophy, never gained sight of the shore of the great ocean of truth, where the child-like Newton stood and only picked up pebbles in his own estimation—let this vain boaster but come within the action of Bascom's intellectual battery, and a faint smoke, or the mere ashes of a consumed fabric, will only be left to tell where once he stood. Every argument silenced and destroyed, every link in the chain of error broken, every false refuge of lies exploded, every dark hiding-place of sin searched as with that streaming light which unhorsed the persecutor Saul, how often has the infidel found himself in a short hour bereaved of his all on earth, his all for heaven! Then might he seek Christ, when his gods had been demolished before his eyes, and their power scattered to the winds.

"Let Mr. Bascom but rebuke an ignorant, a slothful, or inefficient ministry, as he sometimes does in his sermons, and truly they may then say that the scorching flame of judgment has first begun at the house of God—where shall the ungodly and the wicked appear? The pulpit, in his view, is the holy

of holies of the new dispensation. The call of God to his ministering servants, in his view, is the awful commission before which kings should stand dumb; and the man who bears this commission ignorantly, or unworthily, or sleeping, or selfishly, may dread that the fires of the angel-guarded *Shekinah* will consume him.

"Yet Mr. Bascom does not wear a chilling, demure look. He would have been ejected from the ancient and honorable sect of Pharisees, both on account of his short prayers and unelongated physiognomy. His thoughts are solemn as the dawn of eternity; yet his countenance is calm in purity of purpose, and earnest only in benevolence, while it overflows with the expression of goodness and amenity.

"To say that every subject which he touches, he ornaments, is not expressive enough. He does, indeed, ornament, but not as other men do, by studied phrase and sounding epithets; he ornaments his subject by linking it to some grand and classical association. For this purpose he holds at command the treasured lore of each country; he has the sublime imagery which he has gleaned from earth, air, and ocean; he has the key of the past; he reads from the roll of prophecy the revealings of the future. Images of immortal beauty cluster in his argument; at his bidding, damnation echoes back from its blackest deeps the howling thunder of his warning, to flee from the wrath to come.

"Let him, as he often does, plead the cause of Africa, and you will see the ancient cities stir with

life beneath the desert sands. You will see her ancient kings, statesmen, philosophers, coming up through the marble ruins of once proud palaces, to utter their voiceless, because unspeakable, charge against debased Christendom, for enslaving, soul and body, the relics of a noble antiquity. His satire is keen, and will be remembered, although the polished arrow may wound so skillfully and with such exquisite science as to make the pain almost a pleasure to the sufferer.

“But, as an honor to the Methodist communion, in which he has long faithfully labored; as a blessing to the world, a leading star in the constellation of American literature, eloquence; and above all, as a faithful and successful preacher, the thousands of whose seals in the ministry I see around me: if I can not describe him or emulate his powers, I can yet pray that his valuable life may be continued long on earth, as a rich and peculiar blessing.”*

At the General Conference in the city of St. Louis, in 1850, he was elevated to the episcopal office. On the occasion of his consecration, he preached an able and eloquent sermon from Galatians vi, 14, from which we give the following extract:

“Many and great have been the triumphs of the cross; but much remains to be accomplished. Take the earth, with its ten hundred millions of children, and let every day be a Pentecost, with its three thousand converts; and even at this millennial rate, more than three hundred years would be required for the world’s conversion. Are we ready for our share of

* Rev. J. N. Maffitt, in *Western Methodist*, Nov. 6, 1833.

the work? Ministers of Christ: Where are your tongues of fire and words of flame? By intention of their appointment, Christian ministers are eminently men of one work, and they should keep to it. What that work is, we have seen, and would to God we felt it, too! All is change and vicissitude about; the world's drama is unfolding; the games of life go on; passion and interest enslave their millions; but there stands the cross. In deep and high allegiance to its claims, let its creed of love to God and charity in need be ours! Our position should always be determined by that of the cross. Calling to one world, and pointing to another—an eminence commanding a view of both—the foot of the cross should be our only point of survey, in all the applications of influence and office. God forbid that we should glory save in the cross! Preach it, then, messengers of God! preach it—not as the mystic monogram of the Rosicrucian; not as it streamed in the folds of the imperial Labarum; not as shrouded in the dead sanctities of ages, or shrined in the Pantheon of thought or letters; but ‘the wisdom of God, and the power of God.’ Let its ministers preach it as the symbol of a living, not a vanished creed. Let them preach it as achieving for all what no man can achieve for himself or confer upon another. In this sign, and in no other, we conquer; nor can we doubt the issue, if faithful to our trust. Rob us not, then, of earth or heaven; rob us not of a single foe: be it our glory to conquer all! The cross is still shedding light on path and goal, just as it did when first pointed to by Paul; and to the ministry of the cross we would say,

Give to it the strength of youth and the honor of age. It will inspire you with the courage of true goodness, as nothing else can. Specially charged with the maintenance of this high trust, blench not from the consecration and purpose of your work. With the shadow of the cross upon the dial of your hopes, and awaiting the close of the struggle, to hang your shield upon it, and leave there the inscription, 'All blessing, and by all blest,' what more have you to hope or to fear?

"The cross has moved in advance of the triumphs of mind for fifty generations, and yet upon every trial is exhibiting new and hidden powers. No craft can circumvent, no ignorance surprise, no failure betray, or emergence perplex—nothing can thwart its purposes or defeat its final efficacy. Do your duty, and whatever else may happen, 'conquering and to conquer' shall mark the progress of the conflict and be the record of its close. Assured of the past and of the present, we can not doubt as to the future. More than two hundred languages are embarked in its advocacy. Nations heed its lessons and walk in its light. In this light and from these lessons they learn their duty and their mission. What interests, issues, or memories will compare with those storied about and in relation to the cross? Who can trace the deep descending lines of its influence? In its light, truth and example will travel on until the triumph is complete, and the lofty fellowship and grand enrollment, the celestial wonders and temple inhabitation of the heavenly world, with all the room and verge of ever-unfolding progress, shall be seen to connect

with the cross, as did the virtues they reward. Our planet and its races do not limit the glory of the cross: other orders and relations of the universe must be taken into the account. From the cross may be borne lessons of instruction to beings of whom we have no record. Thence light may be thrown upon distant centers of existence of which we have never heard. Where is the far-off world, whose intelligence and virtue may not receive instruction and warning from the story of the cross?"*

From the time he entered the ministry, "to the Church—to the highest interests of what he conceived to be the cause of Christ in the world—Dr. Bascom devoted his enthusiasm, his energies, and activities. He did this without reserve, without pause, and not without strong temptations from the highest worldly inducements in an opposite direction. 'Poor and embarrassed as I am,' he wrote to a brother minister, who, under the stress of narrow circumstances, was looking to the profession of the law, 'I am resolved to have no *client* but Him who at first employed me to plead the great cause of human salvation; and I know my *fee* will be certain and large.' What things were gain to him, those he counted loss for Christ. Faithfully, bravely, and to the end, he stood by his early convictions as a Methodist minister."†

"In the distribution of episcopal labor between the bishops, among other conferences the St. Louis

* "Cross of Christ," pp. 44-47.

† W. M. Wightman, D. D., in "Biographical Sketches," p. 110.

Conference was assigned to Bishop Bascom. The time of the meeting of this conference was July 10, 1850. The low state of the waters made the navigation so difficult that he did not arrive at the seat of the conference until Saturday, the fourth day of the session ; but this brought him there in time to preach on the Sabbath, and ordain the preachers elected to deacons' and elders' orders. He is represented as having preached exceedingly well on the Sabbath-day in the woods to an audience of about three thousand persons.

“At this, the only conference he ever attended as bishop, he performed his various duties so generally to the satisfaction of the conference that the following commendatory resolution was passed by the conference :

“*Resolved*, By the St. Louis Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, that we take great pleasure in bearing testimony to the ability, impartiality, and urbanity with which Bishop Bascom has presided over the deliberations of this conference, and to the dignified and affectionate intercourse which he has maintained with its members, endearing him to us as one of our chief ministers. While we record with peculiar satisfaction that *ours* is the first conference over which he has presided since his election to the office of bishop in the Church of God, we congratulate the whole Southern Church on this acquisition to the general superintendency, and confidently predict that the distinguished ability which has characterized his services in the several spheres of labor heretofore assigned him by the Church, will be emi-

nently displayed in the new and higher one to which she has now called him.'

"After the adjournment of the conference the bishop visited the Indian Manual Labor School, at Fort Leavenworth, 'with which,' his biographer says, 'he was greatly pleased.' He also visited and preached on his tour at Weston, Booneville, Lexington, and St. Louis. His last discourse was preached in St. Louis, in the afternoon of the last Sabbath in July, 1850. It was an effort of great power, and of two hours' continuance. His text was Heb. i, 1.

"He is reported as arriving at Louisville on the 2d of August, much debilitated from sickness, and from traveling and toil, but apparently pleasantly excited in meeting his brethren at the Book-room, where he remained nearly all day, declining his dinner for the want of an appetite. Having entered his passage for his home at Lexington in the stage for the next day, on invitation he lodged with his old friend, the Rev. Dr. Stevenson. He attempted to take his supper, but for want of appetite had to decline it. He retired to bed, hoping to be better by morning, and be enabled to reach his home. Dr. Stevenson and wife, deeply sympathizing with him, gave him all possible attention, affectionately remonstrating against his attempt to go home; but deep solicitude urged him to make the trial. At 3 o'clock the next morning he entered the stage-coach, but ere he had passed the city limits he was so sick as to be convinced that he could not succeed in his attempt to reach home. His sickness so affected his stomach as to induce vomiting, which much alarmed some of the passengers, who sup-

posed it a case of cholera, and believing it contagious, were very anxious that he should get out of the coach and let it proceed. The driver's attention being called to the case, he was asked what he would do. He averred that at the risk of his life he would return Bishop Bascom to his lodgings whence he had taken him. This was promptly done. So that in an hour after he had left his friend he was again at the door. Being kindly received and restored to his bed, Dr. Stevenson consulted him as to what physician he would have, and he authorized him to call in Drs. Bright and Pirtle, his personal friends and brethren. Late in the evening of that day, feeling much better, he proposed starting home on the next day, but his physicians objecting, he said no more in regard to it.

"After being confined about a week, he asked Dr. Stevenson to be seated by him, affirming that he was no better—that the remedies had not touched the disease—that the symptoms were as before. He remarked to Dr. Stevenson, 'The truth is, I have been strangely brought to believe that *I must die!* My temporal matters are not as I could wish, though I will try to be resigned to the will of Providence.' At the suggestion of Dr. Stevenson, two other eminent physicians, Drs. Bell and Rogers, were called in. All of his physicians manifested a deep interest in his case. His numerous friends watched with eagerness and deep solicitude over him. In regard to them, Dr. Stevenson informs us in his notice of his afflictions and death, he exclaimed, 'My friends, O my friends! if they could but cure me by kindness, I should soon be well; but they can not do it.' Dr. Stevenson in-

forms us of several instances of his expressing his impressions that he would die. On one of these occasions he replied to him, 'Do you really think so?' He answered, 'Yes, I have thought so all the while when able to think for myself.' And says the doctor, 'He spoke with much confidence in relation to his future happiness, and professed the most satisfactory assurance of his acceptance with God.' On another occasion he remarked to Dr. Stevenson, 'On the near approach to death, as in all my past life, I can discover no rock of hope on which to rest my weary spirit but Jesus Christ as revealed in the Gospel; and should I ever be so happy as to obtain some humble seat in heaven, it will never cease to be true of me that I am but a sinner saved by grace.' A solemn pause ensued, after which he said, 'True, true; how true it is that all our help and hope is of God, through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ!' Dr. Stevenson announced to the bishop that he was writing to Bishop Andrew, and asked him 'if he had any communications that he wished made to the bishop. He looked at me with much earnestness, and said, Yes; say to Bishop Andrew that I am utterly prostrate, with but little, if any, hope of recovery; that I am wholly incapable of thinking or acting correctly on any subject; but tell him from me that my whole trust and confidence is in *almighty goodness, as revealed in the cross of Christ.*'

"When all hope of his recovery was relinquished, it was proposed that Dr. Bright, who was his oldest physician, and a local minister, should announce to the bishop that his end was nigh, and learn from him

an expression of his prospects. The doctor asked him directly 'if his confidence in God his Savior was still strong and unshaken?' To which he promptly replied, with great earnestness and self-possession, 'Yes, yes, yes!'

"With this strong affirmation of his final hope in a single word, thrice repeated, in an earnest and emphatic manner, did this eminent man and minister close his communications with the world.

"Dr. Stevenson says: 'He was evidently in the full possession of all his mental faculties. Never did his noble brow and full-orbed eye evince a higher degree of intellectual strength. There was a sublimity and loftiness of bearing in the whole contour of his face. An indescribable brightness gleamed out in every expression of his countenance. The scene was overwhelming.'

"'Perceiving,' says Dr. Stevenson, 'that the momentous crisis had come, as if moved by some invisible power, we all at once bowed around his dying bed, and while we were thus engaged in silent, solemn prayer to Almighty God, without a struggle or a groan he sweetly breathed his last.' " *

The death of no preacher of the Gospel in America ever produced such a thrill of sorrow throughout the country as that of Bishop Bascom. The press everywhere teemed with tributes of respect to his memory; but the Church of which he had so long been an ornament was clad in deepest mourning. Our acquaintance with him commenced in the Autumn of

* Bishop Kavanaugh, in General Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, pp. 813-815.

1837, just at the period when he was at the height of his fame. In his personal appearance he was faultless. "His hair was black, and rather thin; his eye was also black, and beamed keen with sentiment. His forehead resembled that of Daniel Webster in lofty expansion; it seemed the very throne of intellect. The lips were thin, and, in connection with the chin, indicated great firmness and decision of character. The general cast of his countenance approached a calm sternness; but when unbent in familiar conversation, his features became touchingly fine. His voice of late years, after the affection of his throat, was somewhat husky, but it left sharp and distinct upon the ear the rapid words which clothed his ideas. At its best, it must have possessed an untold power of impression, and sounded with the ring of a 'clear, uplifted trumpet.' One of his hearers spoke of it as 'articulate thunder.' His gesticulation was natural, evidently unstudied, and prompted by the emotion of the moment. It was none the less telling on that account. Obviously, it was his wont to throw himself upon the rushing stream of passion, without thinking at all of gesture, voice, or manner."

He died on Sabbath, September 8, 1850.

In 1840 Mr. Kavanaugh returned to the pastoral work and was stationed in the city of Maysville. He had been but little in this part of the State; only during the time of his agency for Augusta College.

In this charge he succeeded John H. Linn, who was rapidly attaining to eminence in the conference. He found the Church in good condition, the labors of his predecessor having been greatly blessed. From

his entrance upon his work he had every thing to encourage him—large attendance upon the prayer and class meetings, and crowded audiences at public worship. Early in the year there was quite an awakening among the people on the subject of religion, which continued to increase until about the first of January, when the flame broke out in a general revival. The meeting was protracted through several weeks, and resulted in the conversion of many persons.

Never was Mr. Kavanaugh more at home than in the exercises of the altar, and no one was more successful than he in pointing the penitent sinner to a loving Christ. We have known him to tarry for hours upon his knees by the side of the earnest seeker of religion pleading for forgiveness, whispering words of cheer to the disconsolate heart.

The ensuing session of the conference was held in Maysville. Bishop Andrew, who was expected to preside, was detained at home by the illness of his wife, and Jonathan Stamper was elected president of the conference. There could have been no better choice.

But few men in Kentucky ever held so warm a place in the affections of the Church as Jonathan Stamper. The bare mention of his name awakens memories of the past and carries us back to scenes we would never forget. He was the son of Joshua and Jane Stamper, and was born in Madison County, Kentucky, April 27, 1791. He says:

“When I was nineteen years of age a camp-meeting was appointed to be held about eight miles from my father’s residence. A number of young peo-

ple, mostly females, of the society in the neighborhood, expressed a great desire to attend it. Among these was my sister, who had embraced religion when quite a small girl. I had the most unbounded confidence in her piety, and always strove to gratify her wishes by accompanying her to Church, whether far or near. She asked me if there could be any way devised for them to get to the meeting. I replied that there was one way, and it was quite an easy one; if they would promise to pray for me I would take them in the wagon. They pledged themselves to do so, and I prepared the wagon, in which we all rode to the camp-ground, where we erected our tent.

“It was a time of great power. The people of God were revived, and many sinners awakened and converted. I listened with attention to the word, and, ere I was aware, found my cheeks suffused with tears. I left the ground, and retiring to the woods, wiped my eyes, braced myself up to the extent of my power, put on as cheerful an air as possible, and walked back to the camp. Determined to hide my feelings, I said to the girls on entering the tent, ‘I am afraid you have forgotten your promise to pray for me, because the Bible says that the prayer of faith shall be answered, and you see that I am not yet converted.’ This remark was, of course, only meant for a mask. With a sad heart and guilty conscience, and seeking the most solitary spot that could be found, I gave vent to my feelings in the bitter tears of repentance. When the trumpet sounded for preaching I arose, and making my way back to the encampment, joined the congregation. It seemed to me that the

preacher was reading the secrets of my heart and exposing to the assembled multitude all its wickedness. The prophet said to *me*, 'Thou art the man!' and soon, losing all self-control, I cried aloud for mercy. When the invitation was given I was the first one at the place of prayer, and faithfully availed myself of that blessed privilege whenever it was offered during the continuance of the meeting. Many were converted on my right hand and on my left, but there seemed to be no mercy for me. Before we left the ground I joined the Church as a seeker of religion, persuaded that by so doing I should place a barrier between myself and the world, and more effectually loosen the ties which bound me to my gay companions. This proved to be a correct view of the matter, and I would urge it upon all seekers of religion who really intend to persevere until they obtain the blessing. A membership in the Church of Christ is a wall of defense around them; they are thrown into the society and possess the confidence of those who care for their souls, and such associations have a tendency to stimulate them to greater and more constant religious efforts.

"At the close of the meeting we returned home, and while the greater portion of the company 'went on their way rejoicing,' I was disappointed and sorrowful. The burden of sin rested heavily on my spirit, and I feared the allurements and probable opposition of a giddy world. My father and mother met us with tears of joy, and assured me that I would, in due time, realize the blessing of pardoning mercy if I persevered in seeking it. I uniformly attended

the meetings held in the neighborhood, and spent much time in prayer, but fell into the common mistake of looking too much to the deeds of the law for justification, and failing to obtain it began to regard myself as too great a sinner to hope for the mercy of God. I became discouraged; my heart grew hard, and Satan tempted me to give up the effort and seek relief for my wounded spirit in the pleasures of the world. But having felt the exceeding sinfulness of sin, I was afraid to do this, and so the struggle went on until I reached the end of my own strength and was made conscious of my utter helplessness and dependence upon the mercy of God through Jesus Christ.

“At the end of three months another camp-meeting was held, to which I had looked forward with absorbing interest, as the time and place when I might find the blessing so long and so ardently desired. While there no opportunity was neglected. The first on my knees at the altar of prayer, I waited hour after hour and day after day, but could find no relief. As on the former occasion, the work progressed with great power, and souls were awakened and converted at every coming together. The impression took hold upon me that I was doomed to be lost; and, no longer able to weep, I retired to the woods to mourn over my dreadful condition. I looked up, and the silent heaven seemed to frown upon me. I looked down, and the earth beneath had a voice to condemn; the trees, the grass, and every object in nature stood forth as witnesses against me; the soft evening breeze, as it fanned my cheek, seemed to whisper the curses of

God against the sinner; and, overwhelmed with mental darkness, almost despair, I threw myself upon the ground, and groaned aloud in anguish that words could not speak.

“I left the place of my bitter lamentation and returned to the encampment. A preacher was inviting mourners to the altar. I paused and inquired of myself, ‘Am I a mourner, such as are invited to come forward for the prayers of the Church?’ Then this thought came: Surely there is no being in the universe who needs intercession more than I do; it will make my condition no worse to go, and it may be that God will yet pity and forgive. The very thought presented to my view the goodness of God in an enlarged and affecting light; hope sprang up; my heart melted into tenderness, and my eyes overflowed with tears. I did not wait to walk—I ran. I fell prostrate on my face, and cried, ‘Lord, if it be possible to save a wretch like me, O save me for the sake of Jesus!’ In a moment I apprehended the fullness of the atonement in Christ; I saw how God could be just, and yet the justifier of them that believe in Jesus; and claiming an interest in the sinner’s Friend, instantly felt the renewing power of the Holy Ghost. My burden was removed, my guilt absolved, my sorrow turned into joy, and my lamentations into praise.

“If my anguish was excessive before, my joy was inexpressible now. I could give vent to my feelings only by shouting aloud the praises of God. Every object I looked upon seemed to be praising him; the leafy branches of the grove in which we worshiped seemed laughing with joy in the silvery moonbeams;

the stars in their silent beauty seemed to speak forth the Savior's praises; every face glowed with rapture; the whole creation wore a new and lovelier aspect, and all seemed to unite in one universal anthem of praise to God and to the Lamb. Love, love to God and man, filled my soul to overflowing. I talked to all I met about the love of God in Christ Jesus, and exhorted them to seek the Lord. I saw such a fullness in the atonement, and such freedom of access through its merits that I was astonished at myself for not having comprehended it sooner. So clear and powerful were my views that it seemed to me I could convince the most unbelieving, and felt deeply impressed that it was my duty to invite them to this fountain for sin and uncleanness."*

In the Autumn of 1810 he entered upon a life of usefulness to the Church as a preacher of the Gospel. A vacancy had been reserved on the Fleming Circuit, to which he was appointed by the presiding elder. He remained on the circuit about six months, meeting with the discouragements that so frequently fall to the lot of the young preacher, when, in consequence of the failure in the health of Eli Truitt, on the Lexington Circuit, he was removed to that field of labor. Reluctant to leave a people whose indulgence and kindness he had shared so largely, he nevertheless yielded to the wishes of his brethren, and entered upon the labors of his new work. The kindness of Charles Holliday, the senior preacher, added to the forbearance of the Church, and, above

* Jonathan Stamper, in *Home Circle*, Vol. I, pp. 109, 110, 111.

all, the success that attended his ministry encouraged him in his work, and at the following conference he offered himself, was admitted on trial, and returned to the Lexington Circuit. In portions of this charge there were seasons of refreshing. Two camp-meetings were held, the first in Jessamine County, in the month of May, and the second in August, at Robertson's Camp-ground, in Bourbon County. Thirty persons professed religion at the former, and forty at the latter. The unquiet condition of the country, however, during this conference year, greatly impeded the progress of the Church. In June, 1812, the American Congress declared war against Great Britain, while the Indians had commenced hostilities on our northern frontiers. "The treachery of the British Government and the cruelties of the savages were themes of conversation in all circles, producing an excitement among the people which tended greatly to destroy all religious influences, and create a sad state of morals throughout the country."

On the 7th of the previous November, the memorable battle of Tippecanoe had been fought, in which the gallant and eloquent Colonel Jo. Hamilton Daviess, and other distinguished Kentuckians, had fallen. News, too, had reached Kentucky that Fort Harrison, on the Wabash River, had been attacked by an overwhelming force of Indians, and the massacres of white families by the Indians, previous to the treaty made by General Wayne, were too fresh in the memory of the people of Kentucky for them to be idle spectators at a time like this. "The popular passion for war blazed with such fury that scarcely any oppo-

sition was perceptible." The young men in every portion of the State were offering themselves for the campaign. Born at a period when families lived in block-houses, and familiar, not only with the stories, but a participant in the sufferings incident to frontier life, young Stamper joined the expedition. They rendezvoused at Lexington, and took up their line of march from that city on the 1st of September, 1812. Occupying the position of a chaplain, he acquitted himself while in the army as became a minister of Jesus Christ, preaching whenever an opportunity afforded, and leaving "upon hundreds of minds an impression in favor of religion."

The conference of 1812 was held during his absence, and he was appointed to the Big Sandy Circuit. On the 1st of December he started for his field of labor. In summing up the results of this year's work, he says: "My labors on this circuit were hard and attended with various success. There were often times of great excitement, and what would usually be called revivals of religion; but so volatile and unstable were the subjects of these excitements, that no lasting effects were produced. Often, in the short space of three weeks, many that professed religion, and shouted as if they were in the suburbs of heaven, went back into their former profligacy. I was led to fear that no permanent good could be effected among these people; but time has proved the contrary. Through the blessing of God upon the persevering efforts of the early preachers, the Church is now prospering in most parts of that mountain region. The Gospel took effect upon the rising generation,

many of whom have become substantial members of the Church.”*

In 1813 he was appointed to the Licking, and in 1814 to the Limestone, Circuit, on both of which God blessed his ministry. At the conference of 1815 he located. He re-entered the conference in 1817, having traveled the previous year on the Lexington Circuit, under the presiding elder. Revivals of religion distinguished his labors all around the circuit. “At a camp-meeting at White’s Meeting-house, in Harrison County,” there was a great revival. “The town of Cynthiana had long withstood the Gospel. Although repeated efforts had been made by all denominations of Christians, no one of them had ever been able to gain a foothold in the place, which at this time was given up to pleasure and dissipation. The people felt themselves secure in their sins, and, like Gallio of old, ‘cared for none of these things.’

“On the Saturday night of the camp-meeting, there was an immense concourse of people present, and the altar became so crowded that the mourners were like to be trampled upon. Brother Thomas Hinde was there, and assisted very much in carrying on the meeting. He said to me: ‘If you will go up on the green above the seats, fix benches for the mourners, and form a ring of old members to guard them from the crowd, I will take them up from the stand.’ The arrangement was made, and, when I gave him the signal, he came with the mourners, some fifty in number. As they entered the ring the power of God fell upon the assembly in a most extraordinary

*Jonathan Stamper, in *Home Circle*, Vol. I, p. 502.

manner. Just at this moment, a band of thirty young men, who had come from town with the avowed purpose of breaking up the meeting, made their appearance. They marched in rank and file, their captain being armed with a bottle of whisky. As they advanced to the mourners' circle, the power of the Holy Spirit met them, and they fell like men in battle; some in their tracks, others after running a little distance; but not one escaped. In twenty minutes the work had become so general over the encampment that it was impossible to tell where the most good was being done.

"I have never before or since witnessed so great a display of divine power. It seemed as if there was almost a visible manifestation of the Holy Spirit; and the most reckless sinners turned pale and trembled while they felt its awful presence. The work continued all night without abatement. Scores were converted; and not less than two hundred persons were seen crying for mercy. The camp broke up on Tuesday; but the people carried the sacred fire which had been kindled there into their respective neighborhoods. A meeting was commenced immediately in Cynthiana, under the direction of Father Cole, which continued until largely over one hundred were added to the Church in that hitherto wicked place.

"This revival pervaded the neighborhoods of Mount Gerizim, Ruddle's Mills, Pleasant Green, Millersburg, Whitaker's Settlement, and many other places. In the space of six weeks not less than twelve hundred persons professed religion. The work was deep and genuine, comparatively few falling back.

Hundreds who are now in heaven were converted at that time, and a dozen ministers were brought out among the fruits of this mighty visitation.”*

We next find Mr. Stamper on the Hinkstone Circuit, and then on the Brush Creek, in the State of Ohio, in both of which revivals crowned his labors.

In 1819 he was appointed presiding elder over the Muskingum District, which “extended from the mouth of the Little Scioto to within a few miles of Wheeling, embracing both sides of the Ohio River.” We also find him a prominent member of the General Conference of 1820. He had attained to eminence in the Church, and henceforward he will appear as a leader in the ranks.

In 1820 he is placed in charge of the Salt River District, extending from the Cumberland Mountains to the city of Louisville. Here he remained for two years. Leaving his wife and children at his father-in-law’s, he entered upon his work at once. The following Spring he removed his family to Shelbyville, Richard Corwine being in charge of the circuit. In referring to Shelbyville, he says :

“After becoming acquainted with the state of things in this vicinity, I determined to preach a series of sermons on the points of difference between Methodists and Calvinists. The cause of my determination was simply this: the Methodists had been completely down-trodden by Calvinistic preachers, who made a point of assailing our doctrines and usages in almost every sermon. Our people had become disheartened, and were rather disposed to bow

* Jonathan Stamper, in *Home Circle*, Vol. II, p. 168.

down and submit to this petty tyranny without resistance or defense. Such a state of things did not at all comport with my ideas of justice or duty. One Presbyterian and two Baptist preachers, all famed for talent, had occupied the ground. These three men seemed to have arrived at the conclusion that the Methodists would tamely submit to be mauled and ridiculed at their pleasure.

"I commenced my series, and crowds came to hear. The above-mentioned ministers attended, to take notes and make large threats; but I continued my course, regardless of all that was said. At the close of one of my sermons, the following notice was handed me:

"'Mr. Stamper,—Please publish to your congregation that, on this day four weeks, Rev. Silas Toneray will preach in the Baptist church, in reply to the discourses delivered by you against the doctrines of grace, commonly called Calvinism.'

"I announced the notice, with the following remarks: 'I do not consider this the best or fairest way of conducting this matter. Mr. Toneray and Mr. Waller have heard my arguments. Those arguments are now fresh in the minds of the people, and if a reply is intended this is the time for it. Mr. Toneray is welcome to the use of my pulpit, and I am the more anxious to hear him this evening, because it will be out of my power to attend at the time specified in the notice. I claim it as a right that I shall be present to defend myself.'

"'We feel disposed,' said Mr. Waller, 'to make our own arrangements in our own way.'

“‘I hope, then,’ replied I, ‘that you will have candor enough to make the appointment at a time when I can be there.’

“‘That,’ said he, ‘is your own lookout. We shall not hinder you from being present.’

“‘Still,’ I insisted, ‘as you say you will not hinder me, I hope you will so arrange the time that I can be with you.’

“The answer was: ‘We feel disposed to follow our own course in this matter; and it is our opinion that no one has a right to dictate either when or where the reply shall be made.’

“I rejoined that I did not dispute their right or power to do so, but hoped that the congregation would claim the right to look upon them as cowards, seeking to skulk from a fair investigation of the points under discussion.

“To this Mr. Toncray very quickly replied that he was not afraid to meet me anywhere upon those points.

“‘Then,’ said I, ‘act like a man, and give me a chance to defend myself.’

“This brought them to a stand; and seeing that if they did not agree to meet me fairly their cause would suffer, they, after counseling together a moment, begged to be excused on that evening, adding that they would be ready at any other time.

“‘Will to-morrow at ten o’clock do?’ I asked.

“The answer was affirmative, and I then announced to the people that Mr. Toncray would reply to my discourses in that house at the hour agreed upon.

“The appointment flew as if on the wings of the

wind. As early as nine o'clock in the morning the people were seen coming in every direction, anxious to witness the contest. Toncray and Waller were a little late; but when they came I met and conducted them to the pulpit with all the politeness at my command. When we were seated, Mr. Toncray turned to me, and asked:

“‘What course are you going to pursue?’

“‘I think that is clear from what passed yesterday. I understand that you are to answer my discourses, confuting my arguments if you can, and that I have the liberty of replying when you are done.’

“‘I do not understand it so. My understanding is that the matter will end with my remarks. I object to your replying, and you shall not do it.’

“‘But I will.’

“‘You shall not.’

“‘I will.’

“‘You shall not; and if you persist I will not say one word.’

“‘You can do as you please. If you will not preach, I will. This congregation shall not be disappointed; and, just as certainly as you occupy the pulpit, I claim the right of replying.’

“Brother Corwine, who was sitting in the stand with us, turned to me and said:

“‘Stick to it, Brother Stamper; it is your right, and you must not relinquish it under any circumstances.’

“After a few moments’ pause, Mr. Waller said to his discomfited friend:

“‘Do n’t back out; you can prevent his replying.’

“ ‘How?’

“ ‘Do you take the stand, and occupy it all day; you can keep him out in that way, if in no other.’

“ Toncray took his advice, refrained from beginning as long as he could, and then talked five hours and a half!

“ I felt insulted by this attempting to take advantage of me, and, when he got through, arose and told the congregation the whole affair from beginning to end. There was not time for me to say much; but I noticed a few of the gentleman’s arguments then, and pledged myself for a full answer subsequently. I assured Mr. Toncray that he should be duly notified of time and place, and furthermore promised that I would not treat him as he had treated me on this occasion.

“ One of his strong points, which I noticed, was the case of Judas Iscariot. Toncray affirmed that this man was a devil from the beginning, being appointed by our Lord in view of the part he should act. In connection with this, he remarked that the eternal purposes of God in the redemption of the world could never have been accomplished without a traitor; that Judas was predestinated to that part, and did what God had determined he should do. In answer to this, I said:

“ ‘If Judas fulfilled the commission assigned him by the Almighty, he was a good and faithful servant, and was certainly approved of his Master for his obedience. It would be a reflection upon the divine integrity to suppose that he would be assigned a special work, and then sent to hell for doing it. Further-

more, if one traitor was necessary in making up the twelve apostles in the commencement of the Gospel ministry, it is not unreasonable to conclude that God yet has need of traitors in the same ratio; if they were necessary in carrying out the Gospel ministry in the apostolic age, they are equally so in carrying out that ministry in all ages. If the clergy has to lie under this censure, I do not see why this community has not a right to say that Mr. Toneray is a Judas, as well as to say it of any other minister. If they should charge him with this, he would have no right to complain, but should content himself to be hanged, and go to his own place, seeing that he had accomplished the end for which he was born. Judas and Mr. Toneray would have one thing in common to console them in hell, if the doctrine you have heard to-day be true; and that is, that they were both damned, not for doing their own will, but for doing the will of God!

“It was between five and six o’clock when the services closed, after my announcement that on the next Sunday week I would reply more fully to Mr. Toneray.

“The ball was now fairly in motion. The people were waked up, and began to think and read for themselves. Methodism from this hour held up its head in that region, its advocates being greatly increased and emboldened. Our Calvinistic friends felt somewhat disconcerted, and complained that we should have the impudence to attack the doctrines of the Reformation, as taught by Calvin, Beza, and others; but we held on our course steadily, saying but

little, and hoping and praying for the triumph of truth.

“Mr. Cameron, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, was a Scotchman by birth and education—a generous-hearted man, but uncommonly impulsive in his temper, over which neither he nor his friends had any control. Being a strong Calvinist, of the old school, he felt a concern for the safety of his favorite scheme, and thought it incumbent on him to come to the help of his Baptist brethren. When the day came for my reply, Mr. Cameron dismissed the congregation at what was called the Mud Meeting-house, a few miles in the country, came to town under whip and spur, and reached the church just as I arose to commence. He pressed through the crowd, took a seat, and prepared to take notes.

“I took up the subject that day in regular order, from the doctrine of decrees down to the final and unconditional perseverance of the saints, and occupied about three hours in its investigation, during which a death-like silence reigned throughout the assembly. After getting through the arguments against Calvinism, I proceeded to lay down the plain articles of Calvinism and Methodism in their undress, side by side, telling the congregation that they might inspect them at their leisure, and make what comparisons and deductions they chose.

“I read the first two articles agreed to by the Synod of Dort. My old friend Cameron could contain himself no longer, and, rising to his feet, shouted out, in his broad Scotch dialect:

““Stop, Mr. Stomper! Stop, Mr. Stomper! I do

not want this large congregation to go away and believe we hold such damnable doctrines. Mr. Stomper has dressed Calvinism in rags, and set the dogs after it!

“At this Philip Taylor, who was a magistrate as well as a local preacher, arose and commanded order, telling Mr. Cameron that he was disturbing the peace of the congregation. I urged Mr. Taylor to sit down, and, turning to Mr. Cameron, assured him that he should have full liberty to say what he chose, without fear of being considered a disturber. This softened him into kindly thanking me for the courtesy shown, and I immediately asked him whether I had read the articles aright.

“‘Yes,’ he answered; ‘but they need explanation, and that you have not given.’

“‘I think an article of religion which has been signed by a grave synod ought to be so definite as to render explanation unnecessary.’

“‘Well, Mr. Stomper, after all you have said, we do not differ so widely. You tell us what we must believe in order to justification, and I tell you that he that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved.’

“‘Yes, Mr. Cameron, but your doctrines carry some horrible consequences after them, from which ours are happily freed.’

“‘None that I can conceive,’ was his reply.

“‘Will you permit me,’ I said, ‘to ask you two or three plain questions?’

“‘Yes, sir; and I will answer them. If I had a glass of water, and my Bible, I would show beyond contradiction that Mr. Stomper is wrong.’

"Some one handed him a glass of water; and after he had drunk, I asked the following question:

"Do you believe that God has made it possible for all men to be saved?"

"Certainly I do."

"Do you believe that Jesus Christ purchased redemption for all men?"

"No; I do not believe any such thing."

"Will you please to tell me, and this congregation, how those may be saved for whom Christ did not die, and for whom he procured no redemption?"

"The old gentleman, at once seeing the dilemma into which he had fallen, flew into a perfect rage, and declared that he was not bound to answer any such question. His Presbyterian brethren ran to him and begged him for God's sake to be silent, or he would injure the cause, and ruin himself. But he cried out at the top of his voice, 'Let me alone! I will say what I please!' and so he made his way to the door, followed by his beseeching brethren, while the congregation was in a paroxysm of laughter at his violence. Hundreds followed him from the church to the public square, where he lectured half an hour before his friends could quiet him.

"I finished the reading of the articles, and called on Messrs. Toncray and Waller for a reply, but they declined making any.

"Mr. Cameron published that he would answer my sermon on the ensuing Sabbath in the Presbyterian Church. I wrote him a note, requesting the privilege of being there to defend the doctrines of Methodism; but he said to the messenger, 'Tell Mr.

Stomper I consider him a gentleman—he treated me as one; but tell him I have such a devilish temper I can't bear it, and he must excuse me for not granting his request.'

"It was circulated about that I had been denied the privilege of hearing him, and the leading members of the Presbyterian Church determined to stay away, so that he had only about twenty persons in the house. Thus the controversy ended between Mr. Cameron and myself. We were upon the most friendly terms to the day of his death, and I always respected him for his honesty and simplicity of character. His impulsiveness almost amounted to a disease, but he was perfectly ingenuous and without malice; so that if he flew into a pet with me it was soon over, and he was kind as ever;

"'One that bore anger as a flint bears fire:
When much inflamed, it shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.'

"Perhaps one cause of his great irascibility was his being a bachelor. A want of the softening and winning influences of a wife often causes men to become soured with the world, and fancy themselves undervalued and neglected. The old gentleman long since bade adieu to earth, and I hope is resting in Abraham's bosom." *

In 1822 he traveled the Augusta District; in 1823 is appointed agent for Augusta College, and in 1824 is again appointed to the Augusta District, on which he remains for four years. Following him in his labors, we find him in charge of the Cumberland and

* Jonathan Stamper, in *Home Circle*, vol. ii, pp. 523-526.

the Kentucky Districts; then filling the Shelbyville, Louisville, Danville, and Harrodsburg Stations; then in charge of the Augusta, Greensburg, and Shelbyville Districts.

At the session of the conference of 1841 he was transferred to the Illinois Conference, and was stationed at Springfield, where he remained for two years; the following two years he is the pastor of the Church in Quincy.

As a member of the General Conference of 1844, in the controversy that led to the division of the Church, he took his position with the Southern delegates. This rendering him unacceptable to the Illinois Conference, he asked to be retransferred to Kentucky, where he met with a most cordial reception.

After his return to Kentucky, his first appointment was to the agency of Transylvania University. He next served the Maysville District for two years as presiding elder. In 1848 he was transferred to the St. Louis Conference, and stationed in Jefferson City; but his health failing him, he was placed on the superannuated list at the following conference. In that relation, in 1850, he was again transferred to the Kentucky Conference, and continued on the superannuated roll until the Autumn of 1858.

Since 1850, although a superannuated member of the Kentucky Conference, he had resided at Decatur, Illinois, where he owned property. Through the earnest solicitation of prominent members of the Illinois Conference, in 1858 he became a member of that conference, and was stationed in Decatur. At the close of the year his health was too feeble for him to con-

tinue on the effective roll, and hence he was again placed on the superannuated list. Reluctant to yield to the encroachments of age, and anxious to die in the effective ranks, he again accepted an appointment, and for two years traveled on the Mechanicsburg Circuit. At the conference of 1862 he was again placed on the list of superannuated preachers, on which he continued until the final summons called him from labor to reward.

Among the last expressions that fell from his dying lips were, "My hope is in Jesus; he is precious to my soul; I love him; I will praise him. I have been an unfaithful servant, and I am needy and unworthy; but there is a fullness in Jesus that diffuses and spreads itself abroad, covering the entire field of my wants, and in that fullness I rejoice. Glory to God! my work is done. I am almost home." He died in Decatur, Illinois, on the 26th day of February, 1864.

It has been with pleasure that we have followed this eminent man of God through the long period of his ministry. For fifty-four years—forty of which were spent in Kentucky—he stood in the front ranks of the Church as a faithful, useful, and gifted minister of Jesus Christ. Jonathan Stamper was a great man in all that constitutes true greatness. "He was one of the finest pulpit orators of his day. God made him an orator. On camp-meeting occasions, congregated thousands have hung with rapt delight upon his ever-varying strains, amazed at the richness, beauty, strength, attractiveness, and glory of divine truth, or swayed by his mighty reasonings, or convulsed with

fear and dread, or melted into tenderness and tears; or lifted to their feet, or hurled prostrate to the ground, when he discoursed to them of the judgment of the last day, of the glorious appearing of the great God our Savior Jesus Christ, of the lost soul, or of the triumphant entrance of the soldier of the Cross into his rest.”*

In Kentucky no man was better known than Jonathan Stamper. He traveled and preached all over the State. We heard him often. From our early childhood until he took his final leave of Kentucky, we many times sat beneath his ministry. We can not forget him. We remember him once at a camp-meeting near Shelbyville. Day after day had faithful men dispensed the Word of Life, and many had found the “peace that passeth understanding.” The excitement had subsided, and quiet rested on the encampment. Jonathan Stamper, then in the full strength of manhood, ascended the stand. It was the quiet hour of evening. All nature was calm; scarcely a leaf of the forest was rustled by the passing breeze. He opened the service with singing and prayer, and then announced his favorite theme—the final judgment.

He entered with calmness upon the investigation of the subject, gradually leading his hearers from point to point, until he held over them a complete mastery. Showing the necessity of a general judgment, that men may be rewarded or punished for all their works, he summoned those who had lived and passed away, of every generation and every clime, from earth and sea, and those living now, including

* General Minutes for 1864, p. 191.

the vast assembly to whom he was preaching, to appear before the Judge, to hear the final sentence. In every direction, as far as human eye could reach, vast crowds seemed pressing to the place of judgment. Not only the living of every land, but from the gold-paved streets of the city of God, and passing out through its jeweled gates, myriads "whose robes had been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," coming to receive unfading crowns; while from the realms of black despair, with flames of fire dripping from their burning fingers, unnumbered thousands approached the judgment-seat to hear their final doom. A hush, like the stillness of death, permeated the congregation, as crowns were distributed, or the ungodly chased away to the "blackness of darkness forever." Then heightening his rich and mellow voice, and throwing his whole soul into the appeal, he pleaded with those who heard him—who, though on the precincts of hell, were yet outside—to turn and live. Commotion was seen in every direction. More than one hundred persons pressed to the altar and pleaded for mercy.

"Among the people where he spent the evening of his life he was cherished as a patriarch and was happy in his family and Christian relations. His funeral was one of the largest that ever occurred in the city of Decatur. A neat marble monument, with an open Bible, marks his last resting-place."

In a previous chapter we alluded to Augusta College.

For many years it was a brilliant success. Its halls were crowded with young men destined to occupy

a commanding eminence in the higher circles of life. Some of the first intellects of the age presided over its fortunes, and many of the brightest lights in the medical profession, at the bar, and in the pulpit claimed Augusta College as their *alma mater*. Circumstances, however, for which the Kentucky Conference was not responsible, and over which it had no control, broke the power of this once popular institution. The agitation of the questions of slavery and abolition exerted an influence for harm upon its fortunes that no faculty, however learned, could counteract. The Ohio Conference practically withdrew its patronage because of its location in a slave-holding State, while the South, from whence a large proportion of its support had been received, declined to send her sons so near the border or to have them educated in the same school with young men who held views, and so openly advocated them, adverse to an institution that was peculiarly Southern.

It was announced on the floor of the conference, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 22d, by Dr. Bascom, that propositions had been received by him from a certain corporation, which he desired should be referred to a special committee of three. The committee, as appointed by the president, was composed of Henry B. Bascom, Benjamin T. Crouch, and Hubbard H. Kavanaugh. Joseph S. Tomlinson and Thomas N. Ralston were subsequently added to the committee.

On Thursday, the 23d, the following report was submitted and unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

“The trustees of Transylvania University having

tendered the control and management of said university to the Methodist Episcopal Church by the adoption of the following resolutions, bearing date September 21, 1841:

“*Resolved*, That a tender of the control of Transylvania University, so far as the nomination of the faculty in the college proper, the principal in the preparatory department, together with the direction of the course of studies and internal government of said college is concerned, be, and the same is hereby, made to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, and especially to said Church in Kentucky, upon such terms as shall be agreed upon between said Church and this board.

“*Resolved*, That S. Chipley be a committee to confer with the Kentucky Conference on the subject of the above institution.

“(Signed.)

‘M. C. JOHNSON,

“*Chairman Board T. T. U.*

“*Attest: D. S. VIGERS, Secretary Board T. T. U.*”

“The special committee, to whom was referred the foregoing resolutions to consider and report upon, recommend the following resolutions by the Kentucky Conference in conference assembled:

“*Resolved, by the Kentucky Annual Conference*, That, in behalf of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we will accept the proposition of the trustees of Transylvania University on the following conditions:

“*First.* The Board of Trustees of Transylvania University and the Church will unite to obtain any enactment of the Legislature that may be necessary in carrying out the design of the parties in the re-organ-

ization of said institution as well as to give to the Church, through her constituted authorities, the right of electing three additional trustees possessing the same powers possessed by other trustees of Transylvania University.

"Second. The entire faculty, as also the teachers in the preparatory department, in the re-organization of the university, as contemplated in the premises, shall be nominated by the Church, through her constituted authorities and confirmed by the trustees; and thereafter, when any of the chairs become vacated by death or otherwise, the remaining members of the faculty shall nominate, and the trustees confirm, in order to fill such vacancy.

"Third. The control of the collegiate and preparatory departments, the internal regulation of the college, the direction of the course of studies, the management of the dormitory and boarding-house, the superintendence and care of the buildings and grounds belonging to the university, shall be given to the faculty.

"Fourth. The income arising from all the permanent funds now belonging to the university, and the income arising from all the college funds now belonging to, or which may hereafter be raised by, said Church in Kentucky, as also the tuition fees, shall be appropriated for the support of the faculty and teachers in the preparatory department, and for such incidental expenses as may be necessary to sustain such institution when recommended by the faculty; but the capital, etc., shall remain the separate property of the respective parties, each party controlling its separate interests.

"Fifth. It is expressly understood that the Church is not required to meet any of the present liabilities of said university.

"Sixth. The Kentucky Annual Conference shall, at each session, appoint a committee whose duty it shall be to visit said institution and report to the ensuing conference its condition and prosperity, which report shall be disposed of by the conference in such manner as they may think will best promote the interests of said institution by publication or otherwise.

"Seventh. The trustees shall at all times fix the salaries of the professors; provided that the salaries shall not be less than is usually paid in similar institutions, unless at the instance of the faculty.

"Eighth. The arrangements to carry out and complete the contemplated re-organization of said university, by the nomination and appointment of an able faculty, teachers, etc., must be consummated by the end of the next collegiate year of said university, which will be in the Autumn of 1842. In the meantime, should any of the chairs in said institution be vacated, and should it be thought necessary and be required by the trustees, the Church, by her authorities, will endeavor to make suitable nominations for *pro tem.* appointments to fill such vacancies.

Resolved, That the conference will, by a committee to be raised for that purpose, endeavor, as speedily as practicable, to get the Board of Commissioners appointed by the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States to take favorable action upon the subject and to report the same to the next General Conference in order to

obtain, as far as possible, the influence and patronage of said General Conference in favor of said university.

(Signed.)

“H. B. BASCOM,

“B. T. CROUCH,

“H. H. KAVANAUGH,

“T. N. RALSTON.”

Thomas N. Ralston presented the following resolution, which was adopted :

“*Whereas*, We, as a Church, are now in negotiation with the trustees of Transylvania University, in view of effecting a reorganization of the same, and having submitted the terms upon which we will accept the control of said institution, and inasmuch as it may be necessary for the consummation of this desirable object that farther negotiations with the trustees be had; therefore,

“*Resolved*, That H. B. Bascom, B. T. Crouch, and H. H. Kavanaugh be, and they are hereby, appointed a committee to carry out the views as expressed by this conference, with power to do any other act that they may think will best promote the interest of the Church.”

Before the proposition made by the trustees of Transylvania University, the location of the college at Augusta was the subject of comment in Methodist circles throughout the State, and the opinion was commonly expressed that a removal to some more eligible point was requisite, if the Church desired to sustain an institution of learning of high grade. The proposition, therefore, to turn over Transylvania University to the conference could not be deemed otherwise than opportune for the Church.

The reappointment of Mr. Kavanaugh to the city of Maysville was agreeable no less to the preacher than to the people. He always regarded his second year in that charge as among the pleasant years of his life.

While pastor of the Church in Maysville Mr. Kavanaugh edited a temperance paper in that city. The Kentucky Conference had sounded the note of prohibition on that question, and he was in full accord with that body, wielding a pen than which there was none more powerful or more vigorous in the West.

CHAPTER VIII.

*FROM THE SESSION OF THE KENTUCKY CONFERENCE
OF 1842 TO THE CONFERENCE OF 1848.*

SINCE the session of the Kentucky Conference of 1836, Methodism had advanced in numbers and influence each year. The increase during these six years was, in the white membership, fourteen thousand one hundred and ninety-two, and in the colored, three thousand five hundred and ninety-three—making a total increase of seventeen thousand seven hundred and eighty-five.

It has been but seldom that, within so short a period, such success has marked the progress of Methodism in the commonwealth.

In 1842 Mr. Kavanaugh was appointed to Brook Street Station, in the city of Louisville. Richard Corwine had charge of the district. No two preachers differed more widely. If Mr. Corwine admired the brilliant talents of the pastor of the Brook Street Church, Mr. Kavanaugh had no less regard for the blameless life and modest pretensions of the presiding elder.

In 1817 Mr. Corwine entered the conference, and for more than twenty-five years, by his piety and labors, evinced his devotion to the Church. Two years of this time his health was too feeble to perform the duties of an itinerant preacher, and hence we find

him one year on the superannuated roll and one year as supernumerary. His appointments were the Hinkstone, Lexington, Madison, Goose Creek, and Shelby Circuits; the Louisville, and Shelbyville and Brick Chapel Stations; Danville, Hopkinsville, Red River, and Lexington Circuits; the Augusta District, Fleming and Mt. Sterling Circuits, Shelbyville Station, and Hopkinsville and Louisville Districts. It was during his pastoral term in the Shelbyville Station, to which he was appointed in 1836, that we made his acquaintance, and on the 7th of March, 1837, we received from him license to exhort. From this time until his death we knew him intimately. While he did not take rank in the pulpit as one of the first preachers in the conference, yet his talents were above mediocrity, and he was always acceptable to the Church as a minister of the Gospel. He never preached what the world styles great sermons, but he never failed to interest and instruct. His was not the flood of impassioned eloquence that overleaps its banks and carries every thing before it; but it was the gentle stream that rolled smoothly on within the limits assigned it, equally sure to reach its destination, bearing upon its placid bosom the hopes of the world. Loved by the Church, and respected by all who knew him, Richard Corwine was a blessing to every community in which he lived and labored.

“As a man and a Christian he was in all things consistent; as a minister of the Gospel of Christ, grave, dignified, and intelligent. His pulpit efforts were always enriched by the fundamental doctrines of Christianity—the blood and righteousness of Christ,

the agency of the Holy Spirit in man's salvation, were more or less in all his sermons: they were his theme to the last. Among his dying expressions were, 'I glory in the blood of Christ: this is the foundation of my trust.'

"His Christian experience was like a rising tide to the end of life—then overflowing all its banks. As he approached death, he had a struggle in giving up his family, but he gained the victory; and when he had committed them to the care and protection of Heaven, his faith became triumphant, and he shouted for joy. In reply to a wish expressed by his friends, that he might again be enabled to resume his labors, he said, 'I feel like a frail vessel that has been long out at sea, and has breasted many a storm, but is now safe in sight of the destined and much-desired port. My friends desire that I should return again: I do not desire to return, but the will of the Lord be done.' Having given his family his dying charge, and lifted up his voice in prayer for them for the last time, he seemed composed. A friend said to him, 'I am here.' He replied, 'God is here, too.' The friend said, 'The messenger has come.' 'Sweet messenger!' he said, and spoke no more. He had been requested, when he could not speak, if he felt the Lord was with him, to raise his hand. He did so, and then sunk calmly in death to rise in glory."*

He was born in Mason County, Kentucky, August 29, 1789. His parents were religious, and trained him up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." His first religious impressions were received at the

* General Minutes, Vol. III, p. 455.

family altar. He was converted and joined the Church in 1809, and was licensed to preach in 1817. He died February 12, 1843, at the residence of Rev. James G. Leach, in Jefferson County. This year was remarkable for the success of the Church in Kentucky, and especially in the city of Louisville.

Very early in the year the three charges exhibited signs of prosperity. In the class-room were to be seen the first indications of the revival that soon spread through the Church and the community. Indeed, before the first of January the Brook Street Church was in a blaze. A meeting had been commenced, and every evening the house was crowded, attracted first by the remarkable gifts of the preacher, and then by the divine power that was manifested in the awakening and conversion of the people. Through many weeks the meeting was protracted, until more than a hundred souls were brought into the fold of Christ. It was at this meeting that James S. Lithgow, at the present time a distinguished layman in the city, was happily converted, and became a member of the Church.

James S. Lithgow was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, November 29, 1812. In less than a year after his birth his father died, in September, 1813. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Lithgow returned to the home of her parents, who lived but a few years afterward, leaving their widowed daughter alone with her fatherless child. His parents and grandparents were members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and from these his early religious instruction was received. He remained with his

mother until he entered his twenty-first year, and then in December, 1832, he removed to the city of Louisville. In 1836 his mother died.

Thus alone in the world, without fortune, and wholly dependent upon his own resources, Mr. Lithgow entered upon his career. How well he has fought the battle of life, the honorable position he has attained among his fellow-men, will testify. His great energy, application to business, and thorough acquaintance with those principles that command success, soon placed him in possession of an ample fortune. This by disaster was lost, but he did not despond. Recovering from his losses, he was again independent, when a second time, by fire, his property was swept away. But his indomitable energy again rallied him to the work of recuperation. The confidence he had inspired in business circles; the ceaseless industry which did not stop to waste its strength in useless repining; the persistent effort, which would yield to no discouragement—these again declared themselves in returning prosperity. For many years the name of James S. Lithgow has been familiar to thousands beyond the limits of mere commercial associations.

Mr. Kavanaugh, as already stated, was sent, in 1842, to Brook Street Station, in the city of Louisville. During the revival that early in 1843 began under the ministry of Mr. Kavanaugh and swept through the city, Mr. Lithgow was awakened and converted to God, and immediately joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and from that time to the present he has been closely identified, not only with

the enterprises of the Church in the city of Louisville, but throughout the land.

He has twice filled the office of mayor, once elected to fill a vacancy, and the second time elected for a regular term by an overwhelming majority of the votes of his fellow-citizens, each time filling the position with honor to himself and with blessing to the city. He was a member of the General Conference of 1870, and also in 1874, and on both occasions contributed much, by his judicious counsels, to the intelligent action of that representative body of the Church.

Mr. Lithgow is a man of large and liberal views. No one can look upon his face and find any indication of narrowness or prejudice. Frank, courteous, generous, warm in his friendship, princely in hospitality, with his purse ever open to relieve the needy and his heart always prepared for every good work, he has gathered about him a large circle of admiring friends, who bear testimony to his worth and usefulness. He is at present president of the Church Extension Society.

On the 9th of March, George W. Brush, who was stationed at Fourth Street, wrote to the *Western Christian Advocate*, "There is now a most powerful revival of religion in the three stations in Louisville, Kentucky." In that Church, under the leadership of this indefatigable preacher of the Gospel, the revival was signal in its power and widespread in its influence; while at Eighth Street the zealous Holman won many trophies to his Master.

There was scarcely during this year a charge in

the conference that did not enjoy "seasons of refreshing." From the waters of the Big Sandy River to the Tennessee line, and from the beautiful Ohio to the eastern border of the State, praises of converted souls fell upon the ear of the Church.

One of the most remarkable meetings was a camp-meeting held a few miles from Nicholasville.

A few weeks previous to the conference the fourth quarterly-meeting for the Versailles Circuit was held in Nicholasville. Peter O. Meeks, the zealous pastor, had fallen at his post. Benjamin T. Crouch, the presiding elder, requested the assistance of Mr. Deering and William Atherton in conducting the meeting. "It was a time of great power and grace; many young men and young ladies joined the Church, and there were many clear and happy conversions." The meeting continued for more than a week, and sixty persons were added to the Church. Encouraged by what had been accomplished, the members of the Church proposed to hold a camp-meeting immediately after conference, and requested Mr. Deering and the other brethren to be present. The session of the annual conference adjourned on Friday, the 23d of September, and on Saturday Mr. Deering was on the campground, about four miles from Nicholasville. A large number of board tents had been erected, each provided with a stove, in case the weather should turn cold. The meeting was one of great power. Nearly one hundred persons were converted and joined the Church. The entire community was aroused. Under a single sermon preached by Mr. Deering, one evening, fully one hundred persons came to the altar and pleaded

for mercy, and more than one-half of them were converted within a few hours.

At the following session of the conference Mr. Kavanaugh was returned to Brook Street, where extraordinary success continued to crown his ministry. The Upper Station, now known as Shelby Street, had been formed by taking off a large membership from Brook Street; yet, through the untiring labors of the pastor, Brook Street continued to maintain the elevated position it had won.

The two years spent in Louisville were years not to be forgotten, not only for the great numbers converted to God, but for the elevated position Methodism assumed during this period. Many who had hitherto been strangers to its services now worshiped at its altars.

The year from the conference of 1843 to 1844 will long be memorable in the history of Methodism, not only in Kentucky, but in the United States. The General Conference was held this year in the city of New York, commencing the first day of May. H. B. Bascom, William Gunn, H. H. Kavanaugh, Edward Stevenson, B. T. Crouch, and G. W. Brush were the delegates elected to represent the Kentucky Conference in that body. It would have been impossible to have chosen a stronger class of men from the conference, and, indeed, from any conference.

The Church, at no period of its history in Kentucky, has produced a more laborious and faithful minister of the Gospel than William Gunn. He was the son of James Gunn, a useful local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was born in Cas-

well County, North Carolina, on the 13th of March, 1797. When only a youth he embraced religion, and became an active member of the Church, and at the conference of 1819 entered the itinerant field. His first appointment was to the Henderson Circuit, after which he successively traveled the Barren, Little Kanawha, Danville, Madison, Salt River, Shelby, Lexington, Shelby, Shippingsport, and Shelby Circuits, Kentucky District (four years), Shelby Circuit, Louisville District (two years), Lexington District and Shelbyville District (each four years), Harrodsburg Station, La Grange, Shelby, and Taylorsville Circuits (the first two years), and Lexington District (three years).

In a letter to the author, dated January 3, 1870, the Rev. G. W. Brush says:

“About this time (1825) there appeared, among the young circuit preachers, a zealous recruit, whose subsequent labors, in various portions of the State, contributed no little to the progress of genuine Christianity. William Gunn, as he was seen on the stand at a camp-meeting, near Mount Washington, Bullitt County, appeared to be about twenty-six years of age. He looked six feet in height, large frame, black hair, brown skin, and very large mouth. His voice was rich, and uncommonly strong, and had been considerably cultivated in the art of music. In singing, his articulation was accurate, but in speaking his communications were imperfect. Awkward in manner, he went into company rather blunderingly. Having been brought up to manual labor—‘a tiller of the ground’—he transferred his working habits to the vineyard of his divine Master, and became a fine example of self-

sacrifice, toil, and success, in the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Church.

“His literary attainments were meager, for good schools were then rare, and means in possession of the family scant; but his zealous and studious habits compensated, in a good measure, for these early wants. From his entrance upon the work of a traveling preacher, he read, closely and perseveringly, the Sacred Scriptures, and those authors, particularly, which were designed to be a help to their understanding. So anxious was he to read the Bible understandingly that he made some progress in acquainting himself with the original Hebrew and Greek of the Old and New Testaments. Other studies, also, interested him. Biography, history, poetry, reviews, and works of devotion, engaged his attention and heart. A rich Christian experience was one of the chief charms of his life. He knew God ‘as a sin-pardoning God.’ Great revivals of religion had swept over the land, and he had taken on that type of godliness which sacrificed all for the cause. A clear conversion and a consistent growth in grace were the elements of his strength, and the harbingers of success in the Christian ministry. This ministry he did not take up in haste, but it was the settled conviction of his mind that he ought to preach the Gospel. Fully aware of a lack of a proper literary training, and pressed with that peculiar feeling of unworthiness which true godliness and sincere piety never fail to impart, yet he was wont, with tears, to say, ‘Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel.’ He honestly believed that he was called of God to the work of the

ministry, and this fixed conviction, which grew stronger as he lived nearer to God, emboldened him in dangers and strengthened him in toils. His religious convictions, and his physical ability to endure fatigue, under the blessing of God, carried him forth, for largely over thirty years, through the privations and toils of the itinerant ministry. He traveled some of the hardest circuits and roughest districts in the then comparatively new country. He was prompt, uniform, and zealous. He had practically adopted all those wholesome Methodist rules in regard to early rising, regular reading, and secret prayer, which never fail to secure the blessing of God.

“He was largely an expository preacher. He studied closely the Epistles to the Hebrews and the Romans, and frequently selected his subjects for public administration from these inspired letters—and yet he was a revival preacher. He believed and practiced the doctrine that all preachers should be good exhorters; and therefore usually closed his sermons with zealous and powerful exhortations to the Christians to press on in holiness, and to sinners to turn to God. He was gifted in prayer, and sung exceedingly well; for he made music a study, and perseveringly cultivated the fine voice which God had given him. When his soul was happy in the love of God, his songs and prayers were thrilling and delightful.

“He was a special favorite at quarterly and camp-meetings, and his usefulness was noted. Late and early, in the tents, at the altar, and upon the public stand, what his hand found to do he did with his might to bring sinners home to God.

“To the preachers, when on districts, he was specially and uniformly kind and attentive—looking not only after their temporal comfort, by using his influence with the people for their support, but he delighted to aid young preachers in their pulpit preparations. Here he was superior, as a guide, to any ‘book of sermons and sketches, to aid young ministers in preparing for the pulpit.’ He had a sound judgment, an accurate knowledge of the way of salvation, and was ‘apt to teach.’ As years and cares and toils increased, that religious tenderness grew upon him. Where he lived and labored the longest, and was best known, he was most beloved and esteemed.

“He continued to travel to the close of his life; yet the small salaries which he received, and the meager accommodations made for the domestic comfort of the preachers, compelled him to locate his family. They lived for many years in a rural neighborhood in the county of Shelby, where his faithful wife, the daughter of that apostolic man, the Rev. William Adams, watched over the little farm, and took care of the children, when her husband was making long tours, calling sinners to repentance, and building up the Church of Christ.”

It was in the Summer of 1837 when we made the acquaintance of William Gunn. We had met him before, but never knew him well until then. He was the presiding elder on the Louisville District, and we were preparing to enter the ministry. Accepting a kind invitation he gave us to accompany him to his quarterly-meetings on the Yellow Banks and Hart-

ford Circuits, in the lower portion of his district, for several weeks we enjoyed his society, and during our long rides alone on horseback received from him lessons of instruction that we never forgot. Camp-meetings were connected with these quarterly occasions, and they were seasons of extraordinary interest. The meeting for the Yellow Banks Circuit was held at Pleasant Grove, and for the Hartford at No Creek.

Representing the local preachers, there were present John Daviess, John Pinkston, and Joe Miller—the first a giant in the pulpit, the second a saint on earth, and the embodiment of energy and zeal in the cause of Christ. There were also present at Pleasant Grove several members of the Indiana Conference. The sermons were extraordinary, the exhortations powerful, and the singing as the music of heaven.

In this assemblage of piety and talents William Gunn stood as a prince. He preached as but few men could preach. His sermons were plain, practical, powerful, and yet not destitute of ornament. It was not, however, the adorning with which the flowers of rhetoric invest a sermon, but that derived from the rich fountains of living truth, clothing with the beauties of the Bible every argument he submitted to the vast assemblies that hung in rapt silence on his lips.

In exhortation he was overwhelming, and in singing his rich and mellow voice rose above the cries of the penitent and the shouts of those converted to God. The effect of such labors may be imagined. Many at both meetings, through his instrumentality, were awakened and persuaded to become religious.

A few weeks later he held his quarterly-meeting

for the Shelbyville and Brick Chapel Station, which was also a camp-meeting, three miles east of Shelbyville, where similar results followed his labors to those to which we have already referred.

At this meeting we were licensed by Mr. Gunn to preach the Gospel. From this period until his death we knew him well, and think we never knew a better man.

His wife, to whom he was married on the 5th of October, 1826, was Frances Adams, the only daughter of the Rev. William Adams, of whose labors we gave an account in a former chapter.

“About 1830, while on a visit to his father-in-law, and sitting in his house, he was struck with lightning. The electric fluid, having first made rather fearful havoc of the stone chimney, passed in a divided current from his head to his feet, and from his shoulder to the ends of the fingers of his left hand; one part of it penetrating through the floor, the other finding its way out at a broken glass in the window. His clothes were burnt to shreds, his boots rent, his pen-knife rendered strongly magnetic, and his flesh fearfully lacerated. In his recovery from the effects of this terrible shock he always recognized most gratefully the hand of Providence, not doubting that he had been spared to labor for the benefit of the Church; and, with the exception of about two months in which he was then taken off from his labors, the whole thirty-five years of his ministry was a period of unbroken active service.

“Mr. Gunn’s death was in beautiful harmony with his useful and honored life. His wife, observ-

ing that he was restless in the night, inquired what was the matter; and his reply was, 'Nothing, my dear, only I am thinking of my reward.' Again he said, 'I have no anxiety, I have perfect peace.' To one of his brethren in the ministry he said, 'Should I not live, tell the conference that I have strong faith in our holy religion. I do not regret having spent my life, as I have, as an itinerant preacher. I would rather travel the poorest circuit in the roughest country than enjoy any worldly distinction that could be conferred upon me.' And he added, 'If I should live, this work shall make my heart rejoice, and spend the remnant of my days.' He died of typhoid fever, at Lexington, Ky., on the 3d of September, 1853, in the fifty-seventh year of his age."*

The action of the General Conference in the cases of Francis A. Harding, whose case came before that body on an appeal from the Baltimore Conference, and of James O. Andrew, one of the bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church, residing in the State of Georgia, who had married a lady that was the owner of slaves, resulted in the disruption of the Church, and its separation into two distinct ecclesiastical jurisdictions.

Henry B. Bascom was the acknowledged leader, not only in the delegation from the Kentucky Conference, but this distinction was awarded him by all the delegates from the slave-holding States. The several papers protecting the rights of the Southern Church emanated from his gifted pen. Under these circumstances, it would have been eminently improper

* Sprague's Annals, pp. 622, 623.

for any member from Kentucky to have participated to any great extent in the debates on the floor of the conference; hence we do not find Mr. Kavanaugh prominent in that assembly. No man, however, among his brethren, was wiser in counsel or more prompt in action than he. He was born in Kentucky, and brought up amid the institutions of the State. He believed, too, that the cases of both Mr. Harding and Bishop Andrew were fully covered by the compromise laws of the Church; and thinking that the action of the majority might lead to disaster, he resisted with a firm hand the attempted encroachments.

The division of the Church to him was painful; but between his love for the Church as it had existed and duty, he found no difficulty in deciding. He stood side by side with the representatives from the West and the South, and, whether for weal or woe, adhered to their fortunes.

Kentucky was a border conference. Its northern border extended along the Ohio River more than six hundred miles, and many of the people, although not indorsing the action of the majority in the General Conference, yet sympathized with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In 1844 the session of the Kentucky Conference was held in Bowling Green. It was the last time the conference met under the jurisdiction of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Janes presided. At an early day in the session, by a resolution unanimously adopted, the delegates were requested, "as soon as convenient, to report to the conference

their reasons and ground of action in the entire premises."

The resolution was preceded by the statement that they had "united with the General Conference in the adoption of measures contemplating a division of the Methodist Episcopal Church, so as to place the same under two separate jurisdictions, and united with the Southern delegates in recommending a convention to meet in Louisville the" following May, in reference to a division of the Church.

Verbal explanations were given by Dr. Bascom, in a lengthy and able address; and then a committee was appointed, of which Mr. Kavanaugh was a member, to take into consideration the entire question of slavery and division.

The report was an unqualified indorsement of the delegates, and a recommendation that a convention be held, as provided in the action of the delegates from the slave-holding States, in the city of Louisville, to take into consideration the division of the Church. E. Stevenson, H. H. Kavanaugh, H. B. Bascom, B. T. Crouch, Wm. Gunn, G. W. Taylor, G. W. Brush, J. C. Harrison, B. H. McCown, James King, John James, and T. N. Ralston were elected delegates to the convention.

We would not, however, lose sight of Mr. Kavanaugh as a preacher. Bishop Janes occupied the pulpit at the Methodist Church on Sunday at eleven o'clock, and Mr. Kavanaugh in the evening. The bishop had thrilled the audience. His text was, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion: put on thy beautiful garments; O Jerusalem, the holy city;

for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean.”*

When Mr. Kavanaugh entered the pulpit the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The people of Bowling Green had known him in other years as a pulpit orator of marked ability. After the introductory services he arose and announced his text, “Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.”*

The first portion of the sermon was an able argument on the character and the omnipotence of God. “Now unto HIM who is ABLE.” He appeared, however, to drag heavily for the first forty minutes, and yet there was nothing commonplace in any sentence he uttered. At length he loosed from his moorings, and swung clear, then shrugging his shoulders, he bounded away into a world of beauties where he loved to roam and to linger.

“Exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think.” We are commanded to ask largely, that our joy may be full, yet “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”

“Eye hath not seen.” The eye has seen the beauties of creation. The earth with its mountains, its hills, its gardens of eclipsing splendor, its grottoes, its mighty oceans, its islands, its majestic rivers, its landscapes, variegated with ten thousand beauties, its pearls, its mines of wealth, together with man’s

* Isaiah lii, 1.

† Ephesians iii, 20.

choicest handiwork. It has swept the heavens from the horizon to the zenith, and descried every fixed planet, every rolling system, and every glimmering star. It has rested beneath the sheen of the silvery moon, and looked upon its pale, cold, beautiful face; and seen the sun in its full-orbed splendor; but has not seen the things that God has prepared for them that love him.

“Ear hath not heard.” The ear has heard the hoarse voice of the approaching storm, and listened to the ocean’s roar. It has heard the gentle notes of early morn chasing away the gloom of night, and listened to the soft whispers of the evening breeze. The music of the spheres has charmed the soul with sounds of sweetest melody, and the lullabies, accompanied with a mother’s gentle tones, have driven care and sorrow from the heart of infancy and childhood. The songs of angels, too, have fallen on mortal ears, proclaiming the Redeemer’s birth, and the story of the cross has for ages entranced the children of men. The ear has heard hymns of praise to God, expressions of joy to the new-born soul, and shouts of triumph falling from the lips of the dying Christian as he catches a glimpse of the celestial city; but it has not heard the things that God has prepared for them that love him.

“Neither have it entered into the heart of man.” The heart of man has conceived more than the eye has seen or the ear has heard. It has not only surveyed the earth, the sea, the sky, and taken in all their beauties at a glance, and felt the thrill of rapture as music akin to heaven has kindled upon the

soul. It has not only followed the child of God to the margin of the last river, and seen him plunge into the stream of death, but, looking beyond the chilling flood, the heart has contemplated the scenes of felicity and grandeur which break upon the disembodied spirit when it drops its earthly tabernacle in the dust. The splendors of the New Jerusalem, its jeweled gates, its walls of jasper, its streets of gold, the angels, the companionship of saints, the songs of Moses and the Lamb, the River of Life, the Son of God, are visions which arise to the contemplation of the Christian; but still, there "have not entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

He paused for a few moments, his eyes apparently fixed upon some object of entrancing loveliness, and then exclaimed, "Imagination leaps on lawless wing, and goes out upon its errand of exploration. The vast empire of God is before it."

Turning away from earth, he began to go upward, climbing the loftiest heights, until the spires upon the temples in the celestial city were full in view. The gates of heaven rolled back on golden hinges, and the songs of the redeemed fell upon the ear. Pæans of praise and shouts of triumph sounded through all the groves of bliss. Entering the city, he beheld the countless millions of the redeemed, whose "robes were washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," as they reposed beneath the shade of the tree of life, or wandered along the banks of the beautiful river, or drank from the purling stream that makes glad the city of God. "There was no night

there," but One, the brightness of whose countenance exceeded the brilliancy of ten thousand suns, before whom the hierarchies of heaven bowed, and to whom angel and archangel paid homage, was ever attracting toward him the redeemed, who cast their crowns at his feet.

We have heard Henry Clay, that wonderful orator, when in the zenith of his fame; we have listened to Bascom, when every form bent forward to catch the words of life as they fell from his burning lips; Maffitt, too, has won and charmed us by the witchery of his eloquence; but never, either before or since, have we witnessed such oratory. There was a stillness in the audience that may be conceived of, but can not be described.

We next meet with Mr. Kavanaugh in Shelbyville, to which place he was appointed in 1844.

Shelbyville was one of the most beautiful towns in the State, and in culture and refinement was not exceeded by any. It offered educational facilities of the highest order. Its academies for young men, and Science Hill, a thing of beauty, were fountains of blessing.

The Methodist Church, as we have seen, occupied a commanding eminence, standing abreast with other denominations. It was represented in the learned professions and in all the walks of cultured life. While the majority, however, were in full accord with the Kentucky Conference on the questions that were disrupting the Church there was a minority respectable for their talents and piety who dissented from their views, and serious apprehensions were felt that

there might be a division in the society. Nothing could be more detrimental to its influence than a divided congregation. If this calamity could be averted no one was more competent to the task than Mr. Kavanaugh. He addressed himself to this work with the prudence that had distinguished him in every duty upon which he had entered. In many portions of the State minorities were found under the leadership of Dr. Tomlinson, whose wonderful gifts gave him a commanding influence in his opposition to the action of the conference.

Several weeks passed and no reference on either side was made to the questions at issue, and then occasional fireside conversations gave some prominence to the subject. The convention would meet in the city of Louisville on the 1st of May, 1845, and the near approach of this assemblage of learning and piety brought things to a crisis in Shelbyville. On Monday evening, the 28th of April, a meeting was called at the Methodist Church for the purpose of adjusting the differences, if possible, and thus present to the Kentucky Methodism a united front.

The meeting was addressed by Mr. Kavanaugh, representing the conference, and the majority of the Church, and by Judge Martin D. McHenry, who was the advocate for the minority.

In a clear, concise manner Mr. Kavanaugh reviewed the entire ground, canvassing the action of the General Conference in the case of Bishop Andrew and showing that in opposing these extra-judicial proceedings the delegates from the Southern and South-western States were supported by the law of the

Church, and that to organize the conferences represented by the minority in the General Conference would not be a secession nor a separation from the Methodist Episcopal Church, but only from the jurisdiction of the General Conference of said Church, as then constituted.

The statements of Mr. Kavanaugh were not denied by Judge McHenry, nor were his arguments answered. He made only a brief response, urging adherence to "the old Church." The restlessness that had existed for several months was calmed, and the Church at Shelbyville was prepared to accept whatever action the convention might adopt in accordance with the instructions of the Kentucky Annual Conference.

In company with Mr. Kavanaugh we left Shelbyville on the following morning by private conveyance for Louisville. On the way we conversed freely on the crisis that had befallen the Church, and in the strongest terms he expressed it as his opinion that there was no other way to protect the integrity of Methodism and to perpetuate its existence, not only in the South, but even in Kentucky, than by cutting loose from the jurisdiction of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The convention met at the appointed time, and the voice of no delegate was heard with greater effect than that of H. H. Kavanaugh.

During the session addresses were delivered by Dr. George F. Pierce, Judge Longstreet, and others that thrilled the large assemblies that filled old Fourth Street Church, but no one portrayed the future of Methodism in the South in darker colors, or the relig-

ious condition of the negro, deprived of the Gospel, if we bowed in silence to the impious demands of the majority of the General Conference of 1844 than did this favorite son of Kentucky.

The compromise law of the Church had been trodden down, the temple of fanaticism had been reared upon its ruins, and he had no further compromise to make. The salvation of the master and the slave had been, under God, largely intrusted to the Methodist Church, and he would not place himself nor aid in placing his brethren in a position where they could not proclaim the tidings of a Redeemer's love to both. A tide of emotion such as is seldom seen swept over the audience as he referred to the possibility of changing the map of the Church of Christ in the Southern States, with Methodism blotted out.

Turning to the convention he exclaimed in the beautiful words of Ruth to Naomi, "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more, also, if aught but death part thee and me."

After mature deliberation the METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH, was organized, Mr. Kavanaugh placing himself on record with the South in every particular.

If in Shelbyville, after the adjournment of the convention, there was any friction, it was easily subdued. His popularity in that community never waned.

At the session of the Kentucky Conference, held

in Frankfort, commencing September 10, 1845, Bishop Soule presided.

Among the resolutions adopted by that body we record the following:

Resolved, That, as a conference, claiming all the rights, powers, and privileges of an annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, *we adhere to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South*, that all our proceedings, records, and official acts hereafter be in the name and style of the Kentucky Annual Conference of the *Methodist Episcopal Church, South*.

The first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was appointed for 1st of May, 1846. The place, Petersburg, Virginia. The delegates from the Kentucky Conference were H. B. Bascom, H. H. Kavanaugh, B. T. Crouch, J. Stamper, G. W. Brush, E. Stevenson, T. N. Ralston, N. B. Lewis, C. B. Parsons, and J. C. Harrison.

The appointment for this year opened before Mr. Kavanaugh a new and untried field. He was sent to the Lexington District as presiding elder. This position afforded him a larger territory for the exercise of his extraordinary gifts, and it gave to a larger number of people the opportunity of hearing the Gospel from his lips.

He was preceded by Benjamin T. Crouch, who had presided for four years over that district, and was distinguished as one of the ablest preachers in the West.

But few men have entered the ministry in any age of the Church, or prosecuted the duties of the sacred office, with more unremitting ardor, than Benjamin T. Crouch. As a preacher, no man was better known

in Kentucky, and none was more beloved by the Church. He was born in Newcastle County, Delaware, July 1, 1796. His father, John Crouch, emigrated from Delaware to Cecil County, Maryland, and in the Autumn of 1800 removed to the West, and settled near Washington, Pennsylvania. His parents were both Methodists, and distinguished for their piety and devotion to the Church. When in the tenth year of his age he was bereft of his pious father, who died in triumph, leaving Mrs. Crouch with eight children, in reduced circumstances. In referring to his widowed mother, Mr. Crouch says: "My dear mother survived my father thirty-six years; married a second husband; was the mother of three additional children; lived to see her eleven children all grown and in the Church with herself; and then having been fifty-six years a devoted and useful member of the Methodist Church, she closed the mortal scene in perfect peace, saying to her family and friends, 'Meet me in heaven.'"*

The death of his father, and the destitute circumstances in which his mother was left, rendered it necessary, as he was the eldest son, that as far as possible he should contribute by his labor to lighten the burdens of his widowed mother. Great as was the pleasure he derived from this source, it nevertheless deprived him of the advantage of an early education.

Possessing much of martial spirit, he entered the American army in the war of 1812, and though only a youth of sixteen, bore himself gallantly, and rendered himself a favorite with both his companions-in-arms and the officers in command.

* Manuscript of the Rev. B. T. Crouch.

His father's house had been a place of rest for the weary itinerant from long before his birth. The venerable Asbury, Whatcoat, Fleming, and others, distinguished in the early history of the Church, were often refreshed beneath his roof. Growing up amid such associations, he could not remember when he was first impressed on the subject of religion. It was not, however, until he had nearly closed his twentieth year that he became a member of the Church. It was in the month of May, 1816, that he took this important step, and at a camp-meeting held in Ohio, in August following, "he obtained by faith the blessing of peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." In the dewy morn of childhood he had frequently thought that the path of duty might some day lead him into the ministry; but now soundly converted to God, the impression was deep and abiding "that God had called him to the tremendous work of the Christian ministry."* Unwilling to enter upon a calling involving such fearful responsibilities, he endeavored for three years, by performing the duties of class-leader and exhorter, to divest himself of these impressions. "Without resources, not even a horse to ride, or money to buy one with; his education limited not only to the English language, but almost to the spelling-book and the Bible," he framed every excuse for refusing to obey the behests of conscience. A severe attack of sickness bringing him to the margin of the grave afforded him an opportunity for an examination of his conduct, which resulted in the decision to offer himself to the conference. He was licensed to preach on

* Manuscript of the Rev. B. T. Crouch.

the 10th of April, 1819, by the Rev. Moses Crume, at a quarterly-meeting held for the White Water Circuit, near Connersville, Indiana, and on the 15th of the month, under the direction of the presiding elder, entered upon the duties of a traveling preacher, on the same circuit, as the colleague of the Rev. Allen Wiley. He began his itinerant career "on foot, with his saddle-bags on his arm, a part of a Bible, a hymn-book, and a few articles of clothing." At the following session of the Ohio Conference, Mr. Crouch was admitted on trial, and appointed to the Oxford Circuit, with Mr. Wiley in charge, with whom he had already been associated. In 1820 he was sent to the Little Kanawha Circuit, which placed him in the Kentucky Conference, which had been formed at the General Conference the May previous. In 1821 his field of labor was the Sandy River Circuit, in the Jackson's Purchase, embracing portions of Kentucky and Tennessee, with Lewis Parker as his colleague. With his health greatly impaired by his excessive labor and constant exposure, "swimming water-courses on horseback, sleeping in cold rooms, hard and irregular living, preaching day and night, performing long and fatiguing rides, and reading and studying under unfavorable circumstances," he presented himself at the conference of 1822. The report of the year's labor through which he had passed was flattering alike to himself and his colleague. "Several new societies had been organized, classes established the previous year revived and increased, two large circuits formed, and the whole work left in a prosperous condition." At the conference of 1822 he was sent to the Shelby Cir-

cuit, then embracing Shelbyville, in a healthy portion of the State, as the colleague of Simon Peter. His appointment for this year was made in reference to the recovery of his health. It was on this circuit that he first exhibited the extraordinary ability as a polemic, that distinguished him through all his future life.

We have previously referred to the prominence occupied by the Baptist Church in Kentucky. In Shelby County they held a high position in public confidence, while their numerical strength was in excess of any other denomination. Several ministers of that Church who ranked among their ablest divines, some of whose names have already been mentioned, were residents of this county. With a jealous eye, and with unceasing vigilance, they guarded the peculiar doctrines of their own communion, and with equal anxiety watched the increasing luster of Methodism. A presentation of the doctrine of baptism, whether as to subjects or mode, according to the tenets of the Methodist Church, was regarded by them as an infringement on their rights and privileges. On these questions Mr. Crouch was irrefutable. He taught that sprinkling or pouring is plainly set forth in the Holy Scripture as Christian baptism; and by the same divine authority he established the right of infants to membership in the Church, and to baptism the ordinance of initiation. The chain of his argument was so complete that no man could successfully reply to him, and but few had the presumption to attempt it. In every instance where he was met in debate he was left master of the field, until soon his oft-repeated invitations to Baptist min-

isters to discuss the issues between the two respective Churches passed unheeded.

On the 1st of July, 1823, he was married to Miss Hannah V. W. Talbott, the daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Talbott, who resided near Shelbyville. Amid all the vicissitudes incident to the life of an itinerant Methodist preacher, she proved to be his stay and help. His labors on this circuit were greatly blessed, and many were added to the Church; and the next year he was returned to the same charge, with Shelbyville and Brick Chapel detached and formed into a station. His ministry the second year was equally successful, though his health continued feeble. At the conference of 1824, he was so reduced in strength as to be unable to receive an appointment. He says: "At this conference my *skeleton appearance* procured for me the commiseration of all the members, and their kindness, with much persuasion, prevailed on me to take a superannuated relation." He returned to the effective ranks at the following conference, and was appointed to the Lexington Circuit, a large and laborious field, including Frankfort, Versailles, Georgetown, and Nicholasville, besides many country places. In 1826 he was stationed in Frankfort and Newcastle, the two towns being twenty-six miles apart, "having some fruit at each place." At the conference of 1827 he was so completely worn down that he was once more persuaded to accept a superannuated relation, in which he continued for three years. He, however, was not idle; he preached from one to three times a week, traveled extensively, and lectured often in behalf of the American Bible and Colonization Socie-

ties, agencies for each of which he had accepted at different times.

When he was first placed on the superannuated list, he removed to Newcastle, where his family lived the most of the time for thirteen years. His Journal abounds in kind and grateful references to the people of that village. Under his auspices the first Methodist church edifice in Newcastle was built. Reporting himself effective in 1830, he was sent to Frankfort, and the next year, as presiding elder, to the Ohio (afterward Louisville) District, on which he remained for four years. The village of Shelbyville, in which we were brought up, was embraced in his district at this time; and at a quarterly-meeting which he held for the Church in that place, we had the privilege, on the 1st of September, 1833, of joining the Church under his ministry. In 1835 he was appointed to Shelbyville, Brick Chapel, and Christiansburg, with Henry N. Vandyke as his colleague. Here our acquaintance with him became intimate. Preparing, as we were, for the ministry, and he sustaining to us the endearing relation of pastor, we learned to love him as we have loved but few men; nor have we forgotten the many and useful lessons he taught us. From this charge we follow him to the city of Louisville, and find him stationed, with John C. Harrison as his colleague, at Fourth and Eighth Street Churches. Unaccustomed to the confinement of a station, the labors of Shelbyville and Louisville brought him near the grave. Beloved, as he was, by the Church, and anxious as they were for his return the second year to the city, it was evident, long before the close

of the year, that his removal was necessary to the protraction of his life. Weary and worn in the performance of the oft-recurring duties of the pastorate, he never ceased to work, but prosecuted with unremitting energy his high and holy calling. He says: "The labors of the city did not suit my state of health; I was wasting away; with a large frame of bones, one inch over six feet in stature; my weight during most of the year was only one hundred and twenty pounds." In his Diary he refers in touching language to the kindness of the people, their anxiety for his reappointment, his feeble health, and "skeleton appearance." It was during this year that a most amusing incident occurred. The office of a physician in the city was located on a principal street. He had in his office a human skeleton that was concealed in a case that was fastened to the wall. It was so arranged with springs that, by a person treading on a plank in the floor in front of it, the door of the case would fly open, and the arms of the skeleton would encircle him. A young man, not accustomed to such objects, early one morning entered the office of the physician, and before he was aware, found himself in the embrace of the skeleton. Violently tearing himself away, he rushed from the room in great alarm, and reaching the street, ran at full speed for several squares. Just as he imagined he was safe, he suddenly turned the corner of a square, when he was confronted by Mr. Crouch. Stopping for a moment, the horror-stricken youth looked upon the tall, pale stranger, and exclaimed, "O ho! old fellow! you can't fool me, if you have got clothes on!" then leav-

ing the preacher, equally surprised, he soon disappeared amid the passing crowd.

At the following conference, Mr. Crouch, "as a life-preserving expedient," was placed on horseback again, and returned to the Louisville District, from which he had been absent two years. His labors on this district were signally blessed. At no period, before or since, has the Church within the territory embraced in this field of labor at that time, enjoyed such prosperity. At the expiration of four years a net increase of more than two thousand members showed how faithfully he and his associates performed their duties. The unparalleled prosperity of Methodism in that portion of the Green River country over which he presided, induced the most violent opposition to its advancement and success. The accomplishment of good was the aim of his great and noble soul, and as the leader of the hosts, he stood upon the watch-tower, and now defended the doctrines peculiar to Methodism, and then enforced the great practical teachings of Christianity. Under his administration the Church feared no enemy nor shunned any attack, but enjoyed a feeling of security, though opposition in any form should manifest itself. Christianity, in the southern portion of his district, in many communities, was only in its infancy, and Methodism was fast occupying the ground. It was as late as the early part of this year (1826) that the now flourishing and elegant town of Owensboro was first placed on the plan of the Hartford Circuit as a preaching-place. Occasionally, previous to that time, Methodist preachers had passed through the village, and preached to the people, but

no arrangement had hitherto been made for regular circuit-preaching. From the introduction of Methodism into that community, the message of salvation, as delivered by the preachers, was not heartily embraced; the preachers themselves, however, met with a cordial reception, and the repetition of their visits was most earnestly solicited. Previous to 1837 a small but interesting society had been organized. The Baptist Church had also established a small congregation. There being no church edifice in the place, each denomination worshiped in the Winter in the seminary, and in the Summer in the court-house. In the month of June, 1839, a union meeting was held in the village, in which the Baptist, the Cumberland Presbyterian, and the Methodist Churches participated. The pastor of the Methodist Church was Daniel S. Barksdale, and his colleague was Richard Holding, who sustained that year a supernumerary relation, but who had been the pastor of the Church the previous year. During the meeting an interview was sought with Mr. Holding, and the ungenerous proposition from a leading Baptist minister made, that the Methodists and Baptists unite to break down the Cumberland Presbyterians. This met with a prompt resistance from Mr. Holding; his spirit was too catholic to entertain any such suggestion. Difficulties, however, resulted from the interview that not only disturbed the harmony of the meeting, but destroyed, to a great extent, its beneficial results in the community. An unrelenting war from that period was waged against Methodism. It was shown no quarter—it asked none. The several attacks that were

made upon its doctrines and peculiarities demanded a response. In the month of May, 1840, in accordance with a previous announcement, Mr. Crouch proposed to deliver a series of sermons on the subjects, the mode, and the design of Christian baptism. Among the ablest polemics in the Baptist Church in Kentucky, no man occupied a position so prominent as John L. Waller, of Louisville. He was not a minister of the Gospel, not having been licensed to preach until a later date. He was the son of a distinguished Baptist preacher, and was conducting at this time, with signal ability, the *Western Recorder*, a paper published in the interest of the Baptist Church. He was in the habit of delivering what he styled lectures on baptism wherever the interest of his denomination might demand it. His public speeches were not only distinguished for their force, but also for the bitterest invective, in which he so freely indulged. On this occasion he appeared in Owensboro, accompanied by several Baptist ministers, for the purpose of replying to the presiding elder of the Methodist Church.

Mr. Crouch held his quarterly-meeting on Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday commenced his lectures on baptism. The assembly that attended was vast. He occupied the court-house. Twice on each day, for three successive days, and on each occasion for three full hours, he appeared before the people, setting forth the peculiar views of the Church of which he was the representative, and defended those views with a force that carried conviction of their truth to the hearts of hundreds. During all this time no asperities were indulged in, no words of bitterness fell

from his tongue. With that Christian charity that conceded to those from whom he differed the same honesty he claimed for himself and his brethren, every sentiment he uttered was invested. Finishing the work he had undertaken, he left for another portion of his district. His praise, however, was on every lip, and his name became embalmed in the hearts of the people, while the truths he so ably and so fearlessly defended have in that community ever since been respected. On the day following the departure of Mr. Crouch, Mr. Waller began his reply. He certainly discussed the points at issue with marked ability. With every argument that can be adduced in support of the theory of the Baptist Church, on these subjects, he was perfectly familiar. For two days he leveled his artillery against Methodism, but like a giant, it remained unmoved at each successive shock. Words of bitterness ever and anon fell from his lips, and yet the truths against which he battled stood forth in peerless beauty. The names of the sainted dead, the heroes of Methodism, men who had done so much for Christianity and the world, were called up from their beds of dust to be the victims of his abuse; and yet the Church in which they had labored, and upon whose altars they had sacrificed their all, stood forth, "a thing of life," blessing and being blessed. Himself chagrined, his brethren mortified, he quit the field, only regretting that he had been so rash.

In 1841 Mr. Crouch was appointed to the Lexington District, having spent eight years out of the ten preceding on the Louisville. His next field of labor

was the Shelbyville District, on both of which he remained four years. In 1849 he was appointed to the Harrodsburg District. An attack of cholera near the close of the year, and the loss of health resulting from it, induced him to ask to be relieved from so heavy a work at the ensuing conference, and hence the next year we find him on the Newcastle Circuit, on which he remains for two years. In 1852 he was stationed in Carrollton, where he had been the chief instrument in building up the Church thirty years before, where he spent two years pleasantly to himself and profitably to the Church. From Carrollton we follow him to La Grange and Westport Circuit, to which he was returned the second year. During all these years he had "never been absent from an annual conference, had never reached the session too late, or left too early; never was absent from conference business but once, and then only fifteen minutes, to have a tooth extracted." Here his diary closes.

"At the ensuing conference he obtained a superannuated relation, and for the past two years had been engaged in superintending a school at Goshen, Oldham County, Kentucky. Only a few weeks since he sold this property, with the intention of entering again upon the regular itinerant work, as announced by himself in the *Christian Advocate* very recently. But his work was done. For several days he had been complaining of a pain in his head, but it had not interfered with his business. He died on Monday, April 26, 1858, at 8 o'clock P. M. On the Sabbath preceding he had preached two sermons at Goshen; was in the school-room all of Monday; ate his supper as

usual, and was unusually cheerful. After family worship he went to his room, having urged his wife to spend the night with a sick neighbor. Soon after she left, his little daughter, who was in the room with him, says he arose and attempted to kneel, and in doing so fell. Assistance was called, and as his son and wife were endeavoring to raise him, he remarked, 'I believe my head will cause me to go distracted.' These were his last words. In ten minutes after they laid him on his bed he was dead. He was buried at La Grange—the funeral services conducted by the Rev. William Holman. His history is identified with the history of Methodism, Christianity, morals, and education in Kentucky for thirty-seven years. His character as a man and a minister is before the Church and the world, 'known and read.' In his early dedication to God, and in his unreserved consecration of a long life to the service of God and his Church, we have the earnest of a blissful immortality."*

We can not pass from the name of Benjamin T. Crouch without a few additional thoughts. He was a great man, and reached the proud eminence on which he stood by the purity of his character, added to a good native intellect and untiring industry. Entering upon the work of the ministry without a knowledge of even the rudiments of education, he soon took rank with the master-spirits of the Church. Although the greater portion of his life was spent on extensive districts, furnishing him but few facilities for study, he became the most profound theologian in the West.

* General Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, vol. ii, p. 5.

As an able defender of the Church he had no peer in the conference, and in every community in which he lived and labored he left an impression for good. Enjoying the fullest confidence of his brethren in the ministry, they awarded him the highest honors within their gift. He was a member of every General Conference from 1828, with the exception of a single session, and also a member of the Convention that met in Louisville in 1845. Without the advantage of education, he labored more intensely in behalf of the educational interests of the Church in Kentucky than any other man.

His death was sudden. The pain of dying lasted only for a moment. He had suffered all his life, and Heaven kindly granted him exemption from suffering now.

In 1845 George C. Light, of whom Mr. Kavanaugh had often taken counsel, was transferred to the Missouri Conference. His name appears in the Minutes as early as 1805. He was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 28, 1785. In 1791 his father removed from Virginia to Kentucky, and settled in Maysville—then called Limestone—where he resided until January, 1799. The family then removed to Clermont County, Ohio. His educational advantages were confined to the period of his residence in Maysville.

When George was in the eighteenth year of his age his father made a profession of religion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. His mother had been brought up a Presbyterian, and had for several years been a member of that communion. In the

Autumn of 1804, at a meeting held in his father's neighborhood, he was awakened to his condition as a sinner, and at the "mourners' bench" was powerfully converted.

Previous to his conversion, although a moral youth, yet he was prominent in what were styled innocent social amusements. Regarding these as repugnant to the genius and spirit of the religion he had professed, after his conversion he at once displayed equal energy in impressing upon the minds of his young associates "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus." His gifts were extraordinary in exhortation and prayer, while his zeal, rendering him prominent in both the class and prayer meeting, attracted the notice of the Church.

William Burke was the presiding elder on the district in which Mr. Light resided, and having been present at the time of his conversion, had watched with interest the buddings of promise presented by his zeal and his gifts. Inviting him to attend one of his quarterly-meetings, he called upon him to exhort, and then to preach. Fully impressed with the belief that it was his duty to preach the Gospel, Mr. Burke sent him to the Muskingum and Kanawha Circuit,* to assist Jacob Young, then in charge of that field. Mr. Young was in the bounds of his circuit, in feeble health, when "some person rapped at the door. A tall young man entered, dressed rather slovenly, but of commanding countenance, noble eye, high forehead, and manly tread. He took his seat by the fire. The

* Mr. Young, in his "Autobiography," calls it the Marietta Circuit, but we prefer to follow the General Minutes.

man of the house, who was very inquisitive, said, 'Are you traveling?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Where are you from?' 'Clermont County, Ohio.' 'Where are you going to?' 'Marietta.' 'What is your business?' 'I am hunting for a Methodist preacher, by the name of Jacob Young.' 'Well, here he is, at the table.' I asked him his business with me. He replied, 'I am come to help you preach. I am sent here by the Rev. William Burke, presiding elder.' I inquired his name. 'George C. Light.'"*

Mr. Light remained on this circuit until October, when he was admitted on trial in the Western Conference. He spent only three years as an itinerant, when he married; the first two of which were on Clinch Circuit, in the Western, and the third year on the New River Circuit, in the Baltimore Conference.

To marry a wife at that early period was almost equivalent to a location. The heroic Burke and the zealous Page, with their wives, had, even at an earlier day, withstood the tide, and, amid the sacrifices and sufferings incident to the itinerancy, continued in the work; but few men, however, could do so. At the conference of 1808 Mr. Light located.

Methodism has everywhere taught the doctrines of the agency of the Spirit in the salvation of the sinner; and of a divine call to the Christian ministry. It is true that a preacher of the Gospel, thus divinely called, may sometimes be compelled, by his surroundings, to retire for awhile from the active duties of the pastorate, and in some instances he may never be able to assume this relation. There are men whose duty

* "Autobiography of the Rev. Jacob Young," p. 154.

it is to preach the Gospel, but who are not required to be pastors. We think, however, that no man can be contented and happy whose obvious duty it is to devote himself exclusively to this sacred work and who declines the responsibility. Other paths, it is true, may lead to ease, to fame, to fortune; he may engage in other pursuits more congenial to his selfish nature; prosperity might mark his career; yet he is not satisfied. The voice of duty calls him into another field, and until he obeys its summons he can not be contented. The itinerant ministry, with its meager support, its abundant labors, its privations, its sacrifices, its responsibilities, is dearer to the heart of the man whom God has honored by putting him into the holy office than all the trappings of wealth, the ease of fortune, or the breath of fame. But few men have ever been satisfied in a local sphere who had been itinerant preachers, and but few instances have occurred where, from any circumstances, they had been compelled to ask for a location, that they did not—if they maintained their piety—re-enter the field if possible to do so.

In 1821 we find the name of George C. Light on the roll of the Kentucky Conference. In the years that had intervened since we last met him, he had maintained his Christian integrity and been useful as a local preacher.

His first appointment in the Kentucky Conference was to the Limestone Circuit, with Peter Akers and Hezekiah Holland for his colleagues. We next follow him to the Lexington Station, where he remains for two years. His next appointment is as "Conference

Missionary." We afterward find him at Louisville, Shelbyville, and Brick Chapel, Frankfort, and then again at Shelbyville, and at Lexington. At a later period he was appointed agent for the American Colonization Society, which position he filled for two years. In 1833 he was stationed in Maysville. In 1834 he was transferred to the Missouri Conference and appointed to the Palmyra Circuit. He remained in Missouri until 1841, when he returned to Kentucky and was again stationed in Louisville. From this period until the Autumn of 1845 his name stands on the Minutes of the Kentucky Conference in connection with the most important appointments in the State. In 1845 he was again transferred to the Missouri Conference and stationed at Booneville. Continuing in Missouri, he filled the Palmyra District, the Hydesburg Circuit, and the Hannibal Station.

The feeble health of Mrs. Light, together with a rheumatic affection from which he was suffering, induced him, in the Autumn of 1849, to seek a milder climate. The Mississippi Conference for that year convened in Natchez. To that conference he was transferred and continued a member until he closed his pilgrimage. In the Mississippi Conference we find him on the effective roll until 1859, filling the several stations assigned him with marked acceptability and usefulness.

He died suddenly in Vicksburg, February 28, 1860.

George C. Light entered the ministry at a period when sacrifice and toil and privation were the heritage of the itinerant preacher. When he first made his

appearance in Kentucky as a member of the conference, in 1821, he was in the prime of his manhood, and in the full strength of his intellect. Possessing talents of a high order, with scarcely a rival in the pulpit in the State, his ministry was sought for in all the principal towns and cities of the commonwealth. Whether as the fearless defender of the doctrines held by the Methodist Episcopal Church, or as the opponent of "strange doctrines," his arguments were not only commanding but irresistible. By nature an orator, and brought up amid the rugged scenes of Western life, there was a boldness amid his strokes of eloquence that invested his sermons with a beauty and power that has seldom been equaled. Success attended his ministry wherever he labored. Whether as the colleague of Jacob Young, on the Marietta Circuit, or laboring in East Tennessee, many were added to the Church through his instrumentality. Following him through Kentucky, in all the most populous and influential towns in the State, revivals of religion crowned his labors. In exhortation, with scarcely a peer among his brethren, his word enforced with an energy and a pathos that told the sincerity of his great heart, he was eminently successful in winning souls to Christ. On camp-meeting occasions, where hundreds would meet to worship God, his very name was a tower of strength. In Missouri and Mississippi, too, many were the seals to his ministry. The last two years he ever spent as an effective preacher "were very prosperous, and many were added to the Church."

With very few of the old preachers have we ever enjoyed a more intimate acquaintance than with Mr.

Light. We remember well when he was stationed, in 1828, at Shelbyville and Brick Chapel. Though only nine years of age, we recollect the energy and zeal with which he preached. His last year in Kentucky was in the Maysville Station. Our field of labor was on an adjoining circuit. The last sermon we ever heard him preach was at Washington, Kentucky, from the text, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

It is often impossible to distinguish between the results of the ministry of a presiding elder and the preachers associated with him in his charge. The Lexington District was supplied with pulpit talent equal to any in the conference, men distinguished no less for their zeal and success in winning souls to Christ than for their influence and superior endowments. Brush, Buckner, Bruce, Bascom, McCown, Anderson, Stamper, and Ralston are names of which the Church will always make honorable mention. The association that always exists between a presiding elder and the preachers of his district must be intimate. In an eminent degree, this was true of the presiding elder and the preachers of the Lexington District.

The extreme modesty of Mr. Kavanaugh had never allowed him to place upon his talents the high estimate accorded by his brethren, always regarding himself as overestimated; yet, like a flame of fire, he passed through this beautiful section of Kentucky, dispensing the word of life to thousands. His quarterly-meetings were occasions of the deepest interest, and were attended by hundreds unaccustomed to wor-

ship at a Methodist altar. The most influential gentlemen in the State sought his ministry and his companionship, and were among his warm personal friends. Just at this period Henry Clay had retired from public life, and was enjoying rest amid the sequestered shades of Ashland. Between him and Mr. Kavanaugh the closest social relations existed, while the distinguished Robert Wickliffe was his admirer and friend. Each of these gentlemen waited upon his ministry whenever opportunity occurred, exchanging with him at the same time the courtesies of social life.

At the close of the year the Minutes show a large decrease in the membership in the district. This, however, may be accounted for, not by any actual falling off, but by the transfer of several charges from this to other districts.

Mr. Kavanaugh was present at the General Conference in Petersburg, where, both as a member of that body and in the pulpit, he met the highest expectations of his friends. At this General Conference the Kentucky Conference was divided, forming the Kentucky and Louisville Conferences.

In the Autumn of 1846 he was returned to the Lexington District, where, with unabated popularity and success, he continued to prosecute his labors, extraordinary revivals of religion blessing almost every charge.

During the two years of his presiding eldership he but seldom heard a sermon preached by any one except himself. He generally commenced his quarterly-meetings on Friday evening, and preached the

opening sermon, and then preached, morning and evening, as long as the meeting continued. It was not because he did not wish to hear his brethren; but he loved to preach, and in deference to the wishes of the people, who desired to listen to no other preacher while he was present, and to the persuasions of the preachers themselves, he yielded to their solicitations.

In 1847 he was changed from the Lexington District to the city of Lexington. George W. Brush had been for two years the pastor, and, by the law of the Church, could remain no longer. The Church, too, in that city, if compelled to give up Mr. Kavanaugh as their presiding elder, requested his appointment to the station. No appointment could have been more opportune. Transylvania University, since 1842, had been under the control of the Methodist Church; and to its halls of learning hundreds of young men, not only from Kentucky, but from the Southern States, were resorting, to receive the last polish that a thorough education could give them. Many of them were from Methodist homes, and, while they would naturally worship at the Methodist Church, yet they would be inclined to seek the best preachers; hence the importance of filling the Methodist pulpit in Lexington with men of marked ability. While other Churches in that refined city might boast of the superior endowments of their clergymen, and justly so, no one of them excelled, or even compared with, Mr. Kavanaugh.

The year was one of marked prosperity. At no period of his ministry, and in no charge that he had filled, had his labors been more signally blessed.

Early after the session of the conference, a revival broke out in his Church, that swept like a blaze through the city, reaching the homes and hearts of the people. Nor was this work of grace confined to the white population, but, extending to the people of color, more than a hundred of them drank from the river of the water of life, and were healed. If before, the community in Lexington admired this gifted son of Kentucky, their admiration now greatly increased. His praise was on every lip, his name in every home.

He felt greatly grieved at the withdrawal, this year, of B. H. McCown from the conference.

On the district, he was succeeded by Thomas N. Ralston. Mr. Ralston was born in Bourbon County, Ky., March 21, 1806. In November, 1826, he professed religion, and in May, 1827, at Greer's Creek Church, in Woodford County, Ky., he was received into the Church by William Adams, and by the same preacher was licensed to preach, the following August, at a district conference in Lexington, Ky. In 1827 Mr. Ralston was admitted on trial into the Kentucky Conference, and was appointed to the Mount Sterling Circuit, with Milton Jamieson in charge. In 1828 he was appointed to the Danville Circuit, with William Atherton. In 1829 he located, in consequence of feeble health, after having been admitted into full connection. He remained local four years, a portion of the time sustaining the relation of principal to the Bethel Academy, in Nicholasville, yet preaching as often as his health would permit.

In the mean time he removed to Illinois, where, in 1833, he re-entered the itinerant ranks in the

Illinois Conference, and was appointed to the Rushville Circuit, having for his colleague the young, eloquent, and sainted Peter Bowen. In the Spring of 1834 Rushville was detached from the circuit and formed into a station, to which Mr. Ralston was returned in the Autumn. In 1835 he was transferred to the Kentucky Conference, and appointed to the Versailles Circuit, having for his colleague George S. Savage. The next year we find him in Frankfort. Thence we follow him to Maysville, where he remained two years. From Maysville he was sent to the city of Louisville, and stationed at Fourth Street, the oldest, and at that time the largest, Church in the city. In 1840 he was appointed agent for Augusta College, and in 1841 his field of labor was the Shelbyville Station, to which he was returned in 1842. In 1843 he was placed on the list of the superannuated, but took charge of the Lexington Female High School.

From the time that Thomas N. Ralston entered the itinerant ranks he gave promise of great usefulness to the Church. Soundly converted, and divinely called to the work of the ministry, he entered upon the discharge of his high and holy office with commendable zeal, and prosecuted its duties with energy and success. Endowed with an intellect of a high order, well improved by a liberal education and close study, as a preacher he attracted attention, while in the performance of his pastoral work he greatly endeared himself to the people he served.

In the Mount Sterling Circuit, where he won his earliest trophies, revivals, like a flaming fire, spread over the country, and more than six hundred persons

were added to the Church. It is true the zealous Milton Jamieson was in charge, and John Ray, Henry McDaniel, John Craig, William C. Stribling, John Sinclair, and Israel Lewis in the ministry, and in the laity Caleb Caps, Isaac Redman, and Frank Owen, contributed their influence to the advancement and progress of the kingdom of the Redeemer; yet under the ministry of the young itinerant hundreds were brought to Christ. It was on this circuit, and during this year, that the good Joseph Sewell, one of the most useful local preachers in Kentucky, was licensed to preach. He had just entered the Church, and was impressed with the conviction that he ought to persuade sinners to be reconciled to God. Without education, he felt unwilling to enter on a work so responsible, until his agony became so intense that it was almost intolerable. Invited by Mr. Ralston, he accompanied him around the circuit. His exhortations were overpowering. Congregations were melted into tenderness under his warm appeals and earnest prayers.

On the Danville Circuit the times were prosperous. At a camp-meeting near Perryville many were brought to Christ. William Holman was stationed in Danville and Harrodsburg, and the gifted Henry S. Duke in Lancaster and Stanford, from whom he received valuable aid. The zealous Dr. Fleece, of Danville—a host in a revival—and the good Benjamin Durham and Carlin Tadlock, in the country, held up his hands while he lifted “o’er the ranks the prophet’s rod.”

While traveling on the Danville Circuit, on one

occasion he preached on the possibility of apostasy. A lady, who was a member of a sister Church, became offended at the sermon, and, passing from the church in company with another lady at whose house the young preacher was stopping, she was so excited that, while standing on a log by the side of her horse, preparatory to mounting him, just as she had repeated in a raised voice the words, "He says a Christian may fall and be lost; he preached a falsehood, for I know a Christian can not fall," she made a spring for the saddle, but did so with such force that she fell to the ground on the opposite side of the horse—not hurt, however. "Now," said the Methodist lady, "that is to pay you for getting angry. I hope you will admit hereafter that a Christian may fall." The offended woman afterward became a Methodist, and with great humor often related the incident.

The excessive labors of two years had so impaired the health of Mr. Ralston that he was no longer able to perform the duties of an itinerant, and at the suggestion of brethren sought for rest in a local sphere. During the four years in which he was a local preacher, he preached as often as his feeble health would permit, and often beyond his strength.

Entering the itinerant field in Illinois, in 1833, he had lost none of the zeal which had characterized his early ministry, but with untiring energy continued to persuade men to turn to God. In the town of Rushville a meeting, which was protracted through more than two months, resulted in the conversion of one hundred persons.

On his return to Kentucky success still crowned

his labors. On the Versailles Circuit he enjoyed a year of prosperity; in Frankfort he had seals to his ministry, and in Maysville many were converted and added to the Church.

He was appointed to Louisville in 1839, immediately after the most extraordinary revival that had ever occurred in that city. John Newland Maffitt had been eminently successful. A vast amount of work had necessarily to be performed in taking care of those who had entered the communion of the Church, and most faithfully did Mr. Ralston address himself to the task.

As agent for Augusta College he traveled extensively, and labored faithfully to promote the interest confided to his care.

In Shelbyville a gracious revival blessed the Church. Worn down by excessive labor, he yields to his wasting strength, and asks at the hands of his brethren a superannuated relation.

In 1844, and the year following, he was in charge of the Female High-school in Lexington, and in 1846 was the colleague of John C. Harrison, at Harrodsburg and Danville, and then for three years was presiding elder on Lexington District.

In 1850 he was editor of the *Methodist Monthly*, and produced in its pages some of the finest sketches of pioneer preachers in Kentucky ever written. In 1851 we find him at Oxford, and the two years following at Winchester and Ebenezer. In 1854 he was appointed to Harrodsburg District, and at the following conference, his health having become impaired, he asked for a supernumerary relation. After one

year's rest, he was appointed to the Covington District, but finding his strength unequal to the duties of the office of presiding elder, he retired at the close of the year, and was then sent to Newport.

From the time he entered the Kentucky Conference, in 1827, Mr. Ralston had been distinguished for the purity of his life, for his fervent zeal, and for the great success that attended his labors. Whether on circuits, in stations, or as leader of the hosts on districts, he was faithful to his trust, and enjoyed the confidence of his brethren, both in the ministry and laity, as an able and faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

In 1858 he withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and entered the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, where he remained for two years as rector of the Church in Covington, Kentucky.

During the war Mr. Ralston was all the time in membership with the Methodist Episcopal Church, having previously gone to Illinois. He filled the charge of Centralia Station, Illinois Conference, one year. In South-east Indiana Conference he was two years stationed in Madison, Indiana, and one year in Brookville. After the close of the war, being in feeble health, he received, at his own request, a superannuated relation, and immediately returned to Kentucky.

A vacancy in the presiding eldership having occurred on the Shelbyville District, Bishop Kavanaugh at once appointed him to it. He only had time to make one round on the district before the meeting of the conference of 1866, at which he was re-admitted

into the Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

We were present at the time his name was presented, and could not but feel a pleasure at the cordial reception given to this distinguished preacher on his return to his first love. Many members of the body wept, while all received him with open arms and warm hearts.

In the transitions that Mr. Ralston had made there was no vacillation or change of mind in regard to faith or views of Church order. He preached and maintained everywhere the doctrines of the Gospel as taught by Wesley, Fletcher, and Watson.

Upon his return to the conference he was appointed to the Covington District, from which he was transferred the year following to the Maysville District, where he remained two years. Too feeble to take an appointment in 1869, he was placed on the supernumerary list; but at the conference of 1870 returned to test his strength again in the effective ranks. He was sent to the Shelbyville District, from which, at the end of two years, he was transferred to the Covington District, from which feeble health compelled him to retire in 1873. At the conference of that year he was appointed to Mt. Pleasant, and professor of Biblical literature in the Kentucky Wesleyan University, to which position he was returned in 1874. From that time to 1879 he was professor in Kentucky Wesleyan University, then at Mt. Pleasant and Berry Chapel in 1879, and at Highland in 1880. He was then retired to the supernumerary list, where he still remains.

We first saw and heard Mr. Ralston in 1835, at which time the Kentucky Annual Conference met in Shelbyville. Learning that a scholarly and gifted young preacher would preach at the Methodist Church, we went early that we might not be disappointed in procuring a seat. His text was, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." The sermon was a masterpiece of composition, and produced a wonderful effect. We have since often listened with thrilling interest to the same distinguished divine; but on no occasion have we heard him excel the sermon he preached at that time.

The soul—its immortality, and its capacity for suffering or for bliss; a wanderer from God, its only source of rest; the exhortation to return, and the rich provision made through the atonement of Jesus Christ for its happiness here and hereafter—were the themes on which the preacher dwelt. In a whisper soft as the evening zephyr he portrayed the sufferings of Christ for the sins of mankind, and the rich inheritance provided for the world by the death of the Son of God. He dipped his pencil in living light to paint the agonies that Jesus bore, and to unfold the glittering splendors of the heavenly state in which the soul should bask forever and ever. Then, rising to the loftiest heights of oratory, he pointed to the realms of night—unending night—where the soul, invested with immortality, should roam amid darkness and gloom through eternal ages—lost, lost, forever lost!

From our entrance into the conference in 1837 we have known Dr. Ralston intimately, and take pleasure

in bearing testimony to his great ability and earnest devotion to the cause of Christ.

He was stationed in Shelbyville in 1842, and when on a visit to that village, where we had been brought up, we spent for several weeks a portion of each day in his society. It was during this time that we learned to love him and to appreciate his great worth. He was then writing that remarkable book, "Elements of Divinity," containing a body of theology which is unsurpassed, if equaled, outside the pages of the Bible, and which has given to the illustrious author an immortality of fame.

He was elected to the General Conference of 1840, and has been a member of several General Conferences since, among them that held in Columbus, Georgia, in 1854, where he made the opening speech on the location of the Publishing House, advocating Louisville as the proper place.

If Dr. Ralston was Mr. Kavanaugh's presiding elder, William H. Anderson was his colleague this year in Lexington.

William H. Anderson was born in Wilmington, North Carolina, September 17, 1817. In 1827 his father removed from Wilmington to Richmond, Virginia. While a student at the Wesleyan University, in Middletown, Connecticut, in the Autumn of 1833, he was happily converted to God. In 1835 his father removed from Richmond, Virginia, to Louisville, Kentucky; and in 1837, at the close of his classical course in the Wesleyan University, William H. Anderson followed his father to the West. Dedicated to God in baptism in infancy, and brought up in a pious home,

we are not surprised that in the dewy morn of life he gave his heart to God. Fully impressed with the conviction that he ought to preach the Gospel, in the Autumn of 1838 he received license from Benjamin T. Crouch, and entered the conference the same Autumn. His first appointment was to the Newcastle Circuit, as the colleague of the zealous James D. Holding. His second year he was sent to La Grange, with John Beatty. In 1840 he was appointed to Bowling Green, where we still find him in 1841. In 1842 he was appointed to the city of Frankfort, as pastor of the Church and as agent for the Transylvania University. Before the close of the year he was called away from the pastoral work, where his ministry had been so greatly blessed, to fill the chair of English literature in the Transylvania University, to which he was officially appointed in 1843.

No young man who had entered the itinerant ranks in Kentucky for many years had given greater promise of usefulness than did William H. Anderson. Descended from one of the most prominent and influential families, his education thorough, his piety uniform and consistent, his zeal uncompromising, his address winning, courteous in his manners, devoted to the Church, his style in the pulpit popular and attractive, and with a voice soft and sweet, his entrance into the ministry was looked to with more than ordinary interest. On the Newcastle Circuit, his first field of labor, under his burning words and warm appeals many hearts were touched, and fell in love with the Savior. Wherever he preached crowds hung in breathless silence on his lips, and under his instrumentality hundreds were

brought to Christ. On the La Grange Circuit the same success distinguished his labors, and many were the seals to his ministry. Before his appointment to the Bowling Green Station he had taken rank with the first preachers in the State. In that charge he continued to be eminently useful in winning souls to Christ. In the city of Frankfort, as a preacher, he occupied a commanding eminence, which he continued to maintain for three years amid the classic halls of Transylvania with honor to himself and with satisfaction to the curators and students. In 1846 he was appointed with W. W. Hibben to Lexington, and in 1847 with H. H. Kavanaugh to the same city. In 1848 he was sent to Versailles and Nicholasville, where he remained two years, and in 1850 was agent for the American Bible Society. He was transferred to the Louisville Conference in 1851 and appointed to Brook Street Church in the city of Louisville, to which he was returned the following year. His next appointment was Third Street Church in the same city, which he served one year, when he was transferred to Missouri Conference, where he remained until 1863, spending six years as president of St. Charles College, and the remainder of the time as president of Central College. Upon the urgent request of the members of the Brook Street Church in Louisville, in 1863, he was returned to the Louisville Conference, and stationed at that Church for two years. He was then sent to Chestnut Street, where he remained three years, when he was stationed in Henderson.

In 1869 he was transferred to the Tennessee Conference, and appointed president of Florence Wesleyan

University, located at Florence, Alabama. In 1870 the North Alabama Conference was formed, and he became a member of that conference by virtue of his connection with the university, which was located within its bounds. In 1871 he was transferred to Louisville Conference, and after serving Shelby Street in Louisville one year, he was elected to the responsible office of president of the University of Public Schools in Louisville, Kentucky, in which capacity he served three years. In 1875 he had charge of the Seminary at Cloverport, in connection with the care of the Church in that place. From 1876 to 1879 he was the president of Kentucky Wesleyan College, and the two years following of Brookville Seminary. He was then stationed for two years in Nicholasville, from which, in 1883, he was sent to Carlisle, his present charge.

In 1850, when Dr. Bascom was elected to the episcopal office, Mr. Anderson was elected editor of the *Quarterly Review* as his successor, which honor he declined.

Dr. Anderson is a preacher of rare gifts, and we have always regretted that he was ever called from the pulpit into any institution of learning. There is no office in the Church that he would not have adorned; nor do we think there is any that was not within his reach. Most richly endowed by nature—his mind stored with the jeweled treasures of a thorough education, a courteous gentleman, popular in his manners, and an earnest Christian—he is equal to any station in life. He has been a member of four General Conferences, and was elected to the General Con-

ference which was to have met in 1862. The Southern University and Wofford College each conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1866, honoring themselves in honoring him. He was twice married; the first time on April 20, 1844, to Miss Rosa Hardin Field, of Richmond, Kentucky, who died in April, 1850. His second wife was Miss Helen Richardson, of Louisville, Kentucky.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM THE SESSION OF THE KENTUCKY CONFERENCE
OF 1848 TO THE CONFERENCE OF 1850.

SINCE the General Conference of 1844, the war on the border waged against the Church South, had been carried on with great vigor. Through the untiring energy and devotion of the preachers, who occupied these perilous posts, the Kentucky border had chiefly been brought under the influence of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and in any wise to have relinquished their hold would have been suicidal to the best interests of the people of Kentucky. We, however, had no Church organ, through which to state the Southern side of the question. It is true, the *South-western Christian Advocate*, published at Nashville, Tennessee, opened its columns to the defense, but it could not meet the demands of Kentucky Methodism, accustomed, as it was, to look elsewhere for information.

The destitution of Kentucky, in this regard, led to the establishment, in the city of Cincinnati, of the *Methodist Expositor and True Issue*. Its editor was Dr. Samuel A. Latta, one of the most profound thinkers and ablest writers in the Church. Dr. Latta tendered the *Expositor* to the Kentucky Conference. Although the conference did not accept its control,

yet they pledged to it their support, and appointed Mr. Kavanaugh corresponding editor.

It was always great labor with Mr. Kavanaugh to write, yet he accepted the trust committed to him by his brethren, and discharged the duties to their entire satisfaction. Many of the ablest articles on the troubles that agitated the Church were from his pen, while his department of the paper abounded in sparkling wit and richest humor. In repartee he had no superior and scarcely a peer.

In addition to this, he was stationed at Soule Chapel, in the city of Cincinnati, as the successor of Dr. Parsons, who followed Dr. Sehon, whose unrivaled popularity in the Queen City of the West made it no easy task to follow him. It was much less difficult to hold a congregation in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Covington, where a large number of the members were engaged in business in Cincinnati, than to hold in Cincinnati a congregation under the jurisdiction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, where even business might be affected by Church relations.

Mr. Kavanaugh, however, was equal to the position in which he was placed. He preached a pure Gospel, preaching the doctrines of the Bible in the plainest manner, ignoring all questions that did not belong to the pulpit, setting forth, both by precept and example, the practical duties of Christian life. If he did not increase the membership while stationed in Cincinnati, he preached to large and appreciative congregations, and sowed good seed whose harvest will be seen in a coming eternity.

The second General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, would meet in May, 1850, in St. Louis, Missouri. The delegates elected by the Kentucky Conference were H. B. Bascom, B. T. Crouch, H. H. Kavanaugh, T. N. Ralston, W. H. Anderson, J. C. Harrison, and G. W. Brush. He was returned to Cincinnati in 1849.

Mr. Kavanaugh was a man of most generous sympathies and warmest friendship. His love for Burr H. McCown was not exceeded by that of Jonathan for David. Although two years had elapsed since Mr. McCown had withdrawn from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, yet the wound in the heart of his friend was not healed.

"I shall never be satisfied," we heard him once say, "until Burr H. McCown returns to the Methodist Church, which I feel sure he will do."

Burr H. McCown was born October 29, 1806, in Bardstown, Kentucky, and in 1818 was converted to God. In 1824 he joined the Presbyterian Church; but, believing the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church to accord more fully with the teachings of the Bible, in 1826 he joined the Methodist Church, under the ministry of Hubbard H. Kavanaugh. He was educated at St. Joseph College, in Bardstown, and took the highest honors of his class in both the Latin and Greek languages.

From the time he became a member of the Presbyterian Church he had expected to enter the ministry in that denomination. We are not surprised, therefore, to find him in the Methodist ministry. He

was licensed to preach by Marcus Lindsey, in 1826, and in 1827 was admitted on trial into the Kentucky Conference. His first appointment was to the Henry Circuit, as the colleague of William Atherton. In 1828 he was appointed, with John James, to the Jefferson Circuit. At the conference of 1829 he was stationed in Russellville, and in 1830 in Louisville. In 1831 he was elected to a professorship in Augusta College, where he continued until 1842, when, with Henry B. Bascom, he removed to Lexington, and became a professor in Transylvania University.

He continued to occupy a chair in the university until the conference of 1846, when he was left "without an appointment by consent of the conference in view of peculiar circumstances." In 1847 he withdrew from the connection.

During the four years that Mr. McCown was in the pastoral work he was useful and beloved. As a preacher he took high rank at an early period in his ministry. With a sweet and gentle disposition, courteous to all, his address popular, and his personal appearance commanding, he exerted an influence for good that could be claimed by but few young men of his day. When we have seen him in the pulpit, and heard him preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, we have regretted that he was ever called from the pastoral work, in which he was so happy, and where he was so useful. In the halls of learning, however, he lost none of the zeal that had distinguished him as a pastor, and none of the love that had constrained him to enter the ministry. As a teacher he acquired an enviable reputation, and contributed much toward

the formation of the character of hundreds of young men who, throughout the West and the South, adorn the learned professions.

Soon after his withdrawal from the Methodist Church, he entered the Presbyterian, and after exercising the functions of a pastor for a brief period, he settled in Jefferson County, near Anchorage, where he established a school of high grade, over which he presided with great ability and success until a few years before his death, preaching almost every Sunday. From the time he severed his connection with the Church, in which he had spent so many happy years, he was not satisfied. The harness in his new relation did not fit him. He was an Arminian of the Wesleyan type, and could neither accept the teachings nor preach the doctrines of the Westminster confession of faith.

In September, 1874, he returned to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and offered himself to the Kentucky Conference, and was readmitted. The associates, however, of his early ministry had passed away, and he seemed to be a stranger among his brethren. He filled a few charges, and was much beloved by the members of the conference. He lived until August 29, 1881, when, at his home near Anchorage, Kentucky, in great peace he passed away.

In the Spring of 1838 a young preacher made his appearance in Kentucky who was destined to bear a prominent part in the history of the Church, and to occupy a commanding eminence for more than a generation.

John H. Linn was born in Lewisburg, Virginia,

February 22, 1812. From his early childhood he was impressed with the importance of religion, and was deeply convicted of his own sinful condition. Having been taught the fear of God from his infancy, it was no difficult task for him to call upon the Lord and plead for pardon. In the fourteenth year of his age he was happily converted. Brought up under Presbyterian influence, he was naturally inclined to join that Church; but, for reasons satisfactory to himself, did not do so. In the fifteenth year of his age he made the acquaintance of some Methodist preachers, for whom he formed a warm attachment, and through their influence became a member of the Methodist Church. In 1836 he was admitted on trial into the Baltimore Conference, and was appointed, with Francis M. Mills, to the Franklin Circuit, with Norval Wilson as his presiding elder. In 1837 his field of labor was the Lexington Circuit (with the same presiding elder) as the colleague of George W. Humphreys. His wife was Ann Eliza Woodyard, daughter of W. H. Woodyard, of Kentucky, a lady of superior intellect, of fervent piety, and uncompromising devotion to the Church. This influenced his transfer to Kentucky in 1838. The death of the lamented Gibbons made a vacancy on the Georgetown Circuit, and the Church was so fortunate as to secure the appointment of Mr. Linn for the remainder of the year.

He was an excellent preacher from the time he entered the ministry. When the conference held its session in Baltimore, in 1837, at the close of his first year in the itinerant ministry, he was appointed to preach in the First Presbyterian Church, then under

the pastoral care of Dr. Backus, the successor of Dr. Nevins. He preached on Rom. viii, 38, 39: "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." One who was present on the occasion tells us that it was an excellent sermon, and was so considered by the highly intelligent congregation to which it was delivered. It foreshadowed the high position which he was destined to occupy in the ministry.

We remember his first appearance in the conference of 1838. He was young and buoyant—the very picture of health—and promised to the Church many years of labor and of usefulness. He came to the West asking no other favor than to be recognized as a brother and a fellow-laborer in the Master's vineyard—to work wherever the interest of the Church might demand.

During the brief period he had labored on the Georgetown Circuit he not only won golden opinions from the people, but he was successful in winning souls to Christ. His commanding presence, his piety, his zeal, his devotion to the cause of the Redeemer, together with his extraordinary talents, not only rendered him useful in a high degree, but indicated the lofty eminence he would occupy in the coming years.

At the Kentucky Conference of 1838 he was returned to the Georgetown Circuit, with George W. Simcoe as his colleague, where he spent a happy and prosperous year.

In 1839 he preached during the session of the conference in Russellville. It was on Thursday evening. The Methodist Church was crowded to overflowing, while many stood at the doors and windows. We saw him as he entered the house, and watched him as he walked down the aisle in that careless manner which always characterized him, his large gray eyes resting on the floor. He entered the pulpit and knelt for a few minutes in silent prayer. The hymn, the public prayer, the "voluntary," followed each other in rapid succession. The text was, "Gather my saints together unto me."* In the commencement of the sermon the preacher was considerably embarrassed. It was his first attempt to preach in the presence of the Kentucky Conference, and his words were tremblingly uttered. Bascom, Tomlinson, Stamper, Crouch, and Kavanaugh were present. A few introductory remarks were offered on the life and character of the sweet singer of Israel, and then he entered into a rigid examination of the word "saint," and what constitutes a saint in the sight of God. To become a saint requires, on the part of a sinner, repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ; while God, on his part, introduces him into his family by justification, regeneration, adoption, and sanctification. With great clearness he presented the difference between the justification and the regeneration of the sinner—the former merely changing the relation to God, while the latter changes his nature. Regeneration, as he understood it to be taught in the Bible, was a thorough and radical work of grace in

*Psalm 1, 5.

the heart, affecting all the component parts of the moral constitution; *it was emphatically a new birth*. A religion that would not accomplish this fails in its grand design and is not of God. He, moreover, affirmed that the regeneration of the penitent believer is accompanied by the witness of the Holy Spirit, bearing testimony with his spirit that he is born of God. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."* "What is the witness?" he inquired. "Let the apostle answer: 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.'† The necessity of such testimony can not but be apparent to every thinking mind. Without it the Christian can not be happy, because he can not know whether he is in God's favor or under condemnation." In touching language he referred to the *adoption* of the regenerated person into the family of God, and then showed that Christ demands of all his followers that they "grow in grace,"‡ and that they add to their "faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity;"§ and never stop until they have fathomed every depth and ascended every height of religious life and are sanctified of God. The life of a Christian is an active life: "For we are laborers together with God;"|| not loiterers. No Christian, for a moment, dares pause amid the conquests he has won. If success has been achieved, if victories have been won,

* 1 John v, 10. † Rom. viii, 16. ‡ 2 Pet. iii, 18. § 2 Pet. i, 5-7. || 1 Cor. iii, 9.

difficulties yet confront us in the great battle of life, and we dare not rest on our arms until every foe is conquered. Then, and not until then, will our warfare be over and our victory complete.

The peroration was thrilling beyond description. He had found man a sinner in the sight of God, exposed to almighty wrath; he had watched him as the Holy Spirit arrested him in his career to ruin; he had seen him as he resolved upon a better life, and when he "tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come;"* he had followed him through every conflict in which he had been engaged and beheld him when victory perched upon his banner; he watched his progress as he ascended the mountain heights of religious life until he was sanctified throughout spirit and soul and body and become "pure even as He is pure;" and then, like a ripe shock ready to be gathered, he saw him as he entered the "valley of the shadow of death,"† and listened to strains of rapture as they came back from the borders of the spirit-world; and he contemplated, too, the joys that awaited him amid the resplendent glories of the heavenly state. Time passes on; the world becomes hoary with age, and its affairs are winding to their close; the judgment-day is at hand, and the nations are to be called from the sleep of ages to hear their final sentence; but *where are the saints of God?* Scattered throughout the world; buried, many of them, in unknown graves, their names have perished from the page of the world's memory; no hand of friendship may plant over their graves the evergreen—the

* Heb. vi. 6. † Psalm xxiii, 4.

emblem of immortality—nor the rose to throw its fragrance on the balmy air; no tears of affection may mingle with the dust that conceals them from human view; but the ever-watchful eye of God has kept vigils over them, and not one, however humble and lowly in life, will be overlooked or forgotten. Hark! an angel is summoned to the presence of God, and Jehovah says to him: “Go, ‘gather my saints together unto me.’ Let them be the first to be raised from the dead!” “Where shall I go?” asks the angel. “Go to the cave in the field of Machpelah; call up Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, and Jacob and Leah. Go to Mount Nebo, and find the grave of Moses, and bid him come back to life. Go to the city of David, and find the sepulcher of the son of Jesse, whose dulcet strains have chased sorrow from ten thousand hearts, and tell him ‘I am the resurrection and the life.’* Go to the graves of the prophets who foretold the advent of the woman’s conquering Seed and the splendors of his reign, and tell them, ‘Because I live, ye shall live also.’† Go to the imperial city, where Paul the apostle slumbers, and awaken him from the sleep of centuries. Go to Germany, and gather Luther and Melanchthon. Go to England, and lift the stone from the grave of John Wesley, and tell him to rise and throw off the fetters of the tomb. Call Coke from his coral bed, where he has slept so long. Go to Africa, and awaken Mellville B. Cox. Go to America, and call Asbury from his tomb in the Monumental City, and McKendree from the forests of Tennessee. Wherever one of my saints

* John xi, 25. † John xiv, 19.

sleeps, go and awake him, and 'gather him unto me.'” The angel continues his search, and from ocean and from earth the saints of God are rising; from every continent, every island, and every isthmus they are coming in obedience to the summons of God. In his majestic flight through the world he overtakes Death, who tries to escape from his presence, and asks him whether a saint of God is confined within his empire. “No,” he replies; “I have captured thousands, and carried them to my dominions and bound them with fetters. I thought I had them secure, but they have broken the massive bars, abandoned the graves where they had slumbered long, and destroyed my power forever.” He meets the prince of darkness, and inquires whether one saint can be found within his realm. “No, not one; but it is no fault of mine. I followed them through every step of life; I offered them the world, with all its pageantry and tinsel and glare, if they would serve me; I pledged them riches and pleasure and fame, but their ears were deaf to my persuasions; I confronted them with difficulties, but they overcame them; I placed snares in their path, but they shunned them; I left no means unemployd to destroy them, but they eluded my grasp. No, not one is to be found in all the regions of woe.” The work is done, and the angel returns to God.

From the conference at Russellville Mr. Linn was appointed to Maysville, one of the most pleasant stations in the conference. He entered upon his work as early after the close of the conference as was practicable, meeting with a cordial reception from the Church and the community. During the Winter his

congregations were large and attentive, and considerable interest was manifested among the people on the subject of religion. Early in February a meeting was commenced, in which he was assisted by Mr. Maffitt, during which one hundred and fifteen persons were added to the Church, and more than that number happily converted. The influence of this meeting extended through the entire community, leaving its benedictions on many a heart. Other communions realized blessings from it. Under the ministry of Mr. Linn the white membership in Maysville increased from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and five, and the colored from eighty-two to one hundred and sixty.

While Mr. Linn was stationed in Maysville he made a visit to Georgetown, his former field of labor. The Church he had served so faithfully and the community in which he had lived so pleasantly were glad to see him again. He was met by them with a cordiality and warmth that thrilled him with emotions he could not conceal. Among his numerous admirers was an old colored member of the Church. The preacher had left them the Autumn before, well but plainly dressed. The warm hand and generous heart of friendship, in Maysville, had dressed him handsomely. Wrapped in a fine and costly cloak, he was met by the old man on the street, and accosted with: "Well, well, you sorter looked like Brother Linn; but you gotten to be so much like a gentleman that I declare I did n't know you. I's so glad to see you, ef you is a gentleman."

From Maysville we follow Mr. Linn to Fourth

Street Church, in Louisville, where he was stationed in 1840, and the year following to Harrodsburg and Danville. The commanding talents of Mr. Linn began to attract attention abroad. In 1842 he was transferred to Missouri Conference, and stationed at Centenary Church, in the city of St. Louis, where he continued two years. In 1844 he was agent for St. Charles College, and in 1845 was stationed in Hannibal. In 1846 he was transferred to the St. Louis Conference, and stationed in Jefferson City; and in 1847 he was stationed at Fourth Street, St. Louis, where he spent two years.

He returned to Kentucky in 1849, and was appointed to Fourth Street, then in the Louisville Conference, where nine years before he had been eminently useful. Here he was continued two years. In 1851 he was transferred to the Kentucky Conference, and stationed for two years at Soule Chapel, Cincinnati. In 1853 his appointment was to Frankfort, to which he was returned the year following. In 1855 he was sent to Danville, and the two years following to Lexington, and then two years to Shelbyville.

In 1860 he was transferred to the Louisville Conference, and stationed at Walnut Street. He next served the Brook Street Church two years. In 1863 he was stationed at Eighth Street, and then two years at Chestnut, and then at Brook Street again two years, and in 1867 and 1868 at Broadway—the Broadway and Chestnut Street churches both having been erected under his supervision.

While at Broadway, in the Spring of 1869, he

was transferred to the Baltimore Conference, and stationed for two years at Central Church, in the city of Baltimore. In 1871 he was transferred to the St. Louis Conference, and stationed for two years at Centenary, in the city of St. Louis.

Dr. Linn was becoming feeble; and his brethren of the Louisville Conference importuned him to return to Kentucky, and die in their midst. In 1874 he was transferred to the Louisville Conference, and stationed for two years at Chestnut Street, in Louisville. His last appointment was, in 1876, to the Louisville District, as presiding elder. It was evident that he would not be able to discharge the duties of the office; but both preachers and people were anxious for his appointment to that position—the former that by their assistance they might lighten his work, and the latter that they might have the care and support of one who had contributed more to the success of the Church in the city than any other preacher.

After his appointment to the Louisville District he lived but a short time. He died in great peace, December 7, 1876.

The inquiry may be made as to why he so frequently changed his conference relations. It was not from any wish of his that he did so, but because of the pressing demand in all the principal cities for his ministry. Under his own protest he was often transferred from one conference to another, yet cheerfully submitting to the authorities of the Church.

He was a member of the General Conference three times—in 1846, 1858, and 1866.

He was twice married. His first wife was Miss

Woodyard, of Cynthiana, a lady of rare accomplishments; his second wife was Miss Tompkins, of Danville, who was eminently qualified for the responsible position of a preacher's wife.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him in 1850.

"Dr. Linn was truly a converted and holy man. He was called of God to the Christian ministry. He was a sound theologian. He was an uncompromising Methodist, both in doctrine and discipline; and at the same time, and for this reason, he was a catholic Christian, loving all the people of God, and associating with them upon the most intimate terms. He was a faithful minister of Christ. He defended the truth, he exposed error, he denounced sin among all classes. Dr. Linn was a man of a very high order of genius. While in the prime of life he possessed in a very high degree the reproductive power, combined with the comparative faculty, which invested him with the highest degree of the creative imagination. All that he had ever known in nature, in art, in science, in philosophy, or history, he could reproduce and make available to the illustration and enforcement of divine truth. His discourses were often a combination of the overwhelmingly sublime and of the transcendently beautiful. Though possessing a princely presence, he was not in the highest sense an orator. His voice was strong and masculine, but lacked flexibility and music; it was, indeed, a deep bass monotone. But, though he lacked most of the qualities of an orator, he was, in a very high sense, 'an eloquent man.' He *spoke out* of the heart, and reached the hearts

of his hearers, and so captivated them that, for the time, he had complete control of them. He excelled more as a rhetorician than a logician. He had just enough of logic to open the way for his wonderful rhetorical appeals. In the death of Dr. Linn 'a prince and a great man is fallen among us.' But our comfort is that, having fulfilled the ministry which he had received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God, he has finished his course with joy, and has gone to receive his reward. 'Though dead, he yet speaketh.' " *

The mention of another name in this chapter is highly proper.

George W. Brush was born in Rockbridge County, Va., October 28, 1805. His mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Caven, was born in the North of Ireland; his grandmother on his mother's side, Elizabeth McCaw, was reared in Scotland, and belonged to the Kirk. Rockbridge County, Va., had been the home of his paternal ancestry for several generations. His father, John Brush, and Blakeley Brush, his grandfather, were born in that county, and also his great-grandfather, who was killed by the Indians. John Brush removed to Kentucky in November, 1806, and settled in Shelby County, where his son remained until 1824, when we find him in Bullitt County, teaching a small country school. His parents were prominent and zealous members of the Presbyterian Church; and, although their son was distinguished rather for his wildness than for any adaptation to the pulpit, it was their earnest desire that he should be-

* N. H. Lee, D. D., in Minutes Louisville Conference.

come a minister in their Church. With but little or no inclination toward a religious life, he, however, attended preaching at the church of his parents, occasionally visiting a Baptist or a Methodist meeting when there was no preaching in their church. His mother, although prejudiced against the Methodists, was a woman whose piety was deep and uniform. On one occasion she attended a Methodist camp-meeting on a week-day, hardly thinking it proper for a Christian woman to be found at such a place on the Sabbath; and in an account of the meeting she gave in her family she said: "Some of the people were cooking, some talking, some coming, some going, and quite a number about the stand, where they were singing, praying, shouting, and, after awhile, preaching;" and she added: "But the one we heard spoke well, indeed, and seemed to be a good man, and well acquainted with the Scriptures."

Young Brush had heard one or two local preachers in the Methodist Church, under whose ministry he had been made to feel uneasy; and under a sermon preached by Dr. Clelland he had been greatly alarmed, and in the church cried aloud for mercy. His religious impressions, however, were soon effaced, and in the society of wild associates he drowned the voice of conscience and forgot the teachings of childhood. The first traveling preacher with whom he ever met was Benjamin T. Crouch, for whom he entertained feelings of the highest regard.

In the Autumn of 1826 Richard D. Neale, distinguished for his zeal, was appointed to the Jefferson Circuit, which included Bullitt County, in which

George W. Brush resided. Sociable in his disposition and courteous in his manner, the zealous preacher soon won upon the affections of the young school-master, who, through his instrumentality, was brought into the Methodist Church and soundly converted to God. Feeling that he was called to preach the Gospel, he reluctantly yielded to his convictions, and on the 6th of October, 1828, he was licensed to preach by Marcus Lindsey, and at once entered the itinerant ranks.

The appointment of George W. Brush to the Shelbyville and Brick Chapel Station was unexpected alike to the preacher and the congregation. The Church, however, received him kindly, and in the spirit of the Master he entered upon his work. He reached his new field in due time, and preached at eleven o'clock, on the first Sunday, at the Brick Chapel, to a crowded audience, several of whom resided in Shelbyville. At night his appointment was in the town, and not only the Methodists, but the members of other Churches, were present to give him a welcome. The church was densely packed. The good John Tevis was sitting in the pulpit, and the pious William Atherton in the altar. A slender young man, with a pleasant countenance, nearly six feet high, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, with grayish-blue eyes and jet-black hair, entered the church and walked into the pulpit. *It was George W. Brush, the new preacher.** He read his hymn, after which the congregation sang; he

* We resided in Shelbyville, and had just joined the Church, and were present on this occasion.

then prayed, and another hymn was read and sung. "Therefore let no man glory in men: for all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's," was announced as the text. The sermon was brief, delivered in a plain, conversational style. In it there was nothing great, according to the estimation of the world; there was no rhetorical display, no burst of eloquence, no flash of lightning, no peal of thunder; it was the message of life and salvation, delivered, not in "enticing words of man's wisdom," but in the simplicity of Gospel truth.

If in the pulpit Mr. Brush made a favorable impression upon the Church he was appointed to serve, in his social intercourse he made friends in every circle. Sociable in his disposition, and pleasant in his intercourse with the community, he won the hearts of the people in other communions as well as in his own. As a preacher he was not considered great, yet crowds waited upon his ministry, and each person left the house of God, after hearing him, resolved to be better than ever before. His preaching was peculiar. No one preached as he did, and he copied from no other person. Short, pointed, practical sermons, from week to week, fell from his lips, and urged his congregation to a better, a holier, and a higher life. Under his ministry a Bible-class was formed, of which he was the leader; the Sunday-school prospered; the prayer-meetings were well attended; the class-room was crowded, and prospects for a revival were more promising than they had been for many years. Every

body knew the preacher, and every body loved him. He visited the homes of wealth and influence, and was the companion of the poor and the humble ; his prayers went up from every family altar, and from the bedside of the sick and the dying.

The Winter was over ; gentle Spring, with its sunshine and flowers, came and passed away. On the 3d of June the third quarterly-meeting commenced. The Church had been looking to this occasion with prayerful interest. In the class-room the quarterly-meeting was talked of, and prayers were offered for a revival of the work of God. On the street members of the Church conversed freely on the subject of religion, and not only expressed the hope that souls would be converted during the meeting, but that much good would be done. From the commencement of the meeting the signs of the times were favorable for a general outpouring of the Spirit upon the people. The first night penitents were invited to the altar, and several persons presented themselves for the prayers of the Church, and two or three professed faith in Christ. As the meeting progressed the interest increased, and before a week had elapsed the altar was crowded with persons anxiously inquiring the way of life and salvation, and many had "passed from death unto life." In the *Western Christian Advocate* of June 20th, a letter from the pastor of the Church was published, dated June 11th, in which he says : "Our third quarterly-meeting commenced eight days since, and we are holding it still. Fifty-eight whites and twenty-eight colored joined ; fifty converted ; meeting yet going on."

As the meeting was protracted from day to day, and from week to week, its influence permeated the entire community, extending to every class of society, awakening the young and the old, embracing many heads of families—men and women of influence—and reaching to those who had hitherto been impervious to the claims of religion.* Some who up to this time had discarded Christianity altogether, and were distinguished for their wickedness, recognized the claims of religion, bowed to the scepter of Christ, and became burning and shining lights in the Church of God, while many remembered “their Creator in the days of their youth,” some of whom are yet living to adorn the profession they made.†

During the entire meeting commendable zeal was displayed by the membership of the Church, who contributed largely to its success. They visited and conversed freely on the subject of religion with such as were serious, and bore an active part in the exercises of the altar.

The entire community was aroused, and not only

*The author's father and mother, also his uncle—Samuel Wise Topping, by whose charity he was brought up and educated—joined the Church at this time.

† During the progress of the meeting Mr. Brush met on the street Thomas P. Wilson, an eminent lawyer and Judge of the Circuit Court, and said to him, “Judge Wilson, what would you think of me if I were to remain here a year, and say nothing to you about saving your soul?” “I would regard you as a very unfaithful preacher,” was the reply. “What does Mrs. Wilson think on this subject?” he then asked. “Call and see her, and inquire for yourself,” replied the judge. On the Friday following this conversation Judge Wilson, with his wife and son and sister-in-law, joined the Church.

the village, but the surrounding country, was in a blaze. From the rural districts the people came several miles to Church, and many who were prompted to attend these meetings through curiosity became awakened and returned to their homes "clothed and in their right mind." Indeed, so great was the influence excited that a holy atmosphere seemed to surround the place of worship.* When the meeting closed nearly two hundred persons had been converted.†

While the Methodist Church in Shelbyville was being so greatly blessed, other denominations of Christians received valuable accessions to their Churches.

The influence of this extraordinary revival did not stop with the close of the meeting. Two months later a camp-meeting was held at Cardwell's Camp-ground, three miles east of Shelbyville, and in the vicinity of the Brick Chapel. The meeting was one of great power. On one occasion during its progress the heavens became black with angry clouds, fierce lightnings leaped along the sky, and thunder muttered solemn peals. The audience retired to the tents. The rain fell in torrents—it was eleven o'clock in the forenoon—and at nightfall there was no abatement;

* A gentleman said to the author, several years after this meeting, that when he entered the church-yard, during its progress, he felt a religious influence he could not express.

† A young man professed religion during this meeting, and joined the Methodist Church. His uncle and guardian, who was a prominent member of the Campbellite Church, was dissatisfied with this step on the part of his nephew, and required him to withdraw from the Methodist Church and to join the Campbellite Church. This compulsion unsettled him in his religious character, and he soon became a wreck in his morals.

the stars were still concealed, and the elements appeared to be engaged in angry strife. Peace and joy, however, reigned within the tents. Preaching, exhortation, singing, prayer, followed in quick succession; cries for mercy rent the air; shouts of converted souls pierced the heavens; the Church partook of the joy. On that memorable night about forty souls were converted.* Nearly one hundred persons professed religion at that camp-meeting.

From this period Mr. Brush took a high rank in the conference. He was returned to Shelbyville in 1834, where his labors continued to be blessed. In 1835 he was sent to Maysville, where he witnessed a gracious revival of religion. After remaining at Maysville two years, he was appointed in 1837 to Brook Street, in the city of Louisville. The city this year was favored with the most extraordinary revivals of religion.

Francis A. Dighton, of the Erie Conference, agent for the American Bible Society, this year visited Louisville. The duties of the agency which he had accepted, and which he was faithfully prosecuting, brought Mr. Dighton to the city of Louisville, where he was destined to gather many stars to deck the crown of his rejoicing. Consumption, that sure destroyer, had fastened its fangs in his system, and he was rapidly hastening to the grave. He had a message, however, from God to mankind, and he was delivering it with an energy and ardor to which his wasting strength was not equal. Easy in his manners, agreeable in

* Among them the mother of the author, who had joined the Church in June preceding, as a seeker of religion.

conversation, eloquent in the pulpit, and fervent in his work, he was beloved wherever known.

The ministry of Mr. Dighton in the city of Louisville was confined to Fourth Street Church, where Richard Tydings was stationed, and resulted in an extraordinary revival of religion, in which more than one hundred persons were happily converted.

Mr. Dighton had come to Louisville a stranger, almost unknown; he left the city with the blessing of hundreds.*

The notes of triumph at Fourth Street had not died away before the Brook Street Church, in the same city, also experienced a revival, which had no parallel in Louisville in the past. The meeting commenced about the first of January, under the ministry of George W. Brush, the pastor of the Church, and soon showed indications of a good work. After it had been in progress for five weeks, without any cessation, Mr. Brush writes: "There is now going forward in the Methodist Church, on Brook Street, one of the most powerful revivals of the work of God that has ever been seen here. It is now five weeks since it began, but for seven days past it has swept all before it. The crowd is so great every evening that few pretend to keep their seats, and unless the mourners take their place in the altar before preaching, it is fruitless to attempt making their way thither after the crowd has convened. We regularly dismiss the people at 10 o'clock, but they do not leave until 12 and 1 o'clock. We are unable to give the num-

* Mr. Dighton's health rapidly declined after he left Louisville. He died December 26, 1838.

ber of converts; we kept count for awhile, but the battle grew so warm that no one could tell who or how many were blessed. There were mourners in every part of the house. One hundred and twenty-seven have given in their names to join the Church. A great many—perhaps seventy-five—have been converted; and yet, on last evening, more than sixty were at the altar for prayer and instruction. Among all the converts, we know of only three or four who did not join the Church before they found the blessing. The character of those who have joined gives good ground to hope that this will prove to have been a sound and genuine work of God. We have had comparatively but little preaching. The sermons preached have seldom been more than thirty minutes long, and often we exhort and call the mourners at once. The members of the Church were a little slow at first to go into the work; but when once they made a break, they threw their whole souls into it. Many of the sisters, too, have been ‘our helpers in Christ Jesus.’”*

The meeting was still in progress when the above letter was written. The interest continued to increase, reaching in its influence every portion of the city. At a later period another letter is published, from the pen of the pastor, announcing that two hundred and twenty persons had joined the Church, and about the same number had been converted to God.† The meeting continued forty days, and before its close *four hundred* persons joined the Church.

The year following Mr. Brush remained at Brook

* *Western Christian Advocate*, March 9, 1838.

† *Western Christian Advocate*, March 23, 1838.

Street, where his ministry continued to be blessed. In 1839 he was sent to Lexington, where he remained two years. Although the same success did not crown his labors as in Louisville, yet the Church enjoyed some prosperity. After spending one year as agent of the Preachers' Aid Society, in 1842 he was returned to Louisville and stationed two years at Fourth Street. These two years required great labor on the part of the pastor; and while the Church enjoyed revival seasons, the health of Mr. Brush became so impaired that his removal from the city became a necessity, hence we find him the following year on the Middletown Circuit. In 1845 he is stationed in Lexington, from whence we follow him to Millersburg, to which he was returned the following year, with the beautiful town of Paris attached. He next spent two years in Frankfort, the capital of the State, where he was useful. In 1850 we meet with him again at Shelbyville, where he had won a brilliant victory, and where he remains two years. From thence he returns to Frankfort, but after one year he travels the Taylorsville Circuit, then the Simpsonville, and is then for one year agent for the Tract Society of Kentucky Conference. In 1856 his appointment was La Grange and Westport, and the next year he was returned to Simpsonville.

In 1858 he was transferred to the Louisville Conference, and after serving the Middletown Circuit two years, in 1860 he was appointed principal of Jefferson Female Academy, located in Middletown. In 1861 and 1862 he had charge of Eighth Street, in Louisville, and the next two years of Walnut Street, and

in 1865 was at Shelby Street. He traveled Jefferson-town Circuit from 1866 to 1868, when he was appointed to the Louisville District as presiding elder, where he was continued until 1871. He then served successively Owensboro, Henderson, Lebanon, and Jeffersonville Stations. His last effective work was as agent for the Widows' and Orphans' Home. He was placed on the superannuated list at the conference of 1880, and died on the 13th of November after.

But few preachers in Kentucky were ever more useful or more successful in winning souls to Christ than George W. Brush. From 1828 to 1880, a period of fifty-two years, he was in the itinerant ranks, fifty-one of which he was effective. During this period success followed his labors, and under his ministry thousands were converted and brought into the Church.

As a preacher he was not great, measured by the standard of the world, yet he was great in the beautiful simplicity of his style, and in his close adherence to the teachings of the Bible. His sermons were practical, and led men to a better and higher life.

As a pastor he excelled, and in social life by the suavity of his manners and his fine conversational powers, he accomplished great good.

He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Finley, of Jefferson County; his second, Mrs. Mix, of Louisville.

He was a member of the General Conference of 1844, 1846, and of 1850.

CHAPTER X.

*FROM THE SESSION OF THE KENTUCKY CONFERENCE
OF 1850 TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1854.*

HENRY B. BASCOM, a member of the Kentucky Conference, had been elected to the office of bishop in May, 1850. No minister in the Church had ever been invested with episcopal prerogatives who promised greater usefulness than did this distinguished preacher of the Gospel. His career, however, as a bishop, was brief. He presided over but one conference—the St. Louis. A short time after the adjournment of that conference he arrived in Louisville, on his way to his home in Lexington, quite ill. He was the guest of the Rev. Dr. Stevenson. Unable to proceed on his journey, he remained at the home of his friend for several weeks, continually growing worse, until the 8th of September, when, in full hope of eternal life, he breathed his last.

Not only the Methodist Church mourned the death of Bishop Bascom, but the nation felt the loss. A great man in Israel had fallen, but the bereavement was felt nowhere as in Kentucky. The members of the Kentucky Conference had associated with him in closest fellowship and Christian intercourse. They knew him better and loved him more than any other section of the Church. For nearly twenty years he

had been their leader, answering to the roll call, but now his silver notes are heard no more. The brilliant Bascom is dead.

On the first morning of the session a resolution was adopted providing for the appointment of a committee whose duty it should be to make arrangements with the Committee on Public Worship "to have the funeral of Bishop Bascom preached at some suitable time during the session of the conference." At the Louisville Conference, which had just adjourned, similar action had been taken, and the task of preaching the sermon had devolved on his colleague, Bishop Andrew. He performed the same duty at the Kentucky Conference.

In 1850 Mr. Kavanaugh was returned to Scott Street Church, Covington, where he had labored the year before.

George W. Merritt, his old friend, was his near neighbor, being stationed in Newport, where a gracious revival crowned his labors.

George W. Merritt was born in Fincastle, Botetourt County, Virginia, April 17, 1807. Losing his parents when he was quite young, he was placed under the care of an elder brother, who resided in Staunton, Virginia, where he was brought up and educated. In the Autumn of 1827 he came to Kentucky and settled in Winchester. During the same year, under the ministry of Henry McDaniel, a good and pure man, he was awakened to his condition as a sinner, and was received into the Church as a seeker of religion by Milton Jamieson. A short time afterward he found the Pearl of great price. He was soon impressed

with the conviction that it was his duty to proclaim the tidings of a Redeemer's love to perishing sinners, yet felt reluctant to enter upon so responsible a work. In the meantime he removed to Lexington, where, in 1833, he was licensed to preach by William Gunn, at that time the presiding elder on the Lexington District. In the Spring of 1834 he was employed by William Adams, who succeeded Mr. Gunn as presiding elder, to travel on the Madison Circuit, with James Ward, until the next conference should meet. He entered the Kentucky Conference in 1834, and was re-appointed to the Madison Circuit with William B. Landrum. His next appointment was to the Shelby Circuit, as the colleague of Richard Holding. In 1836 he was placed in charge of the Mount Sterling Circuit, and of the Fleming Circuit in 1837. At the conference of 1838 he was appointed to the Danville Circuit, with William D. Matting, who remained in the work but a short time, when Mr. Merritt was placed in charge, with Matthew N. Lasley, who was transferred from Pulaski Coal Mines, as his colleague. In 1839 he was sent to Cynthiana. In 1840 we find him on the Paris Circuit, one of the most pleasant charges in the conference, to which he was returned the year following. He was stationed at Carrollton in 1842, and in Louisville, at Eighth Street, in 1843-44. In 1845 he was sent to Middletown, and in 1846 to Fourth Street, Louisville. In 1847 he was sent to Logan Circuit with the scholarly A. A. Morrison as his colleague, and the year following to Middletown. In 1849 he was sent to Louisville Circuit, to which he was re-appointed in 1850, but im-

mediately after conference was transferred to the Kentucky Conference and stationed in Newport. His subsequent appointments were: Maysville, Simpsonville, two years; Taylorsville, Simpsonville, Taylorsville, Harrodsburg District, one year; Danville, two years; Lexington, second charge; Harrodsburg, Perryville and White Chapel; Shelbyville District, one year; Frankfort, two years; Harrodsburg District, two years; Lexington District, three years; Floydshurg, then on Shelbyville District, two years; and three years on the Lexington District, since which time he has sustained a supernumerary relation.

From his entrance into the ministry Dr. Merritt gave promise of great usefulness in the Church. His presence commanding, and popular in his address, he was well calculated to make friends in every circle in which he was thrown. Believing himself to be divinely called to preach the Gospel of Christ, he prosecuted the work of the ministry with unswerving fidelity and zeal, and was instrumental in the accomplishment of great good. Acceptable as a preacher, and highly gifted in exhortation, his warm appeals were listened to with interest, while many were persuaded to abandon a life of sin and turn to God. There is not a community in which he has labored but success crowned his efforts to do good, and many will be the stars that shall deck the crown of his rejoicing in the last day.

Nothing of special interest occurred during the second year of Mr. Kavanaugh's ministry in Covington.

The memory of Bishop Bascom was still green in

the hearts of the conference with which he had passed so many pleasant years. In testimony of their high appreciation of his memory and labors the Kentucky Conference, at the session of 1851, adopted a resolution expressive of their desire that "a suitable biography of the bishop should be written," and respectfully requested Bishop Andrew to prepare it.

During his last illness Bishop Bascom had expressed the wish that if his life should be written the task should be committed to his colleague. Whether Bishop Andrew responded favorably to the action of the conference we are not advised. It is certainly to be regretted that he did not perform the work. No biographer could have had a more commanding subject. The life and labors of such a man, sketched by the masterly pencil of his gifted colleague, would have made a volume of rare merit and interest that would have found a place in thousands of homes, crowding them with recollections of one of the greatest and best men that ever lived. It would have fired the hearts of young men to higher aims, as they would look upon the young drayman, toiling in his daily task on the wharf at Maysville for his bread and for the support of his parents, and then behold him, without educational advantages, only such as the cabins of the poor, by the aid of the pine-knot light afforded; chaplain in the lower House of Congress, in eloquence the peer of Henry Clay, rivaling in the pulpit the gifted Summerfield, president of Madison College, the professor of *Moral Science* and *Belles-lettres* in Augusta College, the chancellor of Transylvania University, and then elevated to the highest office

within the gift of the Church, to which he had devoted his energies and his life.

The noble life of Bascom closed in the home of Dr. Stevenson.

Edward Stevenson was the son of Thomas and Sarah Stevenson, of whom we have already made mention. He was born in Mason County, Kentucky, on the 3d of October, 1797. Blessed with a mother remarkable for her deep and ardent piety, his memory could not date the period when he was first "conscious of his lost condition as a sinner, and his great need of a Savior." The warning voice of mercy, however, was not heeded by him until he had reached the fifteenth year of his age. About this time he made a profession of religion, and became a member of the Church. He at once felt that it was his duty to call sinners to repentance, and before he attained to manhood he received license to preach. His first sermon was preached in his father's house, where a prayer-meeting had been appointed, to which many persons—including several of his associates—were attracted by the recent conversion and earnest zeal of young Stevenson. "By a singular circumstance, all the members of the Church accustomed to participate in prayer-meetings were absent; whereupon an irreligious man importuned Edward to preach for them." The occasion was an embarrassing one. The audience was large, and among them were his father and mother. Believing that duty demanded that the cross should be borne, "he arose, took the Bible and hymn-book, sang and prayed, and then announced his text: 'Prepare to meet thy God;' and preached with power and

great success. Seven persons were converted that night, some of whom became shining lights in the Church."

From this period he was recognized as a leader in the community. A young man of fine personal appearance, soundly converted to God, divinely called to the work of the ministry, remarkable for his zeal, brought up in the lap of Methodism, a sweet singer, gifted in exhortation and prayer, and with a voice soft and plaintive, he seemed destined to occupy a prominent place among his brethren.

Useful as he was in the community in which he had been brought up, feeling that his energies and talents should be devoted exclusively to the great work to which he was called, at the conference of 1820 he was admitted on trial, and appointed to the Lexington Circuit, with Samuel Demint and Nathanael Harris. In 1821 he was sent to the Greenbrier Circuit, in the Kanawha District, and the following year to the Bowling Green Circuit, with Henry Gregg as his colleague. The Bowling Green Circuit at this time included the counties of Warren and Simpson.

We have already referred to the fine personal appearance of Mr. Stevenson. He was little less than six feet in height, and well formed. His eyes and hair were black, while the latter hung carelessly in curls around his neck; his step was quick and elastic; besides, he declined to adopt the costume of the early Methodist pulpit—his coat was a frock, of black cloth, instead of the round-breasted style. In one portion of his circuit exceptions were taken to his dress by

some of the old ladies of the Church, and they kindly remonstrated with the young preacher, and endeavored to dissuade "him from following the fashions of the world." Yielding to their wishes, he replied, "Very well, make me a new suit to please yourselves, and I will wear it"—hardly expecting them to do so. But in his new suit he soon appeared, in regard to which he says: "In a short time I found myself the owner of an entire Summer suit of blue twilled cotton, which fitted me much like the clothes of an overgrown boy, each article having the appearance of being made for a man a size smaller. The coat was short-waisted, rounding off from the throat to the narrowest possible of swallow-tails behind. The vest was likewise short, and too small to button; while the pants might have had their length increased six inches without being pronounced too long. A hat was also furnished me, made of plaits of round rye-straws, in shape like the stove-pipe of the present day, only higher, and having no lining except four pieces of tape across it, to prevent it slipping down over my ears."

Thus clothed, it was only necessary to destroy his "sinful curls" to make him an acceptable preacher, which was quickly performed by one of the circle, "by cutting his hair exceedingly short on the top of his head, and leaving it long around his face and neck."

Appearing in this condition at his next appointment—which was at a private house—a kind sister said to him, "Why, Brother Stevenson, who has ruined your hair?" To which he replied, "I let Sister —— cut it off." Seizing the scissors, she exclaimed, "For

mercy's sake, let me make it a little more endurable!" and soon the last curl was gone.*

The appearance of the preacher was by no means prepossessing. In this strange dress he started for a camp-meeting, to be held in the Fountain Head Circuit. Reaching the camp-ground, he met William Peter, the preacher in charge, who, with cold formality, told him he might sleep in the preachers' tent, and directed him to a brother who would provide for his horse. His strange appearance produced an unfavorable impression on the man to whom he was referred, and by whom he was tendered the use of a stable, with instructions to take care of his horse himself. Time glided on, the last day of the week arrived, and Mr. Stevenson had not been invited to preach, nor pray, nor even to ask a blessing at any table; nor had a word of welcome fallen from the lips of any one, either among the ministry or membership. Depressed in spirits, he resolved to leave the ground. The unexpected appearance, however, of Henry Grider and James Hines, from Bowling Green, at this moment, prevented his leaving. A hasty interview between Mr. Grider and the preacher in charge of the meeting, induced the latter to invite Mr. Stevenson to occupy the stand. Declining, at first, in consequence of previous neglect, his objections were overruled; and yielding to the persuasions of his two friends from Bowling Green, he consented to preach on the following morning—which was Sabbath—at 9 o'clock. Before the hour arrived, he retired to the silent grove to spend some time in secret prayer, where

* Manuscript Autobiography of Rev. E. Stevenson, D. D.

he remained until the trumpet announced the time for worship. Approaching the encampment, and looking into the pulpit, he saw that it was occupied by another preacher, about to open the service. Unable to comprehend this new phase of affairs, he was approached by Mr. Peter, who pleasantly said to him, "We have changed your hour for preaching from 9 to 11 o'clock, when the congregation will be largest." Again retiring to the place of secret prayer, he awaited, on his knees, the shrill sound of the trumpet announcing once more the hour of worship. Pressing through the crowd he ascended the stand, and looked around for his brethren in the ministry, not one of whom was to be seen. Hardy Cryer and James Gwin, with William Peter, and others, were on the ground somewhere, but were not visible, either to the preacher or the audience.

The assembly was vast. The entire encampment was filled with the immense multitudes that, from all the surrounding country, had come to the place of worship. The hymn was read in a feeble, tremulous voice; and the prayer that followed was disjointed and incoherent. The service proceeded, he announced his text: "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." The introduction to the sermon was dull, and the manner of the preacher confused. Unable to collect his thoughts, he felt the crimson mantling his cheeks; and losing the powers of articulation and of sight, he stood trembling, and held to the desk for support. His embarrassment for the moment was overwhelming. Again he rallied, but not in his own strength, but trusting in Him who had

said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;" and his spirit was unchained, his vision became clear, and his full and mellow voice sent forth its rich and plaintive peals over the vast assembly; and "the power of the Holy One" accompanied his truth. Peter, Cryer, and Gwin no longer lay concealed, but coming out from their hiding-places stood erect by the side of the young minister of Christ, encouraging him by the hearty amens they uttered. The congregation, at first careless and sportive, arose to their feet, while those in the rear crowded nearer to the stand. The judgment, its certainty, necessity, and the results that will follow the scenes of the last day, were the points brought in review on that occasion. His voice, rising with the intensity of his theme, was ringing like the full blast of a trumpet through that crowd of ten thousand hearers. As he spoke of the agonies of the lost, and urged the sinner to flee the impending storm, groans and cries and prayers for mercy—like the noise of many waters—rent the air, and made the place most terrible. Then changing his theme, he spoke of the love, goodness, and mercy of God, until his voice was lost amid the commingled shrieks of the sinner and the triumphant shouts of the redeemed. The service closed, and many dated their conviction and conversion from that hour. During the few remaining weeks he spent on the Bowling Green Circuit the pleasure of the Lord prospered in his hands.

At the conference of 1823 he was appointed to the Bowling Green and Russellville Station, a new charge just formed. Russellville was regarded as a difficult appointment to fill, and had hitherto yielded to a

very limited extent to the claims of the Gospel. As early as 1808 a small class had been organized on the corner of Spring and Center Streets, and previous to that period Methodist preachers had visited and preached in the village; but whatever influences had been brought to bear upon the community, the Church exhibited no signs of prosperity, and was able to maintain nothing more than a feeble existence. Mr. Stevenson received his appointment with feelings of regret. Subject at times to deep mental depression, and yielding on this occasion to its influence, his first impulses were to decline the field assigned him, and retire to the walks of private life. Unwilling, however, to assume such a responsibility, he entered upon his work, feeling his "insufficiency" for the duties that lay before him, but earnestly seeking help from on high. His first sermon in Russellville was tame, insipid, and incoherent—exhibiting none of that gush of enthusiasm which distinguished his ministry in later years. Retiring from the pulpit mortified and discouraged, he resolved to quit the field, and sought an interview with Bishop George, for the purpose of communicating to him his intentions. The bishop encouraged him to prosecute his work in the name of his divine Master, and not to decide adversely to what seemed an obvious duty until he had fully tested his ability to meet the responsibility of the position. With words of tenderness the good bishop raised the drooping spirits of the young evangelist, and impressed him with the conviction that he dared not abandon his post, however great and numerous the difficulties that might confront him.

Greatly encouraged by the advice of Bishop George, as well as by the manner in which it was given, he resolved, with renewed effort, to re-enter the field from which he had well-nigh been driven, and with untiring energy to discharge the duties that devolved upon him. We accordingly find him in his place at his next appointment, but with feelings entirely different from those under which he had labored two weeks before. Then he felt sad, gloomy, and hopeless; but now he expected success. He had spent much of the interval in "study, meditation, and prayer," and, armed "with the whole armor of God," he resolved that success should crown his labors. His mission divine, he delivered his message as in the light of eternity. Man's guilty condition as a sinner exposed to the wrath of God, and the atonement of Jesus Christ as the only hope of the world, were the themes he discussed. Powerful in exhortation, he enforced the truths he had so ably presented until the assembly were bathed in tears, and ever and anon cries for mercy fell from troubled hearts. The meeting was protracted through several weeks, and many souls were happily converted to God.

From this period Methodism became prominent in Russellville, not only embracing within its communion many of the most intelligent and influential citizens, but giving tone and character to the religious sentiments of other denominations. In 1824 Russellville was detached from Bowling Green, and Mr. Stevenson was appointed to the station, which continued to prosper under his ministry.

From this date he took rank with the ablest min-

isters in the conference, and was appointed to the most important stations in Kentucky. From Russellville we trace him to Lexington; thence to Frankfort, the capital of the State; and from there to Shelbyville and Brick Chapel, to Maysville, and afterward to Louisville—remaining for two years in several of these charges. Wherever he labored he won a warm place in the affections of the Church, and was eminently successful in winning souls to Christ. A severe attack of sickness in midsummer, during his second year in the city of Louisville, so prostrated him that he was unable to receive an appointment at the conference of 1833; but, restored to health by a year's rest, we find him, in 1834, again on the effective roll, and stationed in Mount Sterling. During his pastorate in this station he evinced an aptitude for religious controversy that he had not previously developed.

Among the most eminent ministers of that period, Alexander Campbell was prominent. He was an Irishman by birth, but in the fifteenth year of his age removed to Scotland—the home of his ancestry—where he completed his education for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. When about twenty-two years of age he emigrated to America, and was soon regarded as a young man of more than ordinary promise. A bold and fearless thinker, he became dissatisfied with the tenets of the Presbyterian Church, and, withdrawing from its fellowship, he entered the Baptist communion, in which he attained to eminence as a preacher of the Gospel. Naturally restless, he became dissatisfied with some of the views held by the

Baptist Church, and in August, 1823, in a debate in Mason County, Ky., with the Rev. Mr. McCalla, of the Presbyterian Church, openly avowed the doctrine of "baptism for the remission of sins."* The *Christian Baptist*, a monthly pamphlet, was soon after issued by him, in which the same doctrine was earnestly advocated; and in 1830 he commenced the publication of the *Millennial Harbinger*, another periodical devoted to the propagation and defense of the same heresy.

The advocacy of this doctrine rendered the separation of Mr. Campbell from the Baptist Church a necessity. Although he agreed with them in reference both to the subjects and mode of baptism, yet the views held by each in regard to the design were so different as to admit of no compromise. It was, moreover, impossible for Mr. Campbell to enter any other communion. Evangelical Christians everywhere revolted at a doctrine which they regarded as an infringement on the plan of salvation. The result, therefore, was a separate organization,† styling themselves "Christians," or "Reformers," but known under the style and title of Campbellites. The Baptist Church was stronger in Kentucky than any other

*In his debate with McCalla, p. 137, he says: "He appointed baptism to be to all who believe the record he has given of his Son a formal pledge, on his part, of that believer's personal acquittal or pardon, so expressive and so significant that when the baptized believer comes up out of the water, is born of water, enters the world a second time, he enters it as innocent, as clean, as unspotted as an angel."

†Other preachers taught the same doctrine about this time, among whom Barton W. Stone was prominent.

denomination. The first planted upon its soil, it had permeated every section of the State. In its ministry were men of influence and of learning; but under the teachings of Mr. Campbell many of them turned away from the doctrines in which they had rejoiced, and openly disavowed their belief in the divine influence in the salvation of the sinner, in a divine call to the ministry, and taught, with him, that the sinner can not be pardoned except in baptism.

The effect upon the Church of such a secession among the ministry may easily be imagined. In every portion of the State Churches became disrupted—fragments broke off—and in some instances whole congregations followed the fortunes of Campbellism; and for a while the very existence of the Baptist Church in Kentucky seemed imperiled.

Emboldened by their success, their leaders turned their batteries against the other evangelical denominations.

Methodism, from the commencement of this dangerous heresy, had boldly denounced it. Coming in contact, as it does, with one of the dearest doctrines of the Church—the agency of the Spirit in the salvation of the sinner, both in his conviction for sin and his conversion to God—its fallacy was exposed in the light of revealed truth. Threatening, as Campbellism did, to overflow the State, the Methodist pulpit aided in arresting its onward tide, and checked its devastating progress. Names that are mentioned in the history of Methodism in Kentucky became immortal in this controversy, in the exposure of error and the defense of truth.

At the time when Mr. Stevenson was appointed to Mount Sterling Campbellism was in the zenith of its power. One of the ablest and most popular evangelists of that Church, beneath whose fostering care it was nurtured and had flourished, resided in the village. Methodism, too, was influential in the community, numbering two hundred white communicants. Hardly had Mr. Stevenson entered upon his work until Mr. Campbell in person visited Mount Sterling, and with an unsparing hand dealt his heaviest blows against the Methodist Church. The fields of labor hitherto occupied by Mr. Stevenson had been exempt from this controversy, and hence he had not previously been called upon to participate in the struggle. But now the scene was changed, and it became his duty to defend the doctrines he had taught. Mr. Campbell was regarded as the ablest polemic in the West. Mr. Stevenson invited him to a discussion of the several points at issue between them, but Mr. Campbell could not spare the time to debate. Unable to persuade Mr. Campbell to an oral discussion, he entered his own pulpit, and with a master hand exhibited the errors and deformities of Campbellism with inexpressible effect; and then, with a power that language can not describe, he portrayed the plan of salvation, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, adapted, as it is, to the woes and wants of a fallen world. Day after day, and night after night, he followed up the charge, until complete victory crowned his labors, and under his ministry many were added to the Church.

From Mount Sterling he returned to Lexington,

and from there to Danville and Harrodsburg, remaining in each station two years.

Having labored extensively in the northern and central portions of the State, at the conference of 1839 he was removed to Southern Kentucky, and stationed at Hopkinsville, and the following year at Russellville, in both of which charges his ministry was greatly blessed. In 1841 he was placed in charge of Hopkinsville District—on which he labored for four years—extending from Franklin to the mouth of the Cumberland, and from Madisonville to the Tennessee line. His uncompromising integrity, his fervent piety, his burning zeal, his devotion to the Church, and the clearness and force with which he presented the plan of salvation, combined to qualify him for the office of presiding elder. To him the position was a new one, but full of interest. He was in the full strength of manhood, with his hair slightly interspersed with gray; his voice was clear and musical. His entrance upon the work was hailed with delight.* The prominent stations he had filled, together with the great success that had marked his ministry, had not only won for him a cordial welcome, but had greatly animated the hopes of the Church. Extraordinary energy distinguished his entrance upon this new charge, and with commendable zeal he prosecuted his labors during the entire period of his office. Like a flame of fire he passed through

*It was our good fortune to be associated with him the first two years he traveled this district—the first as junior preacher on Elkton and Logan Circuit, the second in charge of Logan Circuit.

his extensive field, preaching with all the animation of youth and the pathos of an apostle. If error had to be combated, in his hands "the truth was mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds." To sinners he showed the "exceeding sinfulness of sin;" to the humble penitent, the cross and a forgiving Savior; and to the believer, the rewards of the blessed. In the pulpit, in the altar, in the family circle, wherever his services were needed, he was ready to work, and never seemed to grow weary. During the four years there was a net increase of more than eleven hundred members in his district.

From the Hopkinsville District we follow him to the Brook Street Station, in the city of Louisville, where he finished his work as a pastor, if we may except a single year that he spent as the presiding elder on the East Louisville District, to which he was appointed in the Autumn of 1853, and which he filled in connection with the agency of the Book Depository in Louisville. At the General Conference of 1846 he was elected secretary of the Missionary Society, and also assistant book agent—positions he filled with credit to himself and with honor to the Church.

At the expiration of his term as missionary secretary, he was re-elected assistant book agent, and placed in charge of the infant institution in the West, located in Louisville. In 1854, when the Southern Methodist Publishing House was located by the General Conference in the city of Nashville, Tennessee, he was elected as the principal agent. Although he had spent the prime of his life in the pastoral work, and consequently was not educated to

habits of business, yet the prudence and success with which, in connection with his associates, he conducted this important interest of the Church, showed that, in the choice they had made, the General Conference committed no error. The only capital he had with which to open the depository in Louisville was his high reputation as a man of probity and his untiring energy. With no other prestige, in an incredibly brief period he established a prosperous trade; and when, in 1854, the publishing house was transferred to Nashville, the house in Louisville contributed largely to its capital. His management at Nashville met with the hearty approval of the Church. Ever true to the interest confided to his trust, he guarded with anxious care the charge he had received. The duties and responsibilities of this trying position were more than equal to his waning strength. At the General Conference of 1858 he requested his brethren from Kentucky not to allow him to be nominated for re-election, that he was no longer able to serve the Church in that capacity.

Immediately after the General Conference, he was offered the presidency of the Russellville Collegiate Institute, which he accepted. He presided over this institution with great satisfaction to the Church and the community in which it is located for nearly six years, when he was released by death.

He was elected to the General Conference of 1836 and then again in 1844; he was also a member of the convention which met in Louisville in 1845, and of the General Conference of 1846, and of every General Conference from that time until his death. He

was twice married. Each wife was worthy the position she was called to fill. The first died in Harrodsburg, in 1839, in the triumphs of a victorious faith; the second in Russellville, Kentucky, February 2, 1882. He died in Russellville, Kentucky, on the 6th of July, 1864.

In 1851 Mr. Kavanaugh was sent to Winchester and Ebenezer, in Clarke County, the place of his birth. The land upon which Ebenezer Church was built was chiefly the gift of his grandfather, Dr. Hinde, and the society at that point was organized by his father. He had relatives, occupying the highest social position, scattered through the county, while among the people he was a universal favorite. Indeed, every thing seemed to combine to render this a happy year.

In 1852 he was appointed to Versailles, a town that, for beauty and culture, has but few rivals in the State of Kentucky. When he traveled on the Lexington Circuit, Versailles was an appointment in that charge, and when presiding over Lexington District, Versailles was included in that pleasant field of labor. It was the home, too, of Mrs. Kavanaugh. Every body knew him, and every body loved him. Not only was he the favorite of his Church, but admiring hundreds, not connected with any branch of the Church of Christ, waited upon his ministry and heard the Gospel from his lips.

It was while in this station that the Hon. Thomas F. Marshall perpetrated on him a piece of pleasantry that was a source of amusement to him as long as he lived. He was going to market one morning, quite

early, and passing a stable, he heard a groan, and opening the door beheld Mr. Marshall just recovering from the effects of an evening's dissipation, his clothes and hair all covered with the hay on which he had slept. Before the bishop had time to speak the ex-member of Congress said to him, "Well, bishop, you and I both resemble the Savior; you, in that you have no form nor comeliness, and I in that I have nowhere to lay my head." The bishop kindly invited him to his house, and entertained him as long as he would remain.

The session of the Kentucky Conference for 1853 was remarkably pleasant. It met in Versailles—the home of Mr. Kavanaugh—and it was here that Bishop Capers made a fruitless effort to rule him down while he was addressing the conference. The feeble health of the bishop made him restless and impatient, and his habit was, when he thought a speaker had occupied sufficient time, to invite him to sit down, which in every instance had been obeyed. A question of importance was before the body, and an exciting and interesting discussion ensued. Mr. Kavanaugh had the floor and was approaching the subject with measured step when the bishop interrupted him with the demand, "Brother Kavanaugh, you will please take your seat."

"I must respectfully decline," answered the speaker.

"But I tell you to sit down," said Bishop Capers.

"For what?" replied Mr. Kavanaugh.

"You have spoken long enough," was the answer.

"I prefer to be the judge of that myself," was Mr. Kavanaugh's prompt reply.

"I command you to take your seat," said the bishop.

"Am I out of order?" asked the speaker.

The bishop quite excitedly said:

"Nobody said you were out of order."

"Then," calmly answered Mr. Kavanaugh, with a pleasant smile, "I will not sit down until I finish what I intended to say."

"Then," replied Bishop Capers, "you will proceed and hurry through, for it will soon be time for dinner."

"I am not in the habit of hurrying," said Mr. Kavanaugh, "and do not propose to do so now."

Bishop Capers was conquered, and with a smile on his benignant face said:

"Well, take your time, Brother Kavanaugh."

"That is what I was doing," said Mr. Kavanaugh, "but you have taken so much of it that I do not know where I left off, so I must commence again at the beginning."

The bishop did not venture on a further interruption.

The General Conference for 1854 was to be held in Columbus, Georgia. The delegates elected from the Kentucky Conference were H. H. Kavanaugh, T. N. Ralston, J. C. Harrison, L. D. Huston, W. M. Grubbs, and B. T. Crouch.

The reserves were J. G. Bruce and Carlisle Babbitt.

At this conference Mr. Kavanaugh received his last appointment in the Kentucky Conference. He was returned to Versailles.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1854 TO THE
GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1858.

LATE in April, 1854, quite a number of the delegates from the Kentucky and Louisville Conferences to the General Conference, to meet in Columbus, Ga., met by previous arrangement in the city of Louisville, and embarked on a New Orleans steamer for Smithland, *en route* for Columbus, Ga. At Smithland we exchanged boats, taking a small stern-wheel boat, poorly officered, plying between Smithland and Nashville.

We reached the City of Rocks, after being out from Smithland about sixty hours, living on hard-tack. We only had time to transfer our baggage and ourselves to the Chattanooga Depot before the hour for the departure of the train.

Previous to leaving Kentucky the subject of the election of bishops, involving not only the number to be elected, but the persons on whom this distinguished honor might be conferred, was frequently canvassed by both preachers and people, while between the delegates, on their way to Columbus, there was a free interchange of sentiments.

There was no division of opinion as to the single point that one of the new bishops ought to be chosen from the Border, and that if Kentucky had a preacher

who could be elected the delegations from the two conferences, the Kentucky and Louisville, ought to contribute as far as practicable to his election.

We reached Columbus in due time.

The session was opened on the 1st day of May, Bishop Soule in the chair.

Upon reaching Columbus, it was quite perceptible that the attention of other members of the General Conference, besides those of the Kentucky and Louisville Conferences, was fixed on Mr. Kavanaugh as a suitable person to fill the office of bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Several days previous to the election, when he was advised that it was the wish of his brethren from Kentucky to place him before the Church as their choice, while expressing his pleasure at the high confidence indicated by this preference, he courteously declined their proffered assistance, and assured them that he could not consent to his name coming before the Church in any such connection; that he knew himself better than they knew him, and was too well aware of his want of qualification for such a responsibility, even if his election was possible—which he did not believe—to entertain the question for a moment; and he begged them to dismiss the subject from their thoughts. Their resolution, however, was fixed, and the greater his demurrer the more determined their purpose to adhere to him as their choice.

In the midst of their anxiety, he was appointed to preach. The evening was exceedingly sultry. He was serving on the Committee on the Book Concern, and an afternoon of close work had been performed;

and he left the committee-room much fatigued. The congregation was large, the majority of the members of the General Conference being present. He walked into the church and down the aisle in rather a sluggish manner, and ascended the pulpit at no rapid gait. After the introductory services he announced his text, and, entering upon the investigation of his subject, it soon became apparent to those who knew him that his mind had refused to perform its task. He divided his subject into three parts, and, after spending fully an hour upon the first proposition, he proceeded to the investigation of the second, handling the laboring oar with great difficulty. Finding himself unable to proceed, wandering in every direction, at the close of half an hour he closed the sermon—his brethren mortified, and the audience disappointed.

We had heard him fail on former occasions, but never so signally as on that memorable evening; nor was it difficult for any one to realize that he fell below the standard where his reputation placed him. Unsatisfactory as was his effort, it nevertheless contained much that could have emanated only from a masterly intellect.

The General Conference decided to elect three additional bishops; and Friday, the 19th of May, was fixed as the time when the election should take place. George Foster Pierce, of Georgia; John Early, of Virginia; and Hubbard Hinde Kavanaugh, of Kentucky, were elected.

George Foster Pierce is among the brightest lights of the American pulpit. He was born in Greene County, Georgia, February 3, 1811. His father, the

Rev. Lovick Pierce, was at that time the presiding elder on the Oconee District, South Carolina Conference. He not only impressed upon the mind and heart of his son the importance of religious truth, but made him familiar from early childhood with the doctrines and polity of the Methodist Church as laid down in the Book of Discipline.

In 1826, when only fifteen years of age, in Athens, Georgia, he joined the Church around whose altars he had been brought up, and on the fifth of October of that year he was soundly converted to God.

In March, 1830, then nineteen years of age, he was licensed to preach in Eatonton, Georgia, by the Rev. William Arnold.

He was the grandson of George Foster, an excellent citizen of Georgia, and the nephew of the Hon. Thomas F. Foster, one of the most eminent lawyers in the State.

At the age of eighteen he graduated with honor at Franklin College, Georgia, and at once entered the office of his distinguished uncle with the purpose of studying law; but the conviction upon his mind that it was his duty to bear the standard of the cross to the perishing sons and daughters of sin induced him to turn aside from a profession that offered him wealth and fame, and in 1831 we find his name enrolled among the preachers of the Georgia Conference. His first appointment was to the Alcovi Circuit, in the Milledgeville District, as the colleague of Jeremiah Freeman, and in 1832 we find him in the elegant city of Augusta, as the junior preacher with James O. Andrew, who was that year elected bishop, thus

leaving his young colleague in charge of the station. The following year the city of Savannah was the field of his conflicts and triumphs.

In 1834 he was transferred to the South Carolina Conference, and with W. M. Kennedy and C. W. Martin was stationed in the city of Charleston. He remained there but a single year, when he returned to Georgia and was again appointed to Augusta, while his gifted father had charge of the district as presiding elder.

In 1836 he became the leader of the hosts on the Augusta District, where for two years he carried the tidings of a Redeemer's love to the homes of the rich and to the cabins of the poor, to the master and the slave, having associated with him in this blessed work such men as William P. Arnold, Whiteford Smith, John P. Duncan, Isaac Boring, and Walter P. Branham.

At the conference of 1838 he was placed in charge of Georgia Female College as its president, over which for two years he presided with distinguished honor to himself and with blessing to the Church. In 1840, to place this institution upon a firmer foundation, he retired from the presidency and became the agent.

Devoted to the pastoral work, in 1841 he had charge of the Church in Macon, and the two years following in his much-loved Augusta. In 1845 and 1846 he was the presiding elder on the Augusta District, from which, in 1847, he retired, and was stationed in Columbus. The following year he became the president of Emory College, located at Oxford,

Georgia, over which he continued to preside until the General Conference of 1854, when he was elevated to the episcopal office, receiving his consecration at the same altar where, a few years before he had ministered as a pastor.

Since the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States no man had been elected a bishop who brought to the office talents of a higher order or more varied for the responsible duties of this position than George Foster Pierce.

From the time he entered the ministry he gave great promise of usefulness. Whether upon the *Alcovi Circuit*, where he won his earliest trophies for his Master, or in the cities of Augusta, Charleston, and Macon, where to listening hundreds he broke the bread of life, or whether on the *Augusta District*, where thousands hung in rapt silence on his lips, or in the cabins of the negro or in the city of Columbus, where he gathered his latest laurels as a pastor, or as president of the *Female College at Macon*, or at *Emory College at Oxford*, everywhere he made full proof of his ministry and won souls to Christ.

In 1840 he made his first appearance in a General Conference and served on the Committee on Centenary Subscriptions. The session was held in Baltimore, where, by his great modesty, no less than by his extraordinary talents, he won golden opinions.

In 1844 he was again elected to the General Conference, and, although only thirty-three years of age, was the leader of the delegation, although that delegation was composed of such men as William J. Parks, Lovick Pierce, J. W. Glenn, James E. Evans, and

A. B. Longstreet. The session was a protracted one, and resulted in the disruption of the Church. His speech on that occasion, in the case of Bishop Andrew, whom he had known and loved from his childhood, and whose colleague he had been in his youth, for purity of thought and for richness and beauty of style, delivered with all the force and power of the true orator, has perhaps never been excelled.

From that moment he became known not only to the Church, but to the country at large, as one of the first orators, as well as one of the ablest divines, upon the American continent.

It was during the session of this General Conference that the anniversary of the American Bible Society was held in the city of New York. The place of its meeting was Rev. Dr. Springer's Church, known as the Broadway Tabernacle. The speakers on the occasion were the most distinguished clergymen and laymen in the North. Boston, New Haven, and Philadelphia were represented. Among the laymen who bore a prominent part on that occasion was Theodore Frelinghuysen, then before the people of the United States, an aspirant to the office of Vice-president. Under the eloquent and thrilling speeches the crowded audience had been wrought up to a state of feeling beyond which it seemed impossible they could be carried. Mr. Pierce was the youngest speaker, and his speech would close the exercises of the evening. His youthful appearance and his slender form, together with the task of following the distinguished speakers who had preceded him, at once won upon the sympathy of the vast audience. But when they

listened for a few moments to his soft and pleasant voice, whose dulcet strains in his own sunny land had so often held thousands in rapt attention, and heard words of burning eloquence such as they had never heard before, every face became damp with tears, and every heart was thrilled with joy. "For one hour," said the eloquent Bascom to a friend, "he held over that polished and refined audience a control such as I had never witnessed anywhere before." His venerable father was present, and was asked at the conclusion by Mr. Kavanaugh if he had ever heard the like before, to which he replied, "*Yes; I hear George frequently.*"

It was at the Louisville convention where we first saw Mr. Pierce. Indeed, we had been so charmed from what we had read of him and heard from Dr. Bascom and others, that our anxiety to attend the convention was more to see and hear him than for any other purpose. We were present at every speech he delivered, and on each occasion when he preached. We will not forget while we live his earnest appeal to the convention to protect the South from the encroachments of fanaticism, when he said, "I beseech you to interpose no let or barrier that will hinder me from kneeling by the bedside of the dying negro, that I may point his fading eyes to the land of immortality and to his home beyond the grave." Nor will we ever forget his sermon in Shelby Street Church, on taking up and bearing the cross, preached during his stay in Louisville.

As a bishop for thirty years he has been before the Church in labors abundant, traveling extensively,

not only through all the territory of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, but often into the Northern States, everywhere proclaiming the Gospel of Christ, offering hope to the despairing, salvation to the lost, and life to the dead.

We have heard him preach often, and on occasions of every kind. We have heard him when his voice was persuasive and soft as the evening zephyr, touching the tenderest sympathies, and almost imperceptibly compelling resolutions to a better life. We have heard him, too, when, as bends the forest before the storm, so sinners fell before the mighty truths he spoke. We have heard him tell of the agonies of the lost until their wailings seemed to fall upon our ears, and have listened to his descriptions of the forever blessed until we could almost feel the soft brush of angels' wings, and hear the songs of the redeemed and saved.

He is a faithful preacher. The sermon he preached in the exposition building in Nashville, in May, 1875, will not soon be forgotten by those who heard him. Messrs. Whittle and Bliss had for several weeks held religious service, and while they exalted *faith*, they entirely ignored *repentance*, as well as the doctrine of Christian assurance. It was Sunday evening, and the weather inclement. The announcement that Bishop Pierce would preach brought together a large audience. He was aware that the Gospel had been but partially taught during the meeting, and "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn" he brought to the front these cardinal truths of the Word of God, and imbedded them into the minds and hearts of his hearers.

There are, however, occasions, when worn down with protracted pulpit labor, he fails to meet the expectations of his hearers. An instance of this kind once occurred in Arkansas. Accompanied by his little grandson, a lad of perhaps twelve Summers, he was traveling through that State, and preaching to delighted audiences. In a small village, he had preached with less than his usual power. Returning from Church, a couple of gentlemen animadverted freely on the preacher and the sermon.

"He is not the eloquent preacher I had hoped to hear," said one of them. "Nor did he come up to my expectations," replied the other.

His little grandson had fallen some distance behind the bishop, and overheard what he regarded as unjust criticisms, and unable to restrain his indignation, replied: "Grandpa does not always do his best in these one-horse towns." The gentlemen accepted the situation, and said nothing more.

He has entered life's "sere and yellow leaf," and although the rose is fading from his cheek, yet his eye kindles with the same luster; while the same eloquent and burning words, inspired by the same holy zeal, that fell from his lips in the long ago, still kindle new rapture in the hearts of admiring thousands who are favored with his ministry.

"John Early was born in Bedford County, Virginia, January 1, 1786, and died in the city of Lynchburg, Virginia, on the morning of November 5, 1873; aged eighty-seven years, ten months, and four days. He was converted April 22, 1804, under the ministry of the Rev. Stith Mead. His parents were Baptists,

but he united with the Methodists, and gave early promise of his devotion to the Master's cause. 'In 1806 he was licensed to preach. Among those who received the benefit of his first labors were the slaves of President Jefferson. He began his ministry by preaching the Gospel to the poor, and doing the duty that lay next to him.'

"After a few rounds on the Bedford Circuit, under the direction of the presiding elder, he was recommended for the work of the itinerant ministry and admitted on trial into the Virginia Conference, February, 1807. The conference embraced at that time a large portion of the State of North Carolina, and its session was held in New Berne. Then and there, with sixteen other young men, John Early was enrolled as a Methodist itinerant preacher. In 1809 he was admitted into full connection into the conference and ordained deacon; after two years farther probation he was ordained elder. His appointments were: 1807, Cumberland Circuit, Richmond District, Archibald Alexander, John Early; 1808, Camden Circuit, Norfolk District, Benjamin Devany, John Early; 1809, Tar River Circuit, New Berne District; 1810, Caswell Circuit, Raleigh District; 1811-12, Greensville Circuit, Meherrin District. In each of the last four appointments there were also two preachers, but John Early's name stands first, showing that from the date of his deaconate he was put in charge of work.

"Bishop Asbury and Bishop McKendree perceived his administrative ability, and in 1813-14 he appears on the Minutes as presiding elder of the Meherrin District, reaching from Richmond to Lynchburg.

"In 1815 he located—a step not uncommon in that day, whenever the care of a family came upon the preacher, and one necessitated by the inadequate support furnished by the Church.

"In 1821, however, he reappears as presiding elder of his old district, and continued such for three years. In this field of labor his zeal flamed out afresh, and was crowned with abundant fruits. Great and gracious revivals succeeded each other on the various circuits, and hundreds of souls were converted. He describes it as 'a time of unction generally.' He was 'like a general with his eye on the whole field, and pushing the battle all along the line.' He not only wrought himself, but he energized other workers. He formed five branches of the Missionary Society, and projected four others, thus kindling the missionary spirit throughout his district. As a revelation of his own interest in and appreciation of the missionary work, we quote the following from his own language of that period: 'Cold is the heart that takes no interest in the missionary cause, especially if it be found among the prophets. Let my right hand forget its cunning if I forget thee, O Jerusalem! Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.' These words from his own pen reveal his spirit, and furnish the clew to his after zeal and wonderful success in the work of the ministry.

"On the Greensville Circuit he received five hundred members into the Church, and at the ever-memorable camp-meeting held at Prospect, in Prince Edward County, Virginia, it is said one thousand persons

were converted. Weems, in his 'Life of Washington,' and who was present at the camp-meeting, makes special mention of its extraordinary power.

"From 1824 to 1826, inclusive, he was conference missionary; in 1827 one of three preachers on Bedford Circuit, and in 1828 he was left without appointment, at his own request. From 1829 to 1832 he was again at work as presiding elder. From 1833 to 1840, inclusive, he was agent for Randolph Macon College. He was one of a committee, in 1825, who drew up a report on education, out of which the college grew. He was for many years the president of its board of trustees.

"From 1841 to 1846 he again appears as presiding elder on the Lynchburg and Petersburg Districts. This brought him down to the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in Petersburg in 1846.

"In 1812, six years after his entrance into this conference, he was sent as one of eleven delegates to the first delegated General Conference, which convened in the city of New York. He was a member of the General Conferences of 1828-32-36-40-44. To his practical wisdom we owe what has been aptly termed 'those time-saving and convenient institutions'—standing committees.

"The first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which convened in Petersburg in 1846, resolved to enterprise a book agency. The Northern Book Concern not having paid us our share, we were without money to start it. The demands of the Church for our publications, however,

required the enterprise, and its inauguration required a man of superior tact, judgment, and capacity. Attention was at once directed to the Rev. John Early as the man needed, and he was accordingly elected. He opened his office in Richmond, and carried on the work successfully until 1854, when the Publishing House was established in Nashville. From this agency he passed into the episcopacy."

Such were the men who were elevated to the episcopal office at the same time with Mr. Kavanaugh, who was not the inferior of either of his distinguished colleagues.

On Tuesday, the 25th of May, the ordination took place. George F. Pierce was presented by his father, Dr. Lovick Pierce; John Early, by Dr. William Wilians; and Hubbard H. Kavanaugh, by Dr. Edward Stevenson.

On the Sunday following the election of Mr. Kavanaugh he preached the second time in Columbus. The audience was large, attracted to the place of worship by the fame of the preacher. From the commencement to the close of the sermon the newly elected bishop was at ease. His text was Romans vi, 23: "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord." We had never seen him more at ease than on this occasion. When he spoke of "death" eternal, the regions of the damned seemed exposed, and, standing on the fire-crested battlements of hell, he pointed to the burning lake, in which the lost were writhing in agony and woe. Then, when he told of the "gift of God," eternal life, the gates of heaven

appeared to open, and all its glories unfolding, while in our imagination songs of triumph falling from the lips of the redeemed filled the house with sweetest melody, and an inspiration akin to that blessed world thrilled every heart.

Rev. Mr. Dibrell, of Virginia, was sitting by our side; and ever and anon, as the preacher ascended higher and higher, he would touch us and ask, "*Can he do that again?*"

Mrs. Kavanaugh had accompanied her husband to Columbus, and several weeks elapsed before his return to his home.

In Kentucky his election was hailed with gladness. It found an echo, not only in the Church of which he was a member, but among all denominations of Christian people, while the secular press throughout the State expressed the gratification of those who had known him long and well.

The *Western Recorder*, a Baptist paper, said of him:

"This able and eloquent Methodist minister, so well known and so much beloved and admired in Kentucky, has been elected and consecrated bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. If such an office can be filled with divine acceptance, and for the advancement of vital godliness, we confidently predict it will be so filled by Bishop Kavanaugh.

"We have been accustomed to hear him preach from our boyhood; and few men have we ever heard with so much pleasure and profit. We have always regarded him as the strongest man in the Methodist pulpit in Kentucky, not excepting Bishop Bascom, who, out of the pulpit, as an orator *sui generis*, we

admire above all men we ever heard or whose orations we ever read. Bishop Kavanaugh is a Gospel preacher. Christ and his cross are prominent in all his sermons. He is a man of less sectarian bigotry than most of his brethren; indeed, he is always kind and courteous in his intercourse with ministers and individuals of other persuasions. He will elevate and adorn his new office."

On his return to Kentucky he was greeted everywhere with a cordiality that would have taxed the modesty of any sensitive man.

In the plan of episcopal visitation there were four conferences assigned Bishop Kavanaugh—the Missouri, St. Louis, Indian Mission, and Wachita.

The Missouri Conference, the first he attended, was to be held in Brunswick, Mo.—the time, October 11th. On his way to Brunswick he stopped in St. Louis, with his brother, Rev. B. T. Kavanaugh, where he spent a week, preaching several times during his stay. He was in the maturity of his manhood, full of life, full of health, full of the Holy Ghost and power. Many persons called to see him, and all left charmed with his fine social qualities and extraordinary gifts.

He reached Brunswick in good time. Presiding over an annual conference was to him something new, and not without its embarrassments. He, however, performed the duties of chairman, if not always as a strict parliamentarian, yet with a reference to what was right.

In the stationing room he was distinguished for his tenderness, and had a proper regard, on one hand,

for the wants and demands of the Church, and, on the other, for the preachers and their families.

After the close of the conference the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* said of him: "This was Bishop Kavanaugh's first conference. He acquitted himself with credit to the Church and great satisfaction to the conference. His pulpit labors were particularly happy and successful; while as a Christian gentleman, a faithful preacher of the Gospel, and a presiding officer, he left the odor of a good name."

The St. Louis Conference was held in Jefferson City, commencing October 25th, where both the preachers and the people were delighted with him.

From Jefferson City he went to the Cherokee Nation, to attend the Indian Mission Conference, to be held at Riley's Chapel, November 16th. All along the route he preached to the people, leaving behind him everywhere an impression for good; and from thence to the Wachita Conference, December 6th, at Washington, Ark., receiving at each place the unqualified indorsement of his brethren.

Mrs. Kavanaugh accompanied him on this episcopal tour; and by the suavity of her manners, her fine conversational powers, and her love and zeal for the Church, contributed much to the success of her husband.

He had hitherto been confined in his ministerial labors to a circumscribed field, but now his parish is only bounded by the limits of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, extending from the Chesapeake Bay to the city of San Francisco, and from the orange groves of Florida to the snow-capped mountains

of Montana. His childhood, his youth, his early and mature manhood, together with his labors, whether in rural places or in cities or as presiding elder, have already passed in review before us. He has been elevated to the highest office within the gift of the Church, and whether he will meet the demands and expectations of his brethren is yet to be determined.

He has entered upon his episcopal work, and the annual conferences he has attended plainly indicate that no mistake was made in the preference expressed by the General Conference.

In 1855 he was assigned to the Tennessee, Memphis, Mississippi, and Louisiana Conferences.

In this tour Bishop Soule was associated with him, although unable to perform episcopal labor.

The Tennessee Conference met in the city of Nashville October 10th, and after a session of eight days adjourned. Bishop Kavanaugh displayed as president much patience and Christian meekness, and favorably impressed the members of the conference and spectators.

The Memphis Conference was appointed for October 31st, but in consequence of sickness in the city of Memphis it was postponed to the 14th of November. The session was "a powerful and harmonious one." The editor of the *Memphis Advocate* says: "The impression produced by Bishop Kavanaugh on the conference, the Church, and the community will tell for the interests of Methodism for a long time to come." His preaching while in Memphis left a good impression.

The Mississippi and Louisiana Conferences were delighted with Bishop Kavanaugh. His labors were not confined to the older conferences. California shared largely in the benefits of his ministry. His first visit to the Pacific coast was made in 1856. In the Summer of that year, while in San Francisco, the *California Christian Advocate*, published in that city, says :

“Bishop Kavanaugh, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who has been spending some months on this coast, passed the last Sabbath in this city. He has now spent two Sabbaths in San Francisco, and in each instance has occupied the pulpits of the Methodist Episcopal Churches. His discourses have been marked by purity of sentiment, felicity of expression, beauty and force of illustration, and a most refreshing unction. His claim to the apostolical succession is valid, and his labors among us have heightened our estimate of ‘Christianity in earnest,’ as a divinely instituted agency for the saving of men. He is doing the work of an evangelist in the State; everywhere diffusing the savor of a kindly Christian influence, tending to the harmony and consequent efficiency of Methodism in the land.”

While in California he was not idle. He traveled extensively and preached constantly; not only in the towns and cities, but in rural districts his voice was heard in thunder tones calling sinners to repentance. He attended several camp-meetings, one of which was near Vallicita, where the camps were rudely constructed and scarcely covered at all, but where the presence and power of God were manifested in the awakening and conversion of souls.

Bishop Kavanaugh, from his early ministry, had been accustomed to camp-meetings. In the primeval forests of his native State camp-meetings had been held, and much of his ministry had been given to these occasions, and in California he was perfectly at home in the rude tents pitched in the grove. Here he could preach on his favorite themes—the character and attributes of God, the depravity of man, the atonement, justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit, and free grace in contradistinction to the Calvinistic theory of election. Amid its hills and valleys he could offer hope and happiness and heaven, and riches more enduring than its mines contained. His ministry in California was greatly blessed. In 1857 his work included the Arkansas and Texas Conferences. He made the tour overland in his own barouche, driven by Charlie Milward, his relative, with Howard Henderson as his companion, who gives the following account:

“The Arkansas Conference met at Jacksonport, then a struggling frontier village, where primitive simplicity had residence and pioneer hospitality hung its latch-string, like the Percys of Northumberland, their banners, on the outer walls.”

On Sunday the bishop preached an able sermon, two hours in length, in an immense cotton-shed, in which “he developed the whole plan of salvation in a close, analytical, and argumentative way, very satisfactory to dogmatists and polemicists, but neither with graphic, pathetic, nor rhetorical powers made an impression.”

On Tuesday evening following he preached again,

and almost from the first sentence captured every heart, continuing to ascend in a series of thrilling climaxes, piling Chimborazian peaks upon Himalayan heights, Apennines upon Alps, until it seemed as if he might have pushed ajar the gates of glory. His answer to the inquiry, 'Who is God?' could scarcely be excelled by an archangelic Apollos. He portrayed the Almighty as sublime in an infinite solitude; then as creating the morning stars and the sons of the morning to make a mighty orchestra and choir with which to celebrate the stupendous work of creation. The Almighty girded himself for the task and rolled shining systems, rising and setting constellations, phosphorescent stars and incandescent comets from his hand until the darkness of infinite space glowed with suns, plowing furrows of light from flashing plowshares through a wilderness of night. Man came fresh from his molding hand, and paradise grew verdant and flowering as a divine breath of beauty blew over the undulating landscape. Eve, blushing in bridal loveliness, stood by the side of the lord of Eden. Then came a grand description of the fall, the promise, and its realization in the cradle, cross, and crown of Christ; old mother earth rolled in the wild delirium of its latter end, and earth and ocean became prolific in resurrection power, as the trumpet of the archangel pealed its waking thunders through the grim caverns and catacombs of the dead. The banners of heaven were unfurled, the seraphic and cherubic choirs were marshaled, and the Captain of salvation, charioted on the clouds, and attended by celestial cohorts, and the minstrelsy of harps and

harmonized halleluiahs concerted the mighty symphony. From star to star spread the final conflagration, lighted by the incendiary suns, until the red light of judgment-day glowered and made all space crimson with the glare of penal fires; hurtling thunders rolled and roared, and forked and flashing lightnings 'painted hell on the sky.' The risen saints joined the convoy; the wicked were doomed and went howling down to hell, scourged to their dungeon by scorpion stings swung by avenging angels. The pearly gates of heaven swung back on golden hinges; the plains of light stood thickly ranked with the deep files of the triumphant Church; Israel chimed the song of Moses, and concentric circles of glorified immortals, redeemed by the blood of Christ, chanted with seven-fold thunder of praise and adulation the anthem, 'Worthy is the lamb that was slain.' The building seemed to tremble as if shouldered and shaken by an earthquake, as the glowing periods leaped in living language from the lissom lips of the inspired preacher.

"At this remote day it seems as though my pencil would melt did I attempt to drive it to the task of writing the ardent climaxes and peroration, the greatest piece of eloquence I ever heard breathed in words. I have never since, from *any* man in Senate, on hustings, on platform, or in pulpit, heard such oratory. It was *more* than Miltonic—it was angelic. The bishop never transcended this effort. The feeling was too intense for utterance; all were silent and every person seemed statuesque before this Niagara of eloquence. The pent-up emotions of the crowded con-

gregation found vent in song which rolled in ocean surges. I would travel five hundred miles to hear the like again. And when the good man returned to his room he seemed as simple as a child, and perfectly unconscious of the mighty spell with which he had entranced his hearers. I have heard the bishop often since, when he delighted vast congregations, but such an effort can scarcely be possible to a man more than once in a life-time. I saw him bend the knee, and as he prayed I sat in silent awe as with mental petitions he claimed and caught the ear of God. I would not at that moment have been much surprised to have seen the flaming chariot and fiery steeds that alighted at Elijah's feet come sweeping down to claim the great preacher as a passenger."

From Jacksonport he attended the East Texas Conference, which met at Rusk. J. M. Binkley was then a young man, just entering upon the labors of an itinerant preacher. He had never seen a bishop until he looked upon Bishop Kavanaugh. It is not surprising that he was charmed with him at a single glance. As he drew closer, and beheld him so gentle in the chair, so pleasant in conversation, so accessible to the humblest preacher, his heart was completely won. He dined at Binkley's conference home. At the table he was the center of attraction.

Addressing his conversation to two young preachers who were present, he said:

"Well, my young brethren, are you here to take work?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"We do not know," answered one of them.

"Perhaps," said the bishop, "you are like a young man in Arkansas, who, when his appointment was read out, rose up and thanked God that there was any place for him."

He gave them *work*. Mr. Binkley's circuit embraced *twenty-three* preaching places, and that of his friend *eighteen*.

His first appearance in the pulpit at this conference was to conclude the service at the close of a funeral sermon. The exhortation "was powerful, grand, sublime," bearing the audience away to "fairer worlds on high."

Thursday, the 25th of November, was Thanksgiving-day, appointed by the President of the United States, as well as by the governor of Texas. Bishop Kavanaugh preached. His text was Psalm lxxv, 9-11: "Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof."

"This," writes Mr. Binkley, "was the most powerful and overwhelming sermon I ever heard. He carried all with him; nor have I ever on any other occasion witnessed such an effect as was at that time produced. The audience were completely overcome by a power that was more than human. Some laughed, others shouted or wept, while many rose to their feet, and some fell as dead men fall in battle."

He adds: "I was watching my presiding elder, who was a strong man every way. For some time he was calm, and seemed resolved not to yield to the tide that was sweeping over the assembly; but unable to hold out longer, he, too, yielded, and praised God aloud. Twenty-seven years have come and gone since then, but never have I heard that sermon surpassed for its grand thoughts, its unction, and its power.

"In 1881 he was with us at Greenville, Texas, for the last time, and preached on Sunday, at eleven o'clock. His text was John i, 14: 'And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' For an hour and twenty minutes the 'old man eloquent' held spell-bound the vast assembly—his imagination vivid, his voice clear, his strength unimpaired. It was good to be there. His peroration was thrilling. He lifted us all in fancy to the fadeless glories of the heavenly world, and concluded by exclaiming, 'When I reach heaven I will shout, Alleluia.'"

CHAPTER XII.

*FROM THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1858 TO THE
GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1870.*

THE General Conference of 1858 met in Nashville, Tennessee. During the session Bishop Kavanaugh was domiciled in the pleasant family of William K. McCallister, by whom he has always been held in kind remembrance.

In referring to the bishop as a preacher on that occasion, the Rev. Josephus Anderson, D. D., writes:

“In 1858 the first Sunday of the General Conference found several delegates somewhat hesitating about where to attend public worship, so many great men preaching in the city. I decided to hear Bishop Kavanaugh, but my friend, Rev. S. P. Richardson, said I had made a mistake. He thought the bishop could not preach. He formed his opinion from the bishop’s looks, and ridiculed the idea that such a looking man could succeed in the pulpit. But I went, and when I returned and reported what a grand sermon I had heard, my colleague said, ‘O, Anderson! I know how it was. That man wound up with a talk about heaven, which made you feel good, and you thought it a great sermon. But he can’t preach.’ The next Sunday, Brother Richardson was induced to hear the bishop, and he came back filled with wonder and enthusiasm. Bishop Kavanaugh completely captured

him. He thought his sermon one of the grandest displays of eloquence to which he ever listened. He was indeed sublime in his best efforts. His mind arose with the sweep of an eagle's wing. In towering majesty he soared aloft, and bore his hearers into the dazzling heights of sunny radiance, far away from the range of common thought. But he was great in goodness, in transparent simplicity of pure goodness. Where is his enemy? Who ever heard a word against him? And yet he was brave and true. Thanks be unto God that he lived in my time, and I had the pleasure of his friendship."

The Kentucky Conference for this year met in Millersburg, Kentucky, commencing September 1st. Since his election Bishop Kavanaugh had not presided over the conference of which he had been a member. His presence among his old comrades was hailed with pleasure, and never, perhaps, had he felt more perfectly at home. The business was dispatched with ease, and every one regarded him as a brother and a friend. In the pulpit he measured up to his best efforts of former years, while in the social circle he had lost none of that affability for which he had always been distinguished.

From the Kentucky Conference he went to Western Virginia, and from thence to the Louisville, where the same welcome awaited him. If in the chair he did not excel as a presiding officer, he made up the difference by the suavity of his manners, and his gentle and kind consideration of the members of the body.

He attended the Virginia Conference, held in

Portsmouth, and was perfectly charmed with the members, and afterwards said of them, "they are all good debaters;" and from thence to North Carolina, which closed his tour, preaching everywhere to the delight and profit of both preachers and people.

In 1859 Bishop Kavanaugh was sick a great portion of the year. He only attended the Georgia, the Alabama, and the Florida Conferences, and was able to preach but little. His health being restored the following year, we find him presiding at the Missouri, the St. Louis, Kansas Mission, Arkansas, and Indian Mission Conferences, and preaching with his accustomed frequency and power.

The year 1861 will long be memorable for the inauguration of the civil war that drenched our land with blood, spreading ruin throughout the country, desolating homes, making thousands of widows and orphans, and maiming hundreds of our fellow-citizens.

From the inauguration of President Lincoln the signs looked to war between the two sections of the government of the United States. The army and navy establishments were ominously busy. President Lincoln, although silent as to his policy, yet was sending war steamers with men and provisions South. Some of the Southern States had already seceded. In the meantime provisions and communications with the government at Washington had been cut off from Fort Sumter.

On the 8th of April, General Beauregard, from Charleston, South Carolina, telegraphed L. P. Walker, secretary of war, that "an authorized messenger from President Lincoln had just informed Governor Pickens

and myself (himself) that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force." Upon which the secretary of war instructed General Beauregard to demand the evacuation of the fort. On the 11th the demand was made.

Major Anderson, who was in command of Fort Sumter, declined compliance.

On the morning of April 12th, at 4 o'clock, the batteries of Sullivan's Island, Man's Island, and other points were opened on Fort Sumter, while Fort Sumter returned the fire. On the 13th, at 1.30 o'clock, the flag of the Confederate States was floating over the walls of Fort Sumter.

The excitement was not only intense throughout the South, but the entire country was aroused, and indications of a long and bloody war were apparent.

On Monday, the 15th of April, the bishops met in the city of Nashville, and arranged the plan of episcopal visitation for the current year.

The episcopal district assigned to Bishop Kavanaugh included the Wachita, Memphis, Georgia, and Florida Conferences, but owing to the distracted state of the country he could not attend either of these. He confined his labors this year to Kentucky, while Bishop Paine, who was to have presided at the Kentucky and Louisville Conferences, remained in the South.

The Kentucky Conference met in Paris, October 1st. Colonel Rousseau had organized in Indiana a regiment of soldiers for the federal army, and Kentucky had been invaded. The entire State was astir with excitement, and men scarcely knew whom to

trust. The sentiment of the commonwealth was divided, the feeling in favor of the South predominating, and the members of the Kentucky Conference were far from being in harmony.

While Bishop Kavanaugh took no active part in the controversy, his sympathies were with the South. The conference session was an exciting one. The bishop, however, presided so impartially, not only in the chair, but in the stationing-room, that no one, not even a partisan, could complain of any want of fairness.

On one occasion a member of the body, well known for his want of energy, was addressing the conference in a very sluggish manner, when the bishop, anxious to get the question fully before the conference, said, "Brother, come to the point." "I am coming to it, bishop," said the preacher; "but, like yourself, I make haste slowly." No one enjoyed the reply more than Bishop Kavanaugh.

The session of the Louisville Conference, which met in the city of Louisville a few weeks later, was a still more exciting one. Nearly one-half the body was inside the Confederate lines, and could not be present. Armed soldiers in large numbers, together with epauletted gentlemen, were in constant attendance, ready to avail themselves of the least excuse to create disturbance. To carry the business of the conference through safely, required great prudence, combined with dauntless courage. Bishop Kavanaugh was not wanting in either. His level brain and sound judgment were equal to the emergency. With marked ability he defended the right of opinion and the right

of speech, and dared discharge the duties of his office in the face of any interference that might confront him.

In its early history, Kentucky was styled the dark and bloody ground, and so it was; but no greater calamity could have befallen either the commonwealth or the Church than the division at this period of the Kentucky and Louisville Conferences on partisan platforms, growing out of the sympathies of the members with the North or the South. Bishop Kavanaugh enjoyed the confidence of both parties, and with a firm grasp and steady hand guided the ship amid the perils of the storm to a safe harbor, yet never making any compromise of the Church, nor submitting to any infraction of its laws.

His labors, if not confined to Kentucky during that bloody period, were largely spent in the State, and to his skill, his inflexible integrity, and conciliatory administration is the Church on the border indebted for its elevated position and commanding influence to-day.

From 1861 to 1866, the period covering the civil war, the confused state of the country frequently hindered the meeting of the annual conferences; and, if held, in many instances no minutes have been preserved.

In 1862, the General Conference, which was to have met in the city of New Orleans, did not convene, owing to the military occupancy of that city by federal troops; nor have we any account of Bishop Kavanaugh attending any conference that year. But, in 1863, he presided over the Kentucky Conference, held in Shelbyville, commencing September 16th. The session was not harmonious. The war was still rag-

ing, and Kentucky being a border State, sentiment was still greatly divided, each party tenaciously holding to their opinions.

Never in all his life was Bishop Kavanaugh calmer or more composed than during these trying times. Impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar when convinced that he was right, no power could move him. He weighed well his purposes, and dared to act regardless of frowns or threats, and no example is on record showing the least vacillation on his part.

During the session of the conference, he and his wife were the guests of Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, at Science Hill Academy, their life-long friend. Between John Tevis, who had died January 26, 1861, and Bishop Kavanaugh there had existed for many years the warmest friendship and the closest confidence, while the same fond relations marked the intercourse of Mrs. Tevis and Mrs. Kavanaugh.

The trials on the part of the bishop were greatly increased by the illness of his wife. She was taken sick during the session of the conference, and while her disease at first seemed disposed to yield to medical treatment, the symptoms soon became alarming, and on the 7th of October she gently fell asleep in Jesus. The bereavement was great—the strong man was bowed in grief. For thirty-five years she had been the light of his home and the joy of his heart. He had rested beneath the radiance of her smiles, and been supported by her in his arduous work. She had accompanied him on his episcopal tours, and been the companion of his joys and his sorrows. But now he is left to battle alone. His children had one by one

passed away, and he must confront difficulties with no guiding hand but that of his Heavenly Father. The remains of Mrs. Kavanaugh were carried to Versailles, where she was buried.

When they laid her away, many wept. Among the mourners, Hon. T. F. Marshall was conspicuous. When all others had left the grave, he, with the bishop, remained. Taking Bishop Kavanaugh by the hand, Mr. Marshall said: "Here lies the best and noblest woman that ever lived." And why not this tribute from this gifted yet erring son of Kentucky? Mrs. Kavanaugh had tried to win him back from a life of dissipation. Noble woman! graceful and accomplished, rarely gifted and deeply pious, she lent a charm to every circle in which she moved.

Bishop Kavanaugh remained in Kentucky after the death of Mrs. Kavanaugh until the following spring, when he was requested to visit California and look after the interests of the Church in that State, and to hold a session of the Pacific Conference.

While there, "he preached all over the land." While attending the Calaveras Camp-meeting, in July, 1864, he was suddenly confronted by a provost guard and placed under arrest. In the archives of Trinity Church, in San Francisco, may be found the following lucid statement of the whole affair from his own hand, as published in San Francisco at that date:

TO THE PUBLIC.

"It is well known to the public that I was recently arrested by the military authorities on this coast, and was required to answer to certain charges

preferred against me by persons even now unknown to me.

“If I were but a private individual, holding no official position in the Church with which I am connected, I should perhaps deem it best to remain content with the vindication of my conduct, as established by the investigation before Generals Mason and McDowell; but claiming, as I do, to be a minister of Christ, and clothed as I am with the high functions of a bishop in the Church, whose duty it is, by precept and example, to inculcate the lessons taught by my Divine Master, I owe it to the cause of religion and truth, and to my high and sacred calling, to explain to the public frankly and in all humility the circumstances connected with my arrest. The very fact of my arrest implies a suspicion of improper conduct on my part, and it is due to the Church of which I am a minister that I should explain the circumstances, that no reproach may rest upon the cause of the religion which I profess to teach and practice. In making this publication, I have no motive but to vindicate myself from suspicion and my high office from reproach; and I do it with no feelings of querulous complaint against the military authorities, by all of whom I was treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness.

“With this preliminary explanation, I now proceed to state that, while I was in attendance at a camp-meeting, some thirty miles from Stockton, at the ranch of Mr. Black, on the road to Copperopolis from the city of Stockton, on the 19th day of July, and shortly before I had an appointment to preach, I was

approached by Capt. Jackson, provost marshal of the Southern District of California, who took me aside, with one of my brethren in the ministry (the Rev. Mr. Burchard), and said he was ordered to arrest me, and to take possession of my person and property and take me to San Francisco. I told him I would go with him. On being informed that I had an appointment to preach at the hour of 11 o'clock, he said I could do so, and he would stay and hear me. After the 11 o'clock services, we dined at Mr. Black's, after which the captain asked me to meet him on the boat for San Francisco at 4 o'clock on the next day at Stockton, which I assured him I would do, and did so accordingly.

"From the time of my arrest, the captain, for the sake of quietude and peace, enjoined secrecy upon me and my friends as to the arrest, until I should reach Stockton. To this request I yielded my full consent, as I neither wished to be the cause or the occasion of any trouble to the authorities or people of California, and carefully observed the injunction. I accompanied the provost marshal to this city. On parting on the the boat in the morning, he requested me to meet him at his office at twelve o'clock. I complied with this request, when he told me he was required to examine my baggage, my letters, etc., which he did in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Brown, of this city, and myself. He did this office with all the delicacy he could, to be faithful to his obligations. He then accompanied me to Gen. Mason's headquarters, the assistant provost general for this coast. I now learned from Gen. Mason for the first time the

charges that were made against me. He said it had been stated of me in his office—

“First—That I was a citizen of the State of Georgia.

“Secondly—That I had crossed the military lines with a pass from the Confederate authorities; and

“Thirdly—That I was on this coast without any visible business.

“These charges were verbally stated. I was not furnished with any written charges or specifications, nor with the names of my accuser or accusers. I did not ask who preferred these charges. Indeed, I had no desire to know the names of those who set on foot such baseless accusations. I gave to Gen. Mason a statement of the facts in the case, to which he replied that he thought if I would commit the statements to writing and present them to him, that they would be satisfactory to Gen. McDowell. I did so, and presented him the following statement of facts:

“‘SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., *July 20, 1864.*

“‘BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN S. MASON, *Assistant Provost Marshal General—*

“‘*Dear Sir:* I arrived in California a few weeks ago, on business exclusively connected with the Church of which I am a member, and am here on no political mission of any character whatsoever. I am a native of Kentucky, in which State I have resided all my life, with the exception of about two years passed in the city of Cincinnati. The printed minutes of our Church will show my whereabouts from the year 1823 to 1854, when I was elected to the episcopacy. From that time to this, my residence has been at Versailles, Kentucky. Since the commencement of the war, I have never crossed the military lines, nor

entered any State in rebellion, except on a visit to Nashville, Tenn., then in possession of the Federal troops and under their control, together with the whole line of road from my residence to that city. I have never been a politician, nor in any manner participated actively in political affairs, and have never preached politics, either before or since the war. On the contrary, I have invariably discouraged it in the ministry of the Church over which I had in some sense the supervision. For the truth of this statement, I appeal to all who have ever heard me, or know my conduct on this coast, or elsewhere.

“The particular occasion of my present visit to California is as follows: The Pacific Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has been for four years without the presence of a bishop. During this period, a number of the members of the body were elected to the order of deacons and elders in the Church, and for the want of ordination could not administer the sacraments of the Church. Their ordination became an imperative necessity. The conference passed a resolution appointing the Rev. A. M. Bailey to correspond with me on the subject of a visit to this coast, to ordain these ministers. This resolution is on the records of the conference, and is mentioned in the correspondence between the Rev. Mr. Bailey and myself. This correspondence with me was ordered because I was the only accessible bishop able to travel so far and perform the functions of the office. I came here on this business alone, and on no mission, either directly or indirectly, connected with politics or the war, and least of all to stir up dissension or encourage opposition to the government or laws. Residing, as I do, in Kentucky, where great diversity of opinion prevails in regard to the war, I have deemed it my duty as a minister of the Gospel not only to abstain from participating in political affairs, but, on the contrary, to mitigate as far as practicable the asperity of feeling which prevails so widely in that State.

I have deemed mine to be a mission of love and peace, and have so acted, both there and here. So far as I know, my conduct has never been questioned in Kentucky by the military authorities (where I have lived so long and am so widely known), notwithstanding the intense excitement which has prevailed in that State.

“Under the circumstances, I find myself, comparatively a stranger on this coast and far from my home, suddenly arraigned before the military authorities on charges preferred by persons wholly unknown to me. That I am deeply pained by this proceeding, I candidly confess; not so much because of any personal injury to myself, as because of the reproach it brings on my sacred calling and on the Church with which I am connected. I acknowledge, however, with pleasure, the courtesy which has been extended to me by all the officers connected with the affair, and trusting that this explanation of my conduct and motives may prove satisfactory, I am, very respectfully,

“Yours, H. H. KAVANAUGH.”

“I was called upon for no proofs, and submitted none other than the foregoing statement; nor do I know what proofs, if any, were adduced against me.

“After submitting this statement, I called in person upon General McDowell, who received me respectfully, and expressed his satisfaction with my explanation in reply to the charges preferred against me. We then had some conversation in regard to the name of the ‘Methodist Episcopal Church, South.’ I explained to him that this name was adopted in 1844, at a time when a division, unfortunately, occurred in the Methodist Church, and, of course, long anterior to the war, and when the country was entirely at peace; and that the term ‘South’ was ap-

pended, not as indicating a political sentiment, but a geographical division, and to designate the new Church organization from the old, and that it was intended to have no signification as applied to the existing war which afflicts the country. The general, however, thought in the present condition of the country the term 'South,' as applied to a Church organization on this coast, was not only of questionable propriety, but was liable to misconstruction.

"On leaving the general, I was most favorably impressed with his soldierly bearing, and with his evident desire to perform the delicate duties of his high station in a just and impartial manner; and I shall not soon forget the courtesy for which I am indebted to him and his associate officers concerned in my arrest. And in this connection, it is proper to say that neither I nor those of my friends conversant with the character of the charges preferred against me blame any of the military functionaries of the Pacific Coast for calling me to an account for the items alleged against me. The unscrupulous witness, it is presumed, has rendered himself powerless for evil with the officers of this post.

"I have deemed this explanation proper, not so much to vindicate myself as to shield my sacred office from the semblance of wrong.

"H. H. KAVANAUGH.

"SAN FRANCISCO, *August 10, 1864.*"

This was the most unpleasant occurrence of his life, and it certainly required intense partisan feeling to have inflicted such a wound.

Bishop Kavanaugh returned from the Pacific Coast in time to meet the Louisville Conference at Henderson, October 19th. After the close of the conference he traveled extensively through the State, preaching in the principal towns and cities, casting oil upon the troubled waters, and diffusing everywhere the light of a pure Christianity.

In 1865 the dark cloud of war began to disperse, with now and then a spot upon the sky. Indications of returning peace gladdened many a heart and home.

On the 7th of March of this year he was married, in Cynthiana, Ky., to Mrs. Martha Lewis, the daughter of Captain Robert D. Richardson, of Louisiana—a lady well qualified for the responsible duties she assumed.

His conferences began with the Missouri, held at Hannibal, commencing August 16th. He next held the Kentucky, at Covington. From thence he proceeded to Russellville, where, on the 20th of September, the Louisville Conference met, closing his round with the Tennessee Conference, held in Edgefield, October 4th to 11th.

The internecine strife had been more bitter in Missouri than in any other State. Cruelties at which humanity shuddered had been perpetrated, not only by irresponsible parties, but by plumed and epauletted officers. Peaceable citizens had been murdered in their homes without cause, and anarchy had prevailed throughout that commonwealth. Bishop Kavanaugh had presided over that body in 1860, since which time no bishop of the Methodist Episcopal

Church, South, had attended any session of the conference.

That the Church should have prospered under such a state of excitement as existed must excite not only the wonder, but command the admiration, of even the foes of Methodism for the brave men who stood at their post during those perilous times.

No man possessed true courage in a higher degree than Bishop Kavanaugh. From his early childhood, for his bravery, he had been distinguished; and yet no man was more prudent and reserved.

The death list among the preachers was large, among whom were Caples and Robinson and Kitson, who would answer to the roll-call no more.

When he went to Missouri the elements were not entirely calm, yet, true to duty, we find him at his post, ready for whatever might befall him.

The Kentucky and Louisville Conferences were occasions of interest. The stillness of peace had followed the noise of war, and once more we "sat under our vine and fig-tree," with none to make us afraid. The Tennessee Conference, too, once more, unmolested, worshiped the God of their fathers.

After the lapse of eight years, the General Conference met, in New Orleans, on the first Wednesday in April, 1866. Bishops Andrew, Paine, Pierce, Early, and Kavanaugh were present. Bishop Soule, the senior bishop, was confined at his home, near Nashville, Tenn., while Bishops Andrew and Early were both in feeble health.

Since the previous meeting of the body the Church had passed through a trying ordeal, but, like

gold refined in the fire, only the dross had been consumed.

A large amount of important legislation was enacted during this session, not the least of which was the initiatory step towards lay representation in the annual and general conferences.

Since 1854 no additional bishop had been elected, and the health of three of the number, together with the increase of the work to be performed, growing out of the extension of the field and the adoption of district conferences, induced the election of four additional superintendents. The election took place on Thursday, April 26th. On the first ballot, William M. Wightman, of the Mobile Conference, and Enoch M. Marvin, of the Missouri Conference, were elected; and on the third ballot, David S. Doggett, of the Virginia Conference, and Holland N. McTycire, of the Montgomery Conference, were elected. A divine hand surely guided in the elevation of these men to this holy office.

In the plan of episcopal visitation Bishop Kavanaugh was assigned to the Pacific and Columbia Conferences, the former to be held at Petaluma, California, and the latter at Corvallis, Oregon.

It was no easy task on the part of the bishop to undertake the work to which he was appointed. He was sick in New Orleans when the General Conference adjourned, and continued ill for several weeks. After leaving the city, on board the steamer *W. R. Arthur*, he relapsed before reaching Memphis, where he remained one week, and did not reach his home in Kentucky until late in June. Soon after reaching

home the illness of his wife's mother seemed to render it impossible for him to leave. He, however, made arrangements for his long journey, and on the 25th of August left home for the city of New York, to take the steamer of the 1st of September for California.

The voyage to California was in many respects a pleasant one. From a letter to the *Christian Advocate* we copy the following interesting paragraph :

"It has generally been the habit of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to have preaching on the ships every Sabbath when they have a minister aboard. I had always preached for them in the passages I had made on their ships, at the request of the captain of the vessel. Leaving New York the present trip on Saturday, the 1st of September, the next day being the Sabbath, on Saturday evening the purser of the ship asked me if I would read the Episcopal service for them the next day. It occurred to me that the service was well enough in itself, and that I had no farther objection to the service than its general tendency to a dead formality. This deadness may not be a necessary, but is a very usual result. I pondered in my mind the character of this request, and concluded that it was a most singular request; that a minister of more than forty years' standing in the Church, and who by his Church had been placed in the position I occupy, should be called upon to read the service of another denomination. Well, I thought, this is pretty cool. Will the officers of a ship only accept the services of a single denomination? On Sabbath morning, when called upon for the reading of the service, I told the purser that I had concluded, that

if I held the services, to do so in my own way. He seemed to drop me at once, and inquired if I thought that either of the other clergymen would comply with his request. I told him that I could not say—he had better inquire of them. After a little delay, I received a message to please hold the services in my own way, with which request I complied.”

The day after reaching San Francisco he was informed that he was expected at a camp-meeting near San Jose, and by the next Sabbath a hundred miles from there, at a basket-meeting near Petaluma.

In referring to these meetings, he writes: “I preached for them that night, and the next morning at 11 o’clock. There were three conversions in the afternoon and seven at night. How many converts during the meeting I do not know, but think some twenty or thirty. The meeting at Macedonia, near Petaluma, was also successful. It is in the work of Brother S. Brown. Nine additions to the Church on Sunday. How many during the meeting I have not learned.”

This was his third visit to the Pacific Coast, and that it would not be one of leisure or ease was already evident.

If we follow him in his travels we must accompany him to Portland, Oregon, and from thence to Corvallis, the seat of the Columbia Conference; and from thence to Albany, Dallas, Salem, and Lafayette, back to Portland; and on until we land with him again at San Francisco, everywhere preaching and making full proof of his ministry.

Bishop Soule died near Nashville, Tennessee, March

6, 1867, and a few weeks later the annual meeting of the bishops was held. Bishop Kavanaugh was still in California. He believed that by remaining for awhile longer on the Pacific Coast he could serve the Church to greater advantage, and hence it was decided that he should spend there the period intervening previous to the meeting of the Pacific and Columbia Conferences.

He passed the time, as he did the previous year, traveling extensively and preaching constantly, witnessing the triumphs of the Cross in the awakening and conversion of hundreds, until his name was known in village and hamlet throughout that vast territory. Not only was his praise gazetted in the denominational papers, but the religious press all over California and Oregon heralded his praise, while the secular papers spoke of him in terms of the highest commendation.

The Columbia Conference was appointed for Dallas, Oregon,* August 28th, and the Pacific at San Jose, October 1st.

At no time did he pause to rest. In March he preached in Yuba City and in Marysville, and through the country surrounding, while the Church was quickened and many happily converted, while the *Colusa Sun* says: "After preaching here every night for a week, the bishop left us yesterday morning for Red Bluff. There was a large attendance during the whole time, and quite a number joined the Church. The bishop is not only an eloquent speaker, but he is a fine logician. Many will remember with pleasure

* The conference was held at Rickreall Camp-ground.

and profit his visit to Colusa, after he shall have received his reward in heaven for his labors among us."

Bishop Kavanaugh was at this date sixty-five years old, and yet after these immense labors June 15th he was in the office of the *Spectator*, "looking well, and in perfect health," having just "returned from his tour in the southern portion of California," and ready to start two days later "to Oregon, by the *Oriflamme*." The Visalia and Mariposa papers, where he had preached, speak very highly of his pulpit efforts.

We next meet with him in Oregon, Rickreall Camp-ground, holding the Columbia Conference, "preaching powerfully." We then follow him to the Pacific Conference, where we find him, whether in the chair or the pulpit, rendering entire satisfaction.

During the session, the *Spectator* says:

"Immediately after our approaching conference session Bishop Kavanaugh will embark for his home in Kentucky, if, indeed, it can be said that a bishop of our Church has any home, when almost perpetual toil and travel are his lot. Of Bishop Kavanaugh it may be said that he is emphatically a *working* bishop. If we had at hand the statistics showing the number of miles he has traveled and the number of sermons he has preached during the past year, an aggregate would be presented that would perhaps astonish some of our readers. He has been abundant in labors, and as a chief pastor in the Church furnishes an example worthy to be followed by all its ministers. The good that has resulted and will result from his labors is everywhere apparent, but can not be fully estimated now. Through him God has strengthened the Church

and converted many sinners from the error of their ways. In one or two instances his episcopal presence and authority have adjusted the most complicated difficulties and (humanly speaking) averted impending catastrophes to the Church. The experience of the past year has confirmed our conviction of the necessity of a resident bishop on the Pacific Coast. We venture here to suggest to the episcopal board that they remember our necessity at their next meeting, and send us a bishop to remain with us until the next General Conference. We will not indicate a choice. Our choice is the man who will come. Bishop Kavanaugh has fully won the affection of our people. They will accompany him in his homeward-bound voyage by their prayers, and should he return to us he will be welcomed joyfully by all."

He reached Kentucky in good time before Winter set in, receiving the cordial greetings of friends in every community he visited.

Early in 1868 he became so indisposed that it was necessary for him to suspend preaching for awhile. His excessive labors in California and Oregon had well-nigh prostrated him. Yet it was more easy for him to preach than to rest. His spirit chafed under the deprivation of preaching the Gospel. A rest of a few weeks, however, restored him and once more we find him swaying the multitudes by the magic power he possessed.

The annual meeting of the bishops this year was in Louisville, commencing May 7th. Bishops Andrew, Paine, and Early were absent, the others were present.

Bishop Kavanaugh's field of episcopal labor was

the Missouri, St. Louis, Mississippi, East Texas, and Louisiana Conferences.

A few days after the adjournment of the bishops' meeting we had the pleasure, in company with Bishop Pierce, to spend a night with Bishop Kavanaugh and family at Lexington. We were on our way to the Lexington District Conference, at Nicholasville. The next morning we reached Nicholasville, Bishop Kavanaugh coming over in the afternoon, and preaching on Saturday night with his usual pathos and power. Before the month of May closes we meet with him at the Bardstown District Conference, held in Lebanon, where he preached "with great fervor and success." He spent the Summer in Kentucky, preaching with all the vigor of his early manhood, while success crowned his labors. Late in August he passed through St. Louis on his way to Weston, the seat of the Missouri Conference. He closed his tour of conferences late in December at New Iberia, Louisiana, where his preaching was spoken of in the following words:

"Bishop Kavanaugh presided at the conference and endeared himself to the preachers by his exceeding great ability and patience and cheerfulness. He improved every occasion for giving godly counsel in the conference, at the sacramental board, and elsewhere. He preached on Sunday morning. It was the mightiest sermon I ever listened to, though I have heard great men on both sides of the Atlantic. There was a power and unction in the discourse which so overwhelmed the hearers that, convulsed and transfixed, many of us did not know, for the time, whether we were in the body or out of the body."

In January, 1869, he is at home in Kentucky, writing cheerfully to Dr. Summers in reference to the portion of the Church he had visited, and while we expect to find him yet resting, he is passing through St. Louis *en route* to Western Missouri, on an extensive tour of episcopal visitation.

The annual meeting of the bishops was held in St. Louis in May, and the Kentucky, Western Virginia, Memphis, South Georgia, and South Carolina Conferences all occupy his labors for the year.

After the adjournment of the meeting Bishop Kavanaugh remained for some time in Missouri, attending District Conferences and preaching through the State.

The Kentucky Conference was held in Cynthiana, commencing September 1st. The secretary writes: "Bishop Kavanaugh was our president. Vigorous, fresh, commanding, he sustained himself, and the admiration we Kentuckians have always had for him."

At the close of the Kentucky Conference the bishop was taken sick, and was unable to attend the Western Virginia Conference, which met at Mount Pleasant, September 15th.

In the meantime he held the Kentucky Colored Conference, which met in Winchester, October 13th.

The Memphis Conference met November 3d, at Holly Springs, Mississippi. Bishop Kavanaugh's health was now fully restored, and he presided with greater ease than we had ever known him, while the committee on public worship seemed disposed to tax his strength to its utmost capacity. He preached twice previous to the Sabbath, and on Sunday for an hour and a half the audience hung in breathless

silence on his lips while words of life fell like gems over the assembly.

We had seen him, we thought, in every position in which a bishop could be placed. But no; a new role awaited him. A young preacher had been overtaken in a fault, and the conference sentenced him to a public reprimand. The delicate task was to be performed by the bishop. The young preacher stood before him, in the presence of his brethren, his face suffused with tears.

“My young brother, I regret the misstep you have taken, but I sympathize with you. The circumstances that surrounded you certainly palliate your offense. Trust in God for help, and sin no more.”

The broad face of Bishop Kavanaugh was damp as he took the hand of the erring one in his. Every heart was touched, and every eye wept.

He was able to reach and preside over the South Georgia and South Carolina Conferences, and to perform his part of the pulpit and platform work.

He returned to Kentucky in time to dedicate the new church on Rose Lane, in the city of Louisville, which was called KAVANAUGH CHAPEL.

CHAPTER XIII.

*FROM THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1870 TO THE
ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BISHOPS IN 1875.*

THE General Conference of 1870 was held in Memphis, Tennessee, commencing May 4th.

On the sixteenth day of the session, and on the 21st day of May, John Christian Keener, of the Louisiana Conference was elected bishop. The ordination took place on the following day in the Second Street Methodist Church. The sermon was preached by Rev. Lovick Pierce, D. D.; the collect was read by Bishop Andrew; the epistle by Bishop Pierce; and the Gospel by Bishop Kavanaugh. Dr. Keener was presented by Jefferson Hamilton and Nehemiah A. Cravens.

In the plan of episcopal visitation Bishop Kavanaugh was assigned to the Holston, North Alabama, North Georgia, South Georgia, and Florida Conferences.

Scarcely had the General Conference adjourned until we find Bishop Kavanaugh in the field prosecuting his work with untiring energy.

In a list of appointments published by himself he says:

"I expect to attend the Maysville District Conference, to include the *second* Sabbath in June, at Maysville, Kentucky.

“The Lexington District Conference, at Versailles, including the fourth Sabbath in June.

“That of the Shelbyville District, at Christiansburg, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the three last days of June.

“That of the Covington District, at Petersburg, Boone County, Kentucky, including the second Sabbath in July.

“I will also attend a meeting, of several days’ continuance, at the Providence Church of the Richmond Circuit, including the third Sabbath of July, in Madison County, Kentucky.

“And including the fifth Sunday in July, the District Conference of the Harrodsburg District, at Richmond, Kentucky.

“The month of August I propose spending in the Western Virginia Conference, at points yet to be designated.

H. H. KAVANAUGH.

“LEXINGTON, KY., *June 7, 1870.*”

This was certainly work enough to occupy the time and the energies of this venerable minister of Christ during the period that would intervene before he would enter upon his round of conferences, and yet he announced that before leaving for Wytheville, Virginia, where the Holston Conference would hold its session, he would spend a few days with Bishop Paine, at the Kentucky Conference.

During the Kentucky Conference Dr. Huston, of Baltimore Conference, made his appearance and briefly addressed the conference. He said that he saw that many of his brethren with whom he had been contemporary were growing gray, that his own

head was silvering beneath the frost-touches of time's unsparing hand; but there were "two things that did n't grow gray—Bishop Kavanaugh's head and his heart.' We had the pleasure of being with Bishop Kavanaugh at Wytheville. His missionary address on Saturday evening gave a fresh impulse to the cause of missions, and quickened the zeal of the members of this conference, while the large collection showed the feeling that had been awakened. In pleading for the heathen he employed no strategy, but appealed to the wants of the world lying in wickedness, and to the duty of the Church, blessed with the light of the Gospel. He preached at Abingdon, Virginia, after the close of the Holston Conference to the profit of the people.

The Tennessee Conference, held at Pulaski, over which Bishop Doggett presided, met the same day as the Holston, and after the close of each Bishops Kavanaugh and Doggett met in Nashville, where they spent the Sabbath.

Bishop Kavanaugh was our guest, and Bishop Doggett the guest of Mr. Jennings. In the forenoon, on Sunday, the former preached at Elm Street, and the latter at McKendree. In the afternoon Bishop Kavanaugh preached for the colored people at Capers Chapel. Bishop Doggett took tea with Bishop Kavanaugh on Sunday evening, and while at supper a member of the McKendree Church called on the bishops and requested one of them to preach in that church that evening.

Bishop Doggett answered, "I preached there this forenoon, and can not do so again this evening; while

Bishop Kavanaugh stated that he had already preached twice and could hardly be expected to preach a third time. *Both of them declined.*

The member of the Church answered, "Our preacher has not returned from conference, and a large audience will be present and must not be disappointed." Then, turning to another preacher, who was present, he asked him if he would preach.

He answered, "Have the bell rung."

Both the bishops seemed to enjoy the dilemma in which the preacher was placed.

Before they left the table and on their way to Church they inquired of him as to the text from which he would preach.

His reply was, "I am not in the habit of announcing my text except from the pulpit."

When we entered the church it was crowded. The camp-stools had been placed in the aisles so that the pulpit was reached by a slow process.

The preacher invited the two bishops into the pulpit. They knelt; and while on their knees he walked quietly back into the congregation and took a seat.

Bishop Doggett was the first to discover the absence of the preacher and saw the situation at once, and, turning to Bishop Kavanaugh, inquired as to its meaning.

"Will Dr. ——— dare treat two bishops in this way?"

"He has already dared," was the reply of Bishop Kavanaugh. "If you knew him as well as I do you would not ask that question."

They both looked over the audience, and, failing to see the object of their search, put on a blank appearance. Bishop Doggett at length discovered him near the center of the house and beckoned to him to come to the pulpit, but no response was made.

The two bishops are whispering. "What shall we do?" said Bishop Doggett, sadly.

"We are in for it," replied Bishop Kavanaugh, with a smile.

"I think we are badly treated," was Bishop Doggett's rejoinder.

"I think he served us right," answered Bishop Kavanaugh, having difficulty to suppress laughter.

The result was, Bishop Kavanaugh preached. The sermon was a wonderful array of truth, fresh from the pages of God's Word. For more than an hour he had over the audience an influence that language can not describe. The first half-hour he was argumentative; and then the wings of his imagination were unfolded, and he soared aloft to the regions of light and life and love. From the tree of life he brought back golden fruit, and bade his hearers eat and live forever; he offered them water, fresh from the river that makes glad the city of God, which if they would drink, they should never thirst again; he offered them palms of victory, which they might wave in time and through eternity; and crowns brighter far than ever decked a monarch's brow, that they might wear after the world should be burned up. Every eye rested on the preacher, and every form leaned toward the pulpit, while all seemed unconscious of the rapid flight of time.

On our return home, he said, "Well, you played us a pretty trick."

"I did the audience a great favor," was the reply.

"I think you served us right," he answered. And then he entertained the family until after twelve o'clock with anecdotes and incidents, and only retired after he was told that it was past midnight.

Bishop Doggett was not so forgiving; he held this against us for a long time.

From Nashville, Bishop Kavanaugh returned to his home in Lexington, Ky., "in excellent health, and on Sunday, October 23d, preached two powerful sermons in Paris, it being the occasion of the quarterly-meeting."

A few weeks later, we find him confined to his room from an injury he had received, unable to meet his pulpit engagements.

The affliction of the bishop continued, rendering it impossible for him to meet the North Alabama, North Georgia, and South Georgia Conferences.

In January, 1871, he was still suffering and unable to walk, or to meet an engagement to attend the semi-centenary meeting in St. Louis.

On the 10th of February, he writes, from Lexington: "I have been confined now thirteen weeks; my present condition promises that my release is close at hand, and I sigh to be active once more. I trust that my confinement has been of considerable service to me, in giving much more time for reading and reflection than I have enjoyed for full many a year."

When unable to do the will of God, he yet could suffer it, improving even his hours of suffering, that

he might achieve greater success in the cause of his Master.

In March, we find him in the field, prosecuting with vigor his high and holy calling. Another of his colleagues had died; Bishop Andrew had fallen. At Mobile, Ala., March 2, 1871, he passed away, with the word "Victory" on his lips.

Early in April, he announces the following appointments:

"Harrodsburg District Conference, at Stanford, Ky., Thursday, April 27th, including the 5th Sabbath. In the Holston Conference: Pikeville District, May 19th (Thursday), including Abingdon District, May 25th; Jeffersonville District, Va., Thursday, April 1st, including the first Sabbath of June, 1871; Wytheville District, at Dublin, Va., June 8th, including the second Sabbath in June; Jonesboro District, East Tennessee, June 15th, including the third Sabbath in June; Knoxville District, at Knoxville, June 22d, including the fourth Sabbath in June; Athens District, at Athens, June 29th, including the first Sabbath in July; Chattanooga District, at Cleveland, July 6th, including the second Sabbath in July."

The annual meeting of the bishops took place May 15th, in Nashville. On Sunday preceding, he preached in Franklin, Tennessee, morning and evening.

His episcopal district for this year embraced the Illinois, Memphis, North Mississippi, Mississippi, and Louisiana Conferences.

His labors at the district conferences began prior to the bishops' meeting, and continued until after the

second Sunday in July. On the 11th of July, he passed through Nashville, *en route* for his home in Kentucky, spending a night with our family in his Nashville home.

After the immense labors he had just performed, he will surely rest. Instead of resting, he traverses his own loved Kentucky, mingling with the old landmarks that are left, and preaching the word of life to their descendants.

He reached Ashley, the seat of the Illinois Conference, in good time, "presided in his usual pleasant manner," while "on Sunday the whole town and country round about assembled in a grove, where a stand and seats were prepared, and where for nearly two hours they listened to one of Bishop Kavanaugh's moving discourses."

At the Memphis Conference, we were with the bishop, and occupied the same room. Here he won the hearts of preachers and people, conducting the business with energy, and preaching with his accustomed zeal and power.

The North Mississippi Conference was held in Columbus, where he left an impression for good that can not be effaced in a generation.

At the Mississippi Conference, the secretary, Dr. Andrews, says: "Bishop Kavanaugh preached at 11 A. M., at the Methodist Church, a grand sermon; and when I inform you that he lost sight of one thing in his sermon—that in years he is an old man—you can then form an idea of the character of his discourse." He was writing to Dr. Summers, from Meridian, where the conference was held.

The same testimony comes from the Louisiana Conference, which met in Monroe, when "the most of the preaching was by Bishop Kavanaugh, and by the eloquent-tongued Tudor, and the live-coal-lipped Matthews, of New Orleans."

On his return home, in February, 1872, he lays out his work for such district conferences as he may be able to attend. He proposes to devote three months to this department, commencing with the Mississippi Conference early in April, and closing in Illinois July 14th, attending in the meantime four in the North Mississippi and three in the Memphis, preaching not only on these occasions, but all along the route of his travels, with the matchless power that had distinguished his earlier days. Why does he not rest? A holy impulse seems to move him, and he can not pause in his course. "Labor is rest," and only in the performance of the glorious work to which God had called him does he find repose.

In March, he dedicates Bascom Chapel in the city of Louisville. His theme was, "The Church of God the pillar and ground of the truth," and the sermon was said to have been "one of his happiest efforts."

He attended the bishops' annual meeting in Nashville, in May. The interest of the occasion was heightened by the laying of the corner-stone of the Publishing House, at which the prayer was offered by Bishop Kavanaugh.

His episcopal district embraced the Western Virginia, Kentucky, North Mississippi, and Mississippi Conferences; but hardly had the meeting adjourned until we see him in the bounds of the North Missis-

issippi Conference, attending the Columbus District Conference.

Before entering upon his annual conference work he attended the St. Louis camp-meeting, and preached on Sunday morning to the immense audience that was present. In alluding to the sermon, a writer said, "As a camp-meeting preacher, Bishop Kavanaugh has scarcely an equal in the connection."

He met the Kentucky Conference September 4th, where warm hearts awaited him, and the Western Virginia on the 18th of the same month. We were with him at both of these conferences, and witnessed the affectionate regard bestowed upon him.

We heard him preach at Harrodsburg, but were denied the privilege at Parkersburg. The secretary of the conference wrote: "Bishop Kavanaugh, on the Sabbath, seemed to excel himself under the inspiration of the Spirit of truth, and proclaimed the Gospel with a power that thrilled every heart in the vast congregation."

He had presided over the North Mississippi and the Mississippi Conferences the previous year, but his return was gladly welcomed. At the North Mississippi Conference he preached the Thanksgiving sermon, which was well received; and at the Mississippi he endeared himself more than ever by his genial good-nature, while his eloquent flights in the pulpit and on the platform won for him the title of "the old man eloquent."

On the 7th of February, 1873, the Methodist Church in Kentucky sustained a great loss in the death of David Thornton. He was the intimate

friend and brother-in-law of Bishop Kavanaugh, who felt the bereavement most deeply.

Mr. Thornton was born in Milford, Del., January 4, 1796, and removed with his parents to Versailles, Ky., when only eleven years of age. In 1820 he made a profession of religion and joined the Methodist Church, in which he lived a useful and an honored member until called to his home in the skies. No man in Kentucky lived a purer life, and none contributed more to the happiness of others, than David Thornton. In his business relations he was a model, doing unto others as he would have them do unto him, filling offices of honor and of trust with fidelity; as a Christian, shedding a golden light upon the circle in which he moved, blessing the community where he lived, and leaving behind him the savor of a good name. He was a delegate to the only General Conference that met, before his death, after lay delegation was introduced, and of every annual and district conference held to which he was eligible. He married Charlotte Railey, who is spoken of elsewhere in this volume. His death was a bereavement to the entire community.

Visitors to the Methodist Church in Versailles may see the memorial tower erected to his memory by his family and friends, inside of which is a tablet bearing the inscription:

DAVID THORNTON.

Born 1796. Died 1873.

Being dead he yet speaketh.

In April of this year Bishop Kavanaugh was at the Franklin District Conference, Tenn., previous to the annual meeting of the bishops in Nashville.

In Nashville, he preached on Sunday morning at Sawrie Chapel. His episcopal district for the year embraced the four conferences lying in the State of Texas.

On the 12th of June he passed through New Orleans, *en route* to the Brookhaven District Conference at Beauregard; and on the 21st we meet with him in Memphis, accompanied by his wife, on his way to Kentucky to attend the district conference in Elkton. Between these two conferences, he preached at Love Station, and dedicated the church, which had just been completed.

The Kentucky Conference met at Lexington, September 3d. Bishop McTyeire presided. As Bishop Kavanaugh's work did not begin until October 15th, it was convenient for him to be present. Fifty years had passed since he had entered the itinerant ranks, and it was appropriate that he should preach a semi-centennial sermon before the body. In advance of the conference he was invited to do so, and had accepted the invitation.

On his appearance in the conference room the following paper was unanimously adopted:

"It is eminently proper that the Kentucky Conference should give expression in a suitable manner to their profound sense of the divine goodness, in prolonging to so great a length the life and efficient labors of our venerable brother, Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh. We rejoice in the grace of God, which has

sustained him in the arduous labors of a ministry which has now reached its fiftieth year. Starting from the humblest place in the Church, he has passed in regular gradation through every efficient station in the Church—exhorter, junior preacher, senior preacher, stationed, presiding elder, agent for our educational interests, and bishop. His great intellect and spotless life, ramifying themselves through all these departments of labor, have been seen and felt in the achievement of grand results. Upon his character and career neither blot nor suspicion has ever rested. It is the peculiar pride of the Kentucky Conference that his life of uncomplaining toil, unswerving devotion to duty, and of exemplary purity, constitutes so large a portion of their heritage. We thank God for the grace that is in him; and we recommend to the conference the adoption of the following resolutions:

“Resolved, That it is always a sincere gratification to have Bishop Kavanaugh present at the sessions of this conference, in whatever capacity he may appear.

“Resolved, That wherever in the providence of God he may be called in the discharge of his official duties, he bears with him our filial regards, and our earnest prayer for the preservation of his useful life.”

The bishop in a most touching manner responded, thanking the conference for their esteem, prayers, and well-wishes, and hoped he would prove worthy of their confidence.

On Sunday evening, September 7th, a large audience assembled to listen to the semi-centennial sermon. Fifty years had come and gone. The men who had joined the Kentucky Conference the same year that

he did had all crossed over the last river, and only one who had preceded him in the conference, Isaac Collard, was there to answer to the roll-call. With the freshness and vigor of his earlier years, this venerable man still went in and out among his brethren, urging them to a higher life by his example, and to the faithful prosecution of their work by his zeal. The occasion was a grand one. Standing the connecting link between the present and the past, identified with the fortunes of Methodism for two generations, names long before passed away, but leaving a sweet savor, crowded upon his memory. How bright the constellation. Side by side, he had labored for long years with Bascom, Lakin, Stamper, Lindsey, Crouch, and others, who had gone where—

“Everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.”

These would all pass in review before him, while the conquests of the Church, in the achievements of half a century, would re-animate his zeal, and kindle afresh his ardor in his Master's service. The sermon was written, crowded with ennobling thoughts. The manuscript lay before him. Never before had he attempted to read a sermon. The rôle was a new one, the task difficult. As he proceeded he warmed with his subject, and then unwritten recollections rushed upon his mind, and turning away from his manuscript, he bounded into a world of facts and of fancy, and carried his audience to the summit of Pisgah, from whence they might see the promised land. But he could not dwell forever amid the beauties of the heavenly Eden. He returned to the manuscript; but

alas, he had forgotten where he had left off, or could not find the place where he must begin again. The situation was embarrassing—the stillness was like the hush of death. Recovering at length from the dilemma, once more he read ; and then thoughts grander than he had penned forced themselves upon him, and again he explored that world of beauty and of joy whither so many of his fellow-laborers had gone, and whose streets of gold they were then treading. And, once more returning to his manuscript, his eyes refused to see where he had stopped or where he should begin. For a long time he plodded through the remainder of the sermon, fully aware of the disadvantage under which both he and the audience had labored.

The Louisville Conference met in Russellville, October 1st. Bishop Keener presided. Bishop Kavanaugh still had time to attend the session and reach Dallas, Texas, by the 29th of October.

He was requested to preach the semi-centennial sermon in Russellville, and the appointment was announced for Sunday evening.

On Sunday morning, he sent word to a brother to call immediately at his room. The summons was promptly obeyed. The manuscript of the bishop was placed in his hands, with the request to read it aloud. The reading occupied one hour and five minutes.

“You will read that sermon to-night,” said the bishop.

“At the church ?” asked his friend.

“Yes, at the church,” was the prompt answer.

“I can not ; the people expect you to preach, and would be disappointed.”

"But you will not refuse me. It took me *two hours and ten minutes* to read it at Lexington, and you have read it in half the time. Besides, I frequently lost the place; and you must not decline."

How could he interpose further objections?

Sunday evening came. The church was filled to overflowing. The opening services were conducted by the bishop, after which he said:

"I must avail myself of the aid of a brother to stand in my place before you this evening. The sermon you have come to hear is written, and must be read in your presence. I am a poor reader. I attempted to read it at Lexington, but I made a bungling of it. It took me more than two hours to do so; but I will not regret any failure that attended it. Some of the preachers of Kentucky have adopted the terrible habit of reading their sermons, and I think, after hearing me in that rôle, they have become so disgusted that they will never attempt it again. Dr. Redford will fill my place this evening."

It was certainly an embarrassing position to be placed in, but the bishop assumed the responsibility of the result. The sermon was so grand that the preacher was forgotten. Nor was our embarrassment relieved on the following morning, when Dr. Schon, our presiding elder in representing us in the conference, said: "Dr. Redford preached a very fine sermon last evening, but the universal impression is that it was not his own."

The bishop reached the Trinity Conference in due time, and gave great satisfaction. "On Thursday evening he preached to a packed house. The discourse

was one of his great sermons, and occupied in its delivery one hour and a half. It is surprising with what power the bishop wields his battle-ax. There seems to be in the pulpit no diminution of his physical or mental powers. His faith is strong, his love abounds, and his zeal knows no abatement."

On Sunday he preached again. "The morning opened with a heavy rain, yet the congregation was large, and for nearly one hour and a half he enchained the congregation."

During the session of the Trinity Conference he received intelligence of the death of Bishop Early, who died in great peace in Lynchburg, Virginia, November 5, 1873.

The East Texas Conference was held at Palestine. "Jefferson Shook, Levi R. Dennis, Acton Young, and N. W. Burks had died during the year. Bishop Kavanaugh, by request, preached a memorial sermon, when the character and labors of these men were portrayed. The sermon was able, and produced a very fine impression." He was present at the three remaining conferences in Texas—at Waco, at Lockhart, and at Austin—everywhere winning upon the hearts of his brethren.

At Waco he preached from the text, "The redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever." The rostrum of the chapel of the Female College was the pulpit. The Rev. R. H. H. Bennett, in a letter to us, says, "My verdict at that time was that in wondrous flights of eloquence he could soar higher and remain up longer and descend more gracefully than any man I had ever heard."

He remained in Texas several weeks after the close of the conference at Austin, the last on his round, preaching and laboring in the cause of his Master.

Leaving Texas he spent a few days in the vicinity of Thibodeaux, Louisiana, and was in New Orleans on his way to Kentucky, on the 15th of February, "in excellent health."

After his return home he spent the interim between then and the General Conference in visiting Churches convenient to him, and preaching almost every Sunday.

The General Conference met in Louisville, Kentucky, May 1, 1874. The episcopal district of Bishop Kavanaugh for this year embraced the Arkansas, White River, and Little Rock Conferences. During the Summer he attended several district conferences, among them that of the Shelbyville District, which met in the beautiful village of Lagrange, where he "did some of his best preaching." In one of his sermons he alluded to the "old preachers who had gone from the Kentucky Conference and entered heaven, how they would make inquiry of every new arrival from the State in reference to their brethren below, how they are prospering, how the Church is prospering, and how the kingdom of Satan is tottering." Every heart was thrilled, while many a voice said, "Amen." He was present also at Winchester, where the Lexington District Conference was held, and at Shepherdsville, the seat of Elizabethtown District Conference, preaching at both places with great power.

He was in his seat October 28th, at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and at Searcy, November 11th, where the White River Conference met.

At the White River Conference, just before the appointments were announced, he delivered to the preachers an appropriate address. After alluding to the noble calling of a preacher of the Gospel he said to the class that had just entered the ranks, "My young brethren, you are entering upon the highest calling known to men; in it you may expect to meet with many trials, yet you have the assurance that Jesus is your refuge; then let him be your trust. Trust him in every trial, *and trust him to end of life.* Your calling is a hard one; difficulties lie along your path, poverty and privation may await you, but [and he smiled] an item right here—I have never since I entered the ministry been entirely out of money, but I have been reduced to a dime."*

The session of the Little Rock Conference was a very pleasant one, and was frequently referred to by Bishop Kavanaugh in later years.

* Letter from Rev. J. F. Jernigan.

CHAPTER XIV.

*FROM THE MEETING OF THE BISHOPS IN MAY, 1875,
TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1878.*

AT their meeting in May, 1875, the bishops made a full survey of the work throughout the connection, and laid their plans for the ensuing year.

Bishop Kavanaugh was appointed to the Columbia, Pacific, and Los Angeles Conferences.

The previous visit of Bishop Kavanaugh to the Pacific Coast was in 1866, where he remained two years. After an absence of eight years from that interesting field, he will again climb its mountains and traverse its valleys.

It had for several years been the wish of Bishop Kavanaugh to establish a permanent camp-ground at some suitable point in his native State, as a monument to the success that had been achieved through this means, and as a standing testimony that the true worship is not confined to "houses built with hands," but that anywhere beneath the God-built sky prayer and praise might reach His ear. Before leaving for California, he addressed the following circular to the preachers of the Kentucky and Louisville Conferences:

"LOUISVILLE, KY., *July 28, 1875.*

"DEAR BROTHER,—I respectfully solicit the cooperation of yourself and your congregation in the

establishment of a permanent camp-meeting ground, for the Kentucky and Louisville Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. With this view, before I leave for the Pacific Coast, you are invited to attend a basket-meeting in the woods on the west side of the turnpike road, between Beard's Station and Floydsburg, seventeen miles east of Louisville, on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, August 13, 14, 15, 16, 1875.

"Yours, truly, H. H. KAVANAUGH."

At this meeting there was opportunity for consultation, and it was determined to establish a permanent camp-ground in Oldham County, Ky., near Beard's Station, on the Short Line Railroad, seventeen miles from the city of Louisville, on the line between the Kentucky and Louisville Conferences.

In this labor of love the bishop was assisted by several preachers and laymen, prominent among whom were Revs. D. Welburn, T. F. Vanmeter, T. B. Cooke, J. F. Redford, J. H. Linn, G. W. Brush, J. P. Goodwin, H. C. Morrison, T. J. McCoy, and Messrs. Levi, Barnhill, Vaughan, and Oglesby.

Bishop Kavanaugh purchased one-half of a tract of land of about one hundred acres, and soon after the remaining half was purchased by T. J. McCoy.*

*In this labor of love they soon had the assistance of others. A part of this land was turned over by the preachers to a board of trustees, who obtained a charter, and commenced work under the name of the KAVANAUGH CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION. It was found inconvenient and expensive to get this board together in the interims of the meetings, and hence an executive committee was elected to attend to all the inter-

It was certainly gratifying to have associated with himself on the Committee Thomas F. Vanmeter and Burd C. Levi. He had received Mr. Vanmeter into the Church, and licensed him to exhort. But few men so different in age were more familiar with each other. Bishop Kavanaugh had been his *beau ideal* of a Methodist preacher ever since he had known him, and Mr. Vanmeter enjoyed the highest confidence of the bishop. Burd C. Levi was a distinguished layman in the Church, devoted to its welfare, and ready to spend and be spent for his beloved Methodism. The appointment of these brethren with the bishop insured the success of the enterprise.

After maturing his plans for the camp-meeting, on the 19th of August Bishop Kavanaugh and wife left Louisville for California. Quite a number of their friends met them at the depot, where a touching

ests of the association, and to prepare for the yearly gatherings. That committee was composed of Bishop Kavanaugh, Rev. T. F. Vanmeter, and B. C. Levi; and they have had control and management of the same ever since, the board of trustees meeting only once a year.

A pavilion was erected at a cost of eighteen hundred dollars, paid for by donations. Mr. McCoy then erected, at his personal expense, a chapel and hotel, and inclosed the grounds by a good fence. He also built a dormitory, paying for this all except six hundred dollars, which the association paid. He and the bishop then gave to the association a deed for thirty acres of land, all they needed, of the original tract purchased by them. Since then the association has purchased fifteen acres, to give them a better road from the depot to the ground. From what has been given and made, the property is now worth about ten thousand dollars, and is held for the good of the Church and to improve the property, no dividends accruing to any individual.

address was delivered by Dr. Sehon, to which the bishop responded very happily, after which an affectionate farewell was taken of the bishop and Mrs. Kavanaugh.

We hear nothing further from him until he reaches the golden shore, when he appears at Woodbridge, on the 29th of August, and dedicates a new church. "The congregation was large, the sermon by the bishop magnificent." On Sunday afternoon he went to Stockton, and "preached to the great delight of the people at night."

He entered upon his work in a spirit that indicated that he intended to make "full proof of his ministry."

After spending some time in California, he writes to Dr. Summers, giving an account of his travels from Omaha—of the "grand and imposing scenery" on which he looked, the "wide-spread valleys," the "occasional sight of deer and antelopes." The "Sierra Nevada mountains, capped with eternal snow," excited his wonder; and then, as though he had encountered no obstacle, he exclaims, "O, how glorious is the climate of California!"

In referring to this trip to California, Mrs. Emma Hardacre, now of Cincinnati, writes:

"Several years ago I traveled from St. Louis to San Francisco in the same car with Bishop Kavanaugh and wife. It was my first acquaintance with the genial Southerner, one of the warmest, sweetest, gentlest-natured of men. In writing to the *Courier-Journal* at that time, I said: 'My nearest car-neighbor is a very stout, smooth-faced gentleman, with

grayish-brown hair, which is cut short and stands like the quills of the fretful porcupine. He has a big nose, small eyes, and heavy jaws. His small, handsome hands rest upon a gold-headed cane, and much of the time he is apparently in deep thought. He is very gentle and unassuming, and modest in his manners. By his side is a tiny lady, with silvery curls about her face. She is handsomely dressed, and has a bright smile for every one; but the big man at her side is evidently her chief care and pride. She is never still a moment. She brushes his coat with her little gloved hand; she pours cologne on a handkerchief, and waves it about as if to fumigate him; she spies a sunbeam that is about to find its way to her husband's thoughtful eyes, and instantly it is put outside the blind. When the little lunch-table is set up in the sleeper she tucks a napkin about him, butters his bread, puts jelly upon it, pats it gently with the knife before she gives it to him. The whole repast is in honor of her husband, and every delicacy is heaped upon him. They make me think of a humming-bird and a pumpkin blossom. Large and open-hearted and golden-hearted is the flower, and also the bishop. The pumpkin blossom is not swayed, like the frail morning-glory, with every passing breeze; but firm and very lowly, and almost hidden by the leaves of its humility, it blooms close to our feet, unconscious that it is the largest and most regal flower in the garden.'

"Several months after this trip I saw the bishop and Mrs. Kavanaugh in a carriage coming from the steamer at Santa Barbara. I was on the sidewalk.

When I advanced to the carriage which had halted, the ponderous man looked at me sternly, and said, 'I hear that you called me a pumpkin flower. I do not know whether I ought to speak to you or not; but another paper took it up and said that you were not far from the truth, for every body acknowledged that Bishop Kavanaugh was "some pumpkins," so I will forgive you.'

"Then, how the lips wreathed in the girlish smile that all his friends remember; how cordially his hands reached out of the carriage to help me in; how his shoulders shook with the laughter that was as merry as a child's! What a happy drive that was that the little wife and the great preacher and I had that early morning up State Street of Santa Barbara, while the freshness of the surf was just back of us, the mountains in front, and December fruit and flowers in the gardens that we passed! The bishop was at that time engaged in his official duties on the Pacific Coast. The thousands of miles that he traveled yearly never seemed to fatigue him, neither did the scenery lose its beauty. No one sooner noticed a gorgeous sky, a lichened rock, or a wayside flower. I remember, in crossing the plains, how every body else was tired and impatient of the alkali stretches, while the veteran traveler sat looking with happy eyes at the great expanse of arid brightness, so harmoniously blended into the gray sagebrush. I remember, also, a little drive we took to see the famous big grape-vine of Monticello, which covers an area of nine thousand square feet; it is supported on an arbor as big as a farm. Under its branches I recall the bishop sitting, hat off, the shad-

ows of the vine playing about him. I remember his saying to us, as he looked down the valley of the Monticello off to the ocean, up to the encircling mountains, in a voice filled with emotion, 'I have lived in this beautiful world for seventy-six years; it seems to me that I have never seen so beautiful a landscape, or felt so balmy an air.' Then dropping his voice to a cadence which I shall never forget, he added, 'I have never felt so overpoweringly the mercy and power and majesty of our God.'

"At another time we were going to the Mountain Hot Springs Hotel, which we saw plastered like a wasp's nest to the side of the mountain wall above us. The road was so steep that it seemed as if our wagon would go backward in somersaults down the incline. The bishop and myself were on the back seat of the open vehicle, with Mrs. Kavanaugh facing us. The four horses were going in a gallop up this fearful place, urged on by voice and whip of the Spanish driver. We all sank to our knees and held on to the wagon for dear life, letting our umbrellas sway around like anchored balloons. One lurch and we fell against them, and only a rattling bunch of rattan and steel remained. When the horses reached the hotel door, the bishop's cane must be found, our hats straightened, and a general toilet supervision made before we could descend with propriety from the wagon. We laughed until the tears ran down our cheeks, and our shouts were echoed by the gray mountains that, although they looked solemn, must have been merry old fellows at heart, for they laughed as loud as any

of us, flinging back peal after peal to our demoralized party.

“The acquaintance begun in the palace-car across the continent ripened into the warmest friendship. The man’s simplicity and happiness were charming in one aged and exalted as he. He never seemed to think of himself, or to consider his claims as worth considering, and the lack of stiffness or holy bigotry was remarkable in a religious leader.

“At a class-meeting one time, where many had given lengthy experiences, the bishop rose in his proverbially meek way, saying, ‘I love Jesus. He first loved me.’ That was all. But what more could have been added?

“At another time he said, after a very tearful and lugubrious session at a home Church, ‘Sister, religion appears to be such a *hard* thing for some people.’

“During all the time I have known Bishop Kavanaugh he never asked me to what Church I belonged. He from the first called me ‘sister,’ with the naturalness that indicated we were all children of one Father. He did not have to stop and think whether he should say ‘sister,’ whether I was really one of the elect—one saved by grace. It was ‘sister’ just the same, said with an affection as sincere and hearty as if we were really children of one father—a parent whom we mutually loved. I can but say now—what I often said to friends during the good man’s life—that he was the most unostentatious, happy, beautiful Christian that I ever knew.

“He has left fewer unkind words and more gentle deeds; has said less in praise of himself or in blame

of others; has lived, no less than preached, the Gospel of Christ.

“For three Summers I have gone down into Kentucky, from wherever I chanced to be, to attend Bishop Kavanaugh’s camp-meeting. It is a little rest of a few weeks which he has from conference work, and which he devotes to an old-fashioned camp-meeting on the Kavanaugh Camp-grounds, near Louisville. Then he was not busy with executive business; then we talked over our past journeys and adventures; then in the woods, in the evening hour, before the bell called to prayer, the little group about him heard his reminiscences of noted preachers.

“I could go on with these remembrances of good Bishop Kavanaugh. I love to talk of him—the good, kind man! But I remember especially one lovely day, the last on that beautiful camp-ground. The congregation under the trees were singing, ‘Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood.’ The bishop had just come from his prayerful ramble, and carried in his hand a great bunch of flowers that he had gathered in the forest. The landscape above us was beautiful. The white clouds drifted like snow-banks against the violet background of the sky; the leaves of the oak, the beech, the linn formed an inner pavilion under the great sky.

“Are those ‘sweet fields,’ I thought, more exquisite than this world’s wide heather of the twilight sky, its changeful arbors of sunset, wreathed with roses red and yellow, or its midnight crocus-bed of stars? What heavenly garland can be more exquisite than the velvet-leaved vine that is hooped about the gray trunk of

the lichened beech? If such exquisite finish be given our earth-home, our camp but for a night, what the splendor lavished upon the 'continuing city,' the 'eternal home!'

"Last October I happened to meet Bishop and Mrs. Kavanaugh, as they were starting on their Southern trip. They had purchased a beautiful place in Anchorage, Kentucky, with fine forest trees surrounding, which was to be the bishop's home when age forced him to give up work. 'I want a home for my old age; I am but eighty-two. I have traveled over nine thousand miles this year, but still I have got my home ready now to rest in when age overtakes me. We shall be back in April. You have a room in our new house—has n't she, wife? Say you will come in April, when we return, and make us a visit; eh, wife?' What kindly, happy words came back to me, as the train bore them away! I am glad to remember that the little wife was with him to the last, careful and devoted; that he died in the harness, as he wished; that although there will be no visit to the beautiful Southern home in April, God has given him 'a better,' into which I, too, may come."

At the Columbia Conference, held in Albany, Oregon, he preached three times, and delivered the missionary address.

On Sunday morning he dedicated the new church in Albany, "proving to his vast audience, who hung with rapture on his burning words, that his bow still abides in strength." The writer adds, "Though he has reached the age of seventy-four, his eye is not dimmed nor his natural force abated. His sermon

was a masterpiece of logic, impassioned eloquence, holy unction, and power."

From California he went to Oregon on a steamer—the same vessel that, twenty years before, had taken him from Panama to San Francisco. The sea was rough, and the voyage devoid of interest.

Upon landing at Portland, he had a cordial reception from the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, while in the prosecution of his journey he met with many friends. Albany, the seat of the Columbia Conference, is "one of the several beautiful towns that adorn the far-famed valley of the Willamette River."

He was delighted with the conference; preachers and people won his heart, while the future of the Church he was so faithfully serving, as it opened before him, cheered him in his labors. He preached often, not confining himself to his own branch of Methodism—going also into Presbyterian churches, to proclaim the message of life.

After the close of the Columbia Conference, he visited Corvallis, and then Portland, Oregon, then Eugene City, preaching all along the route, and on to Roseburg, where Stahl and Bell and Davies assisted him in a meeting; after which he went to Jacksonville Circuit, and preached two days and nights. Taking leave of Roseburg, he journeyed to Canyonville, where he preached. He at length entered Rogue River Valley, where at the hotel he rested well for the night.

He held near Jacksonville what, he says, "we called a camp-meeting;" after which he journeyed to Ashland, and "preached in a large school-house,"

which was crowded by people eager to hear the words of life. We next find him at Yreka, about fifty miles from Roseburg. From Yreka he traveled one hundred and twenty miles to Redding by stage, and thence by rail to Sacramento. From Sacramento he went to San Francisco, from which place he hastened to San Jose, that he might be present at a camp-meeting near that place, where he could remain but one Sabbath, having to return to San Jose on Monday to be in time for the Pacific Conference.

The labors of Bishop Kavanaugh during his stay on the Pacific Coast can hardly be estimated. They were immense. He was expected to attend the annual meeting of the bishops in May, 1876; but we received a letter from him, dated at Petaluma, April 11th, informing us that he could not be present, but that he would return to Kentucky in June. Grand old man! there was work to be done in that distant field, and he was willing to forego the pleasure of meeting with his colleagues to accomplish it. The Colusa District Conference meets at Chico, and the bishop presides; and whenever duty makes its levy on his energies and his time, he pays the assessment.

At the meeting in May, his colleagues assign him to the West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Baltimore Conferences.

Late in June, we meet with him in St. Joseph, Missouri, on his return to his home, where he was resting a few days on account of the intense heat, which had well-nigh prostrated his excellent wife. While there he preached in Francis Street Church a missionary sermon, raising a handsome collection;

and then at night he preached again, with great profit to the people.

He makes his appearance in Kentucky in ample time to arrange for a camp-meeting at Paroquet Springs, twenty miles from Louisville, on the Nashville Railroad, the *Kavanaugh Camp-ground* not yet being ready.

The meeting was commenced August 10th, and embraced two Sundays. Among the distinguished preachers who were present, Bishop Kavanaugh was a commanding figure, preaching and laboring as in the past.

The Kentucky Conference, held in Nicholasville, commenced on the 13th of September. Bishop Keener presided.

Before leaving home for Western Virginia Conference, where his episcopal labors would begin, he called by Nicholasville and spent a short time. Dr. Miller writes: "Bishop Kavanaugh was present two days, and gladdened our hearts with his genial spirit and godly counsels. It is said that there are districts in North Carolina that are still voting for Andrew Jackson for the presidency. We can appreciate the generous devotion of the North Carolinians in this. It is not a question of information with them. It is explainable upon precisely the same grounds as the fact that the Kentucky Conference still believes that Bishop Kavanaugh is 'a member at large' of its body."

Bishop Kavanaugh preached the first evening after his arrival. The Methodist Church was crowded. We had a seat on the steps of the pulpit. He was in his happiest mood. Every eye was upon him, and

every ear was strained to catch the words of living truth as they fell from his lips, when a pallor seemed to settle on many a face. The impression was general that the pulpit would not contain him. He swayed from right to left, each succeeding moment more intensified with the grand theme he was presenting. Just as he caught a glimpse of the promised land, and was unfolding its glories, he stepped too near the edge of the pulpit; but, while falling, strong arms caught him and bore him back. During this incident, the thread of the sermon was not broken. While all were alarmed, he seemed unconscious of what was passing.

On the 20th of September, we were with him at Charleston, West Virginia, where he presided over that conference, at the close of which T. S. Wade, the secretary, wrote: "Our beloved Bishop Kavanaugh was with us, in good health, and presided with his usual dignity and acceptability, and preached with all the power and eloquence of his earlier days."

On the first day of October, we find him at Belleville, West Virginia, engaged in the dedication of a church.

At the Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina Conferences, he was equally abundant in labors. At the North Carolina Conference, he preached on Thanksgiving Day "a great Gospel sermon, full of the Holy Ghost—such a sermon as becomes a bishop."

From South Carolina he returned home, his health somewhat impaired by the immense labors he had performed. He was confined to his room for several weeks; but as soon as he was able he was again in

the field, zealously promoting the collections for the Publishing House, contributing largely himself.

The Baltimore Conference was held at Alexandria, Va., commencing March 7th. Bishop Kavanaugh had not fully recovered his strength, and cheerfully availed himself of the assistance of Bishop Doggett during the session. We had not the pleasure of hearing him preach on Sunday, as we were serving at another church.

Early in May, in speaking of Bishop Kavanaugh, the Lebanon (Ky.) *Herald* says: "This venerable and distinguished prelate preached at the Methodist church on Sunday morning and evening, to immense audiences. His sermons produced a deep impression. They were earnest, logical, profound, and eloquent—two specimens of pulpit oratory such as are not often heard within twenty-four hours."

He was present with the bishops in May in Nashville, but subsequently to the meeting he attended the conference for the Gallatin District, Tennessee Conference; and at the laying of the corner-stone of the McKendree Church he delivered an appropriate and eloquent discourse.

His episcopal work for 1877 embraced the Illinois, Louisville, Arkansas, White River, and Little Rock Conferences.

We had the pleasure of being with him at the sessions of the Illinois Conference, held in Nashville, Ill., and the Louisville Conference, in Henderson, Ky., and listened with pleasure to the high eulogium passed upon him in both places.

Mrs. Kavanaugh accompanied him to his confer-

ences in Arkansas, and won golden opinions from the preachers and people everywhere by the suavity and gentleness of her manners, her bright and cheerful face, and her fine conversational powers; while the bishop continued to occupy the high eminence to which he had attained in his former visits.

This year will ever occupy a prominent place in Southern Methodism as the year in which Bishop Marvin died. He had visited the Church in China, and just returned from his trip around the world. We were with him at the Missouri Conference, September 12th, when he received the sad intelligence by telegram, while in the chair, of the death of a brother. Inviting Dr. Rush to the chair, he retired to his room, asking us to accompany him. We spent the afternoon with him in close Christian fellowship. His conversation was in reference to the sustaining power of religion amid the bereavements of life, and the rich reward that awaits the Christian after death.

On the 26th of November he died, at his home in St. Louis, of *pleuro-pneumonia*. The Church throughout its borders mourned his death, and in China tears were shed for the loss of one so useful and so beloved.

CHAPTER XV.

*FROM THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1878 TO THE
DEATH OF BISHOP KAVANAUGH.*

THE eighth session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, began its session in Atlanta, Georgia, May 1, 1878.

Bishop Kavanaugh was present, and bore well his part as a bishop during the session.

After the close of the conference, he came to Nashville, spending a few days in our family. He preached by previous invitation on Sunday, the 26th, in the afternoon, at Vanderbilt University, a sermon before the Biblical class, on Acts xx, 24. A minister who was present* said: "The venerable bishop seemed to emulate the great apostle in testifying the gospel of the grace of God, which he charged the young divines to preach in all its purity, grandeur, and power."

In the plan of episcopal visitation for 1878, his field of labor embraced the Illinois, Tennessee, Holston, Florida, North Alabama, and Alabama Conferences. Before the time for his conferences to begin, he held a basket-meeting at Kavanaugh Camp-ground, and a few weeks later he held a camp-meeting at the same place, where he labored with untiring energy.

In the meantime, he attended several district conferences, among them the one held at Allensville,

* Rev. T. O. Summers, D.D.

Ky., for the Russellville District, where he preached twice. "His sermon on the office of Christ was replete with intelligent thought and soul-encouraging doctrine." Speaking of the final chorus of the redeemed, he said: "I never could carry a tune here; but when I join the general assembly and Church of the first-born in the skies, tune or no tune, I'll try to sing."

Before leaving Southern Kentucky, he visited his old friend, Hugh Barclay, in Russellville, who was in feeble health, remaining two days, and preaching one evening to a large congregation.

He was also present at the Louisville District Conference, which held its session in the Walnut Street Church, where "he preached with extraordinary power."

Never was Bishop Kavanaugh more in his element than in charge of a camp-meeting. Bishop McTyeire was in attendance, as was also Bishop Wiley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose sermons were spoken of in the highest terms. He entered upon his episcopal work at Pana, Illinois, September 11th, and closed the round at Mobile, Alabama, December 17th, presiding with acceptability, and preaching with power, at the several conferences he attended.

At the Holston Conference, the testimony was that, "Bishop Kavanaugh, as he does everywhere, sustained himself as one of the most gifted of American preachers." An eminent physician in Knoxville said: "I do not believe he has a superior in the pulpit." His sermon in Church Street Church, Knoxville, on Sunday, "was a model of sublime and

eloquent thought, delivered with remarkable fervor and effect."

At the Alabama Conference, Dr. Summers, who was present, said of him: "In the chair, on the platform, and in social intercourse, he won golden opinions of preachers and people."

He did not reach home from the Alabama Conference until late in February, 1879, and after resting for a few weeks, entered upon a round of district conferences.

The first was held for Ashley District, Illinois Conference, March 20th to 23d; the second at Lewisport, Ky., for the Owensboro District, Louisville Conference, April 11th to 13th. We next follow him to Mt. Sterling, Ky., April 26th to 27th, the seat of the Lexington District Conference. From there he proceeded to Tennessee, and held the Clarksville District Conference at Ashland, May 1st to 4th.

Soon after the conference at Ashland, the annual meeting of the bishops was held, after which he attends the conference for McMinnville District, at McMinnville, May 22d to 25th.

From the Tennessee he goes to the Holston Conference, and is present at the conferences for the Chattanooga, the Athens, the Wytheville, and the Jefferson Districts, closing this department of his work on the 22d of June.

Early in July, he passes through Nashville, *en route* to his home in Louisville.

His camp-meeting was appointed to begin July 17th, in which it was expected that he would bear a prominent part, and he did so. Dr. Alpheus W.

Wilson, now Bishop Wilson, preached the opening sermon. The text was Eph. i, 15-23. The effect produced was excellent.

He visited the Kentucky Conference, held in Richmond, where Bishop Doggett presided, and then attended the Indiana, the first in his round for the present year. It was held in Gosport. He was the guest of Dr. Smith, a Kentuckian, at whose house we had the pleasure of being entertained with the bishop. He preached several times with great profit to the people, and on Sunday afternoon addressed the Sunday-school.

On his return to Kentucky, on the fourth Sunday in October, he dedicated the new Methodist Church in Caverna, and after a most remarkable sermon several hundred dollars were collected to pay the debt that rested upon it.

He met the Memphis Conference at Mayfield, November 19th, and the North Mississippi at Water Valley, December 3d, at both of which he enjoyed "times of refreshing." His lecture in December, 1879, at Greenville, Miss., for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association, was a grand success. His theme was man, his origin, nature, relations, obligations, and destiny. The impression made is not yet obliterated.

His last conference on the round was the Mississippi, held at Meridian, commencing December 17th, where "the bishop won every heart to him."

The early part of the year 1880 he spent the most of his time in attending district conferences in Indiana, Memphis, and Mississippi Conferences, preaching

the commencement sermon for Whitworth Female College, in Mississippi, June 27th, having been present at the annual meeting of the bishops in May. In July he dedicated a church in Cave City, Kentucky, and August 5th entered upon the labors of the camp-meeting at Kavanaugh Camp-ground, bearing an equal part in pulpit and altar with the younger preachers.

To Bishop Doggett the conferences on the Pacific Coast were assigned, but his feeble health indicated that he would not be able to attend them. On Bishop Kavanaugh devolved the necessity of supplying his place. Before doing so he attended the Illinois Conference at Marion, the Indiana at Nashville, preaching at the latter place a funeral sermon in memory of Rev. T. A. Feltner, and then the Louisville at Glasgow, leaving his work in Texas to be supplied by some other bishop.

After holding the Louisville Conference he made his arrangements to leave for California, and with Mrs. Kavanaugh was soon on his long journey.

Bishop Kavanaugh was now in his seventy-ninth year, and had visited this distant field four times previous. On reaching the Occident he was never more gladly welcomed. His popularity and influence had increased with each successive visit.

Bishop Doggett, whose place Bishop Kavanaugh was going to fill, died at Richmond, Virginia, October 27, 1880, just about the time Bishop Kavanaugh left for California. Bishop Doggett had but few peers in the American pulpit. Pure in life, his death was triumphant.

After attending the Pacific and Los Angeles Conferences, "he spent a month in visiting different localities where his services had been solicited." He then visited Santa Rosa, then Sacramento, whose "Public Library and Art Gallery are interesting resorts to the visitor," and where Bishop Kavanaugh spent his seventy-ninth birthday. Colusa was the next point that shared the labors of this extraordinary man.

He was not present at the meeting of his colleagues in May, preferring to remain in California and Oregon until after the sessions of the conferences in 1881, making his last foot-prints on the Pacific Coast, and where his marks were deep and distinct. "He is preaching through that vast territory the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ with the vigor of a man of forty, and the wisdom of a man of twice that number of years." His health and the power of his pulpit work, and the contagion of his cheerful faith in God and the Gospel, told happily upon the Church in that field.

On the 25th of August he was at Corvallis, Oregon, holding the Columbia Conference, and at the Angeles, held in Carpenteria, California, September 15th. On the 28th of September we find him in Petaluma, holding the Pacific Conference.

Soon after the adjournment of the Pacific Conference he turns his face towards his home, from which he had been so long absent. His labors in California and Oregon would make a large volume, and if we take into consideration his affection for the Church in those States, its size would be greatly augmented. Many of the best years of his life had been passed on

these beautiful plains and majestic mountains; but now he had completed his work, and was looking on the vine-clad hills of California and the snow-capped mountains of Oregon for the last time.

On his way home he stops at Helena and holds the session of the Montana Conference, and thirteen days later, on the 27th of October, we find him at Denver, Colorado, presiding over the Denver Conference. Before reaching Kentucky, duty calls him to Texas, where he holds the North-west Texas, the North Texas, and East Texas Conferences, preaching all along the route with matchless power, winning golden opinions from the people, and gathering fruitage for his Master.

The account of his labors in the pulpit and on the platform in Helena, given by a member of the Montana Conference, is a fair sample of his work everywhere on his route from Petaluma to his Kentucky home. He says: "Bishop Kavanaugh fully sustained his reputation as one of the leading pulpit orators of the day. He was greeted at both Butte and Helena with immense audiences, and held them spell-bound for an hour and a half or more at each service. I feel thankful for the message of this ancient servant of God. I believe that his sermon on Sunday will bear fruit in eternity. In his audiences were the *élite* of Helena, and they were held in rapt attention for nearly two hours, while the speaker discoursed upon repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. It was a most faithful and powerful presentation of the cardinal truths of the Gospel. I thought I never heard the enormity of sin and its

results so forcibly presented. Then the love of God in the gift of his Son, the atonement, repentance, justification by faith, regeneration, and the witness of the Spirit were clearly and powerfully illustrated. Thank God for this visit to Montana, and the testimony of Bishop Kavanaugh to the truth as it is in Jesus!"

On Saturday evening, "he gave us a grand missionary speech."

On the 14th of January, 1882, the bishop was eighty years of age. The Methodist preachers in the city of Louisville, on the 9th of the month, mistaking that day for the anniversary of his birthday, called on him and tendered their good wishes, to which he responded in touching language.

A letter from Louisville, dated January 23, 1882, says: "Our dear Bishop Kavanaugh, Kentucky's favorite preacher, is at home again, enjoying a short rest, except on Sundays."

He reached home in time to attend the funeral of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Charlotte Thornton, a woman no less distinguished for her high culture than for her beautiful Christian life. She died in Versailles, Ky., January 31, 1882.

She was the wife of David Thornton, of whom mention has already been made in this volume, shedding happiness upon her home, while for nearly sixty years she "walked with God."

The following beautiful tribute to her memory, from the pen of her pastor, Rev. E. H. Pearce, deserves to be placed in a permanent form:

"Mrs. Charlotte Thornton died January 31, 1882,

at her residence in Versailles, Ky., one of the noblest of earth, a name written as in the caption, and also in the Lamb's Book of Life. For some accidental delay in this notice since the time of her departure, to myself, at least, there is the compensation of a recollection rising at once with such strength and tenderness that I am reminded that time can never efface the memory of one of the most exalted women I have ever known in this life. The pilgrimage had been close to the fourscore of years—nearly or quite sixty of these walking close with God. In young womanhood she sought earnestly at the altar the forgiveness of sins, and was powerfully converted. It was a change; she knew it—she testified to it continually with devoted remembrance. Only a few hours previous to her departing breath she told me it was 'difficult to tell when Christ seemed nearer—in the hour of conversion or then, in the valley and shadow, when the everlasting arms were about her.' United in early womanhood to the late and lamented David Thornton, she found in him a noble companionship in the love and service of Christ Jesus. Many a weary itinerant Methodist preacher, long before the day of turnpikes and railroads, found a welcome home at the house of David and Charlotte Thornton. Through the long years of their union, how firmly they stood as pillars in the Church of God! Children came and were taken, but Christ was all in all. Business success and adversity came, but neither the tide of the one nor the storm of the other removed the anchor from the rock. Sons and daughters grew to honored manhood and useful

womanhood, but vows of consecration were breathed upon them, and they went forth as loving laborers and devoted workers in the vineyard of God. At last the bereaved wife and aged mother stood alone as the head of the home. Rarer and more radiant than the sublimest scenes of earth was the moral sublimity of this heroine of faith, as she calmly but courageously dwelt, waiting for God, and yet watching and working for him until he should say, 'It is finished.' When Bishop Kavanaugh, as her kinsman and life-long associate, spoke the last words of her memorial to the great congregation, the light of her life seemed resting on every heart, lingering as a beam from the great white throne.

"Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;
Through their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long slant splendor downward flowed.
Down glade, and glen, and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold,
And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!
'So,' prayed we, 'when our feet draw near
The river dark with mortal fear,
And the night cometh chill with dew,
O Father! let thy light break through!
So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!'"

On the 15th of February, 1882, the intelligence of the death of Bishop Wightman, which occurred that morning, flashed over the wires. His sickness was protracted, but borne with sweet resignation to the will of his Heavenly Father. Although his death was not unexpected, yet there was mourning through-

out the Church. A good and great man had fallen, but he fell at his post.

On the last Sabbath in February Bishop Kavanaugh was in Nashville, and preached at West End an excellent sermon.

The General Conference was fast approaching. It met in the city of Nashville, May 3d, and at the request of Bishop Paine, the senior bishop, the conference was opened by Bishop Kavanaugh. During the session he presided alternately with the other bishops, and performed his portion of the work, in the pulpit as well as in the conference room.

In the distribution of episcopal labor he had assigned to him, for this year, only two conferences, the South Georgia and the Florida.

The episcopal college had been strengthened by the election of four additional bishops, and, as he had reached his fourscore years, it was deemed expedient to lighten the burden he had borne so willingly and so long. Although his mental vigor remained unimpaired, yet it could not but be evident that his physical force was yielding to the heavy tax which had been imposed upon it. His gait was less steady, and there was less elasticity in his motive powers. He did not, however, perceive the situation, or, if so, did not accept it. He continued to labor as in the strength of his mature manhood. He preached the commencement sermon for Howard College, Mo., attended district conferences, and conducted the Kavanaugh Camp-meeting, which continued several weeks, performing his part of the pulpit labor with the preachers who assisted him.

The following invitation to attend the laying of the corner-stone of the Battle Monument, at Blue Lick Springs, was sent him ; but whether he accepted or not we are not advised :

“ OFFICE OF ‘BLUE LICK BATTLE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION,’ }
CARLISLE, KY., *July 20, 1882.* } ”

“ REV. H. H. KAVANAUGH :

“ *Dear Sir,*—The undersigned Committee of Correspondence and Invitation beg leave to tender you, in behalf of the ‘Battle Monument Association,’ a *special* and *earnest* invitation to be present at the solemn ceremonies of the laying of the corner-stone of the ‘Battle Monument,’ at the ‘Blue Lick Springs,’ August 19, 1882. It is the earnest wish of the Committee that you should offer the prayer to Almighty God for his blessing upon the work begun by the Committee, to honor and perpetuate the names and sacrifices of the heroic pioneers who fell a victim upon that bloody field one hundred years ago, in defense of home, honor, and country. The Committee beg to assure you that, as the head of a great body of Christians, and still more as a loved father in Israel, honored by all people of every creed, it is their earnest wish that you will accept this trust, and thereby gratify the Committee, as well as the great body of people who will be present on that occasion.

“Awaiting your prompt and favorable reply, we have the honor to be, very truly, yours, etc.,

“ W. P. ROSS, W. A. MORRIS,
“ J. H. PIPER, J. A. CHAPPELL,
“ B. F. REYNOLDS,

“ *Committee.*

“The Committee will beg you to consider yourself as their guest, and will assure you safe and comfortable private conveyance to and from Carlisle to the Springs.”

Before he entered upon his tour of conferences another of his colleagues in the episcopal office passed from labor to reward. Bishop Robert Paine died at his residence in Aberdeen, Miss., October 18, 1882. Since Bishop Kavanaugh's elevation to the office of bishop six members of the episcopal college had crossed over the last river and entered upon eternal life.

The South Georgia Conference met in Albany, Ga., December 13th; and, after presiding over that body, Bishop Kavanaugh proceeded to Jacksonville, Fla., where on the 3d of January he met the Florida Conference. The session, as had been that of the South Georgia Conference, was remarkably pleasant. He remained in that sunny land for several weeks after the adjournment of the conference, preaching the Gospel and inviting sinners to Christ. Mrs. Kavanaugh was with him. February 11th, he dedicated the church in Leesburg, preaching “with marked ability and power,” with no abatement of zeal or intellectual force.

On his return home he preached at nearly every point he passed to admiring crowds. He was present at the annual meeting of the bishops in Nashville, May 1, 1883, and was assigned to the Virginia, Mississippi, and Louisiana Conferences. He spent the Summer in visiting Churches and preaching, holding several

district conferences, scarcely a Sunday passing without finding him in the pulpit, and generally both morning and evening.

He conducted his annual camp-meeting, which continued over two Sabbaths.

In the Autumn of 1883 he made his last visit to Versailles, a place he loved well, where his first wife and all his children were buried. The occasion was the re-dedication or reopening of the Methodist church, which had undergone a thorough renovation. He was the pastor of the Church in that beautiful town at the time of his elevation to the episcopal office. He had preached there oftener, perhaps, than at any other place in Kentucky, but was never more happy in delivering his message than on this occasion.

We had written to him, and invited him to spend a Sabbath in Bowling Green and preach to the people of our charge. He had not preached there since 1844, and we felt desirous that his voice should be heard, especially by the younger people, proclaiming the tidings of a Redeemer's love, before he closed his labors and his life. We met him at the depot, and conducted him to the pleasant home of Dr. T. B. Wright, where he was elegantly entertained.

His visit to Bowling Green embraced the first Sabbath in September. He preached morning and evening, to large audiences, and with great power, and to the delight and profit of the people. If he was the first preacher from whom we heard the Gospel, nearly sixty years before, it seems to have been appropriate that in the pulpit of which we had charge his last sermon in Kentucky should be preached.

The Virginia Conference, the first in his round, was to meet in Richmond, November 14th. On the first of November, accompanied by Mrs. Kavanaugh, he left home for Virginia.

He first stopped in Lynchburg, where he preached one sermon. He next went to Petersburg, to which city he was invited to address the Woman's Missionary Society. From thence he went to Richmond, where he preached, on the Sabbath preceding the conference, at Union Church.

In Richmond he met Bishop Pierce, whom he had invited to be with him and assist him in the duties of the occasion. Bishop Hargrove was also present, and aided in lightening his work. During the conference, he preached on Sunday at Broad Street; and after the close of the session he spent a Sabbath and preached at Centenary.

Referring to his visits to the Virginia Conference, a member of that body writes: "His preaching on these occasions made the deepest impressions, and will never be forgotten by those who chanced to hear him. Fortunately for me, I had the pleasure of entertaining him and his excellent wife at my house in Danville, in last November, soon after the close of our last conference at Richmond, Va., and heard him preach a sermon in my pulpit on the text, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name,' which was seldom, if ever, equaled by himself or any living preacher of the Gospel in the elements of pulpit power and effectiveness. It is hard to realize that he who preached with such eloquence, showing no signs of mental or physical

decline, has passed away under the weight of more than eighty-two years.”*

From Richmond he went to Danville; and from thence to Augusta, Ga., fifteen miles from which city he dedicated Kavanaugh Chapel. From Augusta he went to Jackson, Miss., where he spent a few days, and preached on the Sabbath; and from thence to Natchez, the seat of the Mississippi Conference, over which he presided “without any manifestation of impatience, which is so common with men of his age. As to his spiritual power in his talk, there was no diminution. His talk to the young preachers received into full connection was the most impressive and instructive I ever listened to. I see from your published notice that you claim that Bishop Kavanaugh was the favorite preacher of Kentucky. You might have added, of the entire Methodist Episcopal Church, South.”†

After leaving Natchez he spent a Sabbath at Vicksburg, where, in the morning, he preached in the Methodist church, and in the evening at the Presbyterian. From Vicksburg he went to Monroe, La., on a brief visit to Judge Richardson, the brother of Mrs. Kavanaugh, on which occasion he dedicated a church, fifteen miles from Monroe. He also preached in Monroe during the week.

The Louisiana Conference was to be held in Minden, but was changed to New Orleans. Quite a number of preachers were on the same boat with the bishop on his way from Monroe to the seat of the

* Letter from Rev. Alex. G. Brown, dated March 27, 1884.

† Extract from letter from Rev. W. Spillman.

conference. Bishop Kavanaugh preached on the boat on the 6th of January. The text was Hebrews ii, 14, 15: "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." "The bishop's theme was just such an one as God would direct the mind to as the Christian nears the top of Pisgah—the trials and triumph of faith."

"By some strange combination, this was the first and only sermon I ever heard Bishop Kavanaugh preach, though I had been a traveling preacher for twenty-three years. I knew his fame, which had spread through all the Church, but was astonished above measure at the vigor, spiritual, intellectual, and physical, which the Bishop manifested on that occasion.

"As he followed the Christian's struggling faith through the suffering and bondage of sinful wanderings, he literally held in sympathizing fellowship the incarnate God close by his side. It was inspiring as life given anew to the dead; while the bishop preached he was not old nor feeble. His mind worked like the trained intellect of a vigorous student in the prime of life. His motion was quick and smooth, like that of an athlete. His voice was round and full. At times he seemed to be under the *Shekinah*, his face glowed, there was about him a halo of glory."*

The conference met January 9th. He presided

*Letter to Mrs. Kavanaugh from Rev. J. A. Parker.

over the conference with grace and ease, by his urbanity and gentleness winning the hearts of the preachers and the audience. His birthday, the 14th of January, occurred during the session. On the BISHOP'S BIRTHDAY, after the conference had resumed regular business, the Rev. J. B. Walker, D. D., advanced to the platform, accompanied by little Miss Phala McTyeire Lyons, who carried a basket of beautiful flowers and evergreens, which she handed to Bishop Kavanaugh. Dr. Walker remarked that, in commemoration of his eighty-second birthday, the conference had requested him to present, as a token of their regard, affection, and esteem, these lovely flowers, also an elegant gold-headed ebony cane. Dr. Walker, with his peculiar grace and eloquence, expressed the gratitude of the conference to God in granting them the pleasure of enjoying Bishop Kavanaugh's presence among them.

He had hardly concluded when the Rev. James A. Ivy presented to the bishop an elegantly bound copy of the New Testament, printed in pica type, and in a most happy manner expressed his joy at seeing him so well and hearty at his advanced age. Bishop Kavanaugh received his birthday presents with great feeling. During the utterance of his words of thanks, the pretty little girl of six Summers, who had presented the flowers, turned her bright face up to the bishop, and he, with gentle courtesy, stooped and kissed her. This act brought tears to many a manly face in the audience.

After the close of the conference, he lingered in New Orleans for several weeks, that he might for

awhile enjoy that pleasant climate before he started homeward. After preaching in several of the Methodist churches in the city, he spent his last Sabbath in that city with his friend, Rev. Dr. Markham, the pastor of Lafayette Presbyterian Church. In speaking of this occasion, Dr. Markham wrote under the caption of "*The Old Man Eloquent*," the following tribute:

"The congregation of the Lafayette Presbyterian Church, New Orleans (Rev. Dr. Markham, pastor), enjoyed, Sabbath, February 10th, one of those rare pleasures esteemed by all lovers of truth and of the Word. It was their privilege to listen to an exposition of Scripture from the lips of a preacher who, for threescore years, had been proclaiming its unsearchable riches.

"Short of stature, and round and full in person, the embodiment of sturdy strength, this veteran of sixty campaigns wielded his weapons with the vigor and force of a warrior in his prime, striking blows that divided asunder the joints of the harness of doubt and error.

"Speaking from John xvi, 20, 'Verily, verily I say unto you, that ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy,' he reviewed in graphic presentation the hopes excited on the one side, and the fears aroused on the other, by the life and character, the words and works of Jesus; the disappointment and chagrin of his disciples at his death, with their overwhelming mortification, as their enemies, taunting and jeering, asked, 'Where now is

your God?" and the reaction, as their sorrow was turned into joy in the triumphant vindication wrought by his resurrection and ascension, in the destruction of that 'last enemy,' under whose power he had been permitted, for a time, to lie. So that, with point and power, Peter could pen those glowing words in the opening of his first epistle, in which he blesses 'the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for their lively hope begotten by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.'

"The writer would not venture beyond this suggestive outline of a discussion, begun with a deliberation of speech and a quiet of manner that made the outset seem subdued and slow, but which soon rose into a glow, which, sustained through an hour and a quarter of earnest utterance and animated movement (unhelped by manuscript or note), arrested and fixed the attention of the well-filled house, in which young and old sat interested, instructed, and refreshed; the thoughts so clear and the words so plain that the young in their teens easily apprehended all that was said; while the rich, fresh matter, the simple, chaste style, and the direct and pointed manner, made the matured and aged listen with profit and delight.

"The Methodist Church is to be congratulated in that, through the thirty years of his itinerancy and the thirty of his episcopate—his labors covering her extended territory, from the Atlantic to the Pacific (including five episcopal visits to California)—her people have had the benefit and blessing of the teachings of one so manifestly 'anointed and set apart;' to whom the Spirit has revealed the deep things, open-

ing his understanding and warming his heart to set forth with power the mysteries of the kingdom of grace and the anticipations of the kingdom of glory.

“In appearance and action, twenty years younger than the age which time has ‘set to his score,’ his bow ‘abides in strength.’ And, save in a slowness of step, due, doubtless, in no small measure to an unusual weight of body, scarce a trace of the ‘labor and sorrow of the fourscore’ can be seen. So that he ‘still brings forth fruit in old age.’

“The venerable brother of whom I write is Rev. Hubbard Hinde Kavanaugh, D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who, after the close of the Louisiana Conference, remained a month in our city.

“Ministering three Sabbaths in churches of his own ‘faith and order,’ and speaking on a week evening for Dr. Witherspoon, in the Bethel, his last Sabbath was with us in this morning service, followed by a participation, in the evening, in the First Presbyterian Church (Dr. Palmer’s) in the services held by the Sunday League of Louisiana.

“Leaving our city last week, he bears with him to his home in Anchorage, Ky., the thanks of a sister Church for ‘a feast of fat things, of wine on the lees well refined.’ His message, so fitly spoken, will be held in grateful remembrance—a message set in words that were ‘as nails fastened by a master of assemblies,’ that proved to them ‘a word in season,’ strengthening their faith and brightening their hope.”*

* Dr. Markham in *South-western Presbytertan* of February 21, 1884.

It is somewhat remarkable that Bishop Kavanaugh preached his last sermon in a Presbyterian Church. We have seen that he owed much in his early religious life to the influence and instrumentality of Rev. Mr. Lyle, a Presbyterian preacher; and that his last message should be delivered to a congregation of that denomination shows how well he maintained his kindly relations to that people during the more than three-score years since he first tasted "the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come."

Two days later he left New Orleans for Ocean Springs, to which place he had been invited, and where he had promised to preach on the following Sabbath. He was restless Saturday night, and spent the hours quite uncomfortably, and although Mrs. Kavanaugh advised him to remain in bed Sunday morning, and decline any attempt to preach, he would not listen to the suggestion, but arose and prepared for the service.

He was promptly in the pulpit at 11 o'clock, and after the opening service announced his text, "For our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor. iv, 17.) As was his habit, he read the text a second time. He then paused a few moments and asked for a glass of water, referring at the same time to the restless night he had passed, and to his present exhausted condition. After drinking the water, he read his text the third time. Unable to proceed he took his seat, at the same time requesting a preacher who was present to close the services. He was accompanied to Colonel Stuart's, whose guest he was, by

a kind physician, who immediately prescribed for him and attended him constantly for ten days, until he was able to travel. He had accepted an invitation to spend a short time in Columbus, Mississippi, on his way to Kentucky, but before leaving Ocean Springs hesitated as to whether he had not better proceed at once to his home. He, however, decided on stopping at Columbus. He left Ocean Springs February 26th, and reached Columbus the following morning, in a feeble condition. He was for several days the guest of Captain C. A. Johnston, but on the urgent solicitation of Rev. J. H. Scruggs he was removed to the parsonage, where he might have the undivided attention of the pastor of the Church. The ablest medical assistance was promptly called to his bedside. He could not be saved. No remedies could reach the disease that was to take him from us. He soon became unconscious, and on Wednesday morning, the 19th of March, at 3 o'clock, he breathed his last.

The following letter from Rev. J. H. Scruggs, at whose house he died, will be read with interest:

“COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, *March 31, 1884.*

“DEAR DR. REDFORD,—You requested me when we parted in Louisville to write you, on my return home, the particulars of Bishop Kavanaugh's last illness and death. I now comply with that request. When I was in Kentucky last August, attending the Kavanaugh Camp-meeting, I spent on that ground a delightful week with the bishop. When we parted I invited him to make us a visit in Columbus, Mississippi, on his return home from the Louisiana Conference, which was to convene the following January. He partially promised to do so, provided his engagements

at the time would allow him. I remembered his remark, and, with the view of reminding him of it, I wrote him a letter renewing the invitation during the session of the Louisiana Conference, over which he presided, at New Orleans. In reply to my letter he wrote me of his intention to come, but stated that he would remain about a month in New Orleans after the adjournment of the conference, make one or two stops on the way, and then reach Columbus by the last of February. On the 9th of February I received the following note from him, the last, I suppose, he ever wrote:

“ ‘NEW ORLEANS, February 9, 1884.

“ ‘REV. J. H. SCRUGGS:

“ ‘*My Dear Brother*,—I think it proper that I should advise you of our purposed course of travel when we leave here to go to you. I spend next Sabbath (to-morrow) in this city. On Tuesday we leave for Ocean Springs. We propose spending one Sabbath there, and from thence we go to Columbus to your service. You will please drop us a note to Ocean Springs, and say at what time you would prefer that we should come to your assistance; whether your wife will be at home. What is the state of her mother's health? Should it be necessary we can spend two Sabbaths with you, and then move for home.

“ ‘Very truly yours, H. H. KAVANAUGH.’

“ ‘He left New Orleans for Ocean Springs on Tuesday, the 12th of February, to spend a week with his old friend, W. R. Stuart. The following Sabbath, the 17th, he attempted to preach, but was too feeble to do so. He had suffered greatly the previous night. Accompanied by a physician, he returned to the home of his old friend. The following Wednesday or Thursday I expected him to reach Columbus. On the morning of the 20th of February I received a card from Sister Kavanaugh stating that the bishop was not well, and had decided to remain over another Sabbath at Ocean Springs. This he did. On the evening of

the 26th of February he took leave of Ocean Springs, and arrived in Columbus at 10 o'clock A. M. the following morning.

“In company with Mrs. C. A. Johnston I met him and his wife at the depot, and accompanied them to the residence of Captain C. A. Johnston, where they were to be entertained until the following Monday. When we arrived at the residence of the above-named gentleman, the bishop remarked to me that he was suffering very much, and took from his vest pocket two prescriptions, handed them to me, and requested that they should be filled as soon as convenient. On inquiry, I found him suffering greatly. I proceeded at once to the drug-store, had the medicine prepared, and on my return administered the first dose according to directions. His suffering was at times intense, the paroxysms recurring after intervals of thirty minutes, sometimes more severe, however, than at others. The prescribed treatment was kept up closely for twenty-four hours. At the expiration of that time he had received no relief, and I advised him to call a physician. It was decided in a few moments that I should go for Dr. W. L. Lipscomb, which I did. This was in the afternoon of the 28th of February. The physician was soon at his bedside, and began a different course of treatment. He gave him internal remedies until Sunday morning; finding these would not relieve him, he resorted to the use of the catheter, and in this way relieved him of his suffering.

“I had announced the good bishop for the pulpit on the following Sabbath after his arrival, and up to Friday morning he thought he would be able to preach; but at that time he remarked to me, in his characteristic way, ‘You had better pick your flint for the Sabbath, my brother.’ The following day I inquired of his physician if I could depend on his preaching at least once on Sunday. He replied, ‘You can not; his effective work is done. He may live six months, or possibly longer with careful attention, but I do not think he will ever be able to preach again.’

“ His disease was what is denominated in the medical profession cystitis, and resulted in blood-poison. He gradually grew worse from day to day. Under the direction of the physician, we arranged to leave with him for his home at Anchorage, on Monday, the 10th of March; but as the time approached for his departure, we found he was too feeble to bear the fatigue of the trip, and I decided at once to remove him to the parsonage, where I could give him my individual attention. This was done.

“ From Monday until Thursday, the 13th, he improved very much in strength, but there was no improvement in the disease which was destined to put him in his grave. Thursday night he sat up until ten o'clock, and related some amusing incidents in connection with his first circuit and early ministry. He then kneeled down and prayed in a weak, tremulous tone one of the sweetest prayers I ever heard. At its close, I assisted him from his knees and to his room, undressed him, and put him to bed. Friday morning he was worse—slept the greater part of the day; Saturday, still worse. The physician administered morphine about eleven o'clock in the morning, and when he went under its influence, he was never fully conscious again.

“ The paroxysms grew worse as the hours passed away, and his suffering at times was more severe than any I had ever witnessed; but not one word of impatience did he utter. When he had moments of rest from these severe attacks, which came like flashes of lightning before he became insensible, he was serene, and would frequently indulge in remarks pointed with the purest wit and enlivened with the richest humor.

“ From Saturday noon until his death, which occurred at three o'clock Wednesday morning, the 19th of March, 1884, he rapidly grew worse, and the stubborn disease baffled the skill of the physicians who had attended him for days in consultation. When it was discovered that his

sickness was not yielding to treatment, Dr. Vaughn was called as counsel, and all that could be done was done to relieve him, as far as possible, from the severe torture through which he had passed from the time he was attacked at Ocean Springs.

“Day and night I stood by his bedside—lifted him up and laid him down, did all in my power to help him bear the suffering through which he was passing, and felt grateful to God for the privilege of administering to so great and good a man in the last hours of his mortal life. True to God, true to his country, and true to the best interests of humanity for sixty-two years, he laid down his life in peace; and I closed his eyes in death, ‘to sleep the sleep that knows no waking,’ until God shall bid him rise to share in the full triumph of that redemption purchased for the pure and the good through the death of Jesus Christ, his Son. May we meet again in heaven!

“Yours, fraternally, JNO. H. SCRUGGS.”

Many who knew Bishop Kavanaugh expected his death to be sudden. We had for many years thought he would die in the pulpit. It was in the pulpit, however, that God gave him his discharge from the labors and the duties of the ministry, which he had received of the Lord Jesus. He had finished his work before he left New Orleans; but, as “Moses went up from the plains of Moab to the top of Pisgah,” from whence he might view the promised land, so Bishop Kavanaugh was permitted, from the little church at Ocean Springs, to ascend the mount, and from its lofty crest take a view of the inheritance upon which he was so soon to enter.

In the selection of the text, which he thrice read, but whose truths he was not permitted to discuss, he

doubtless thought of his own afflictions, so fast wearing away his noble life, and then of the glory that awaited him when he would pass through the golden gate. We may not be able to form any conception of the "glory" that met his vision when he descried the celestial hills on which the sun of heaven rested day and night. But, more than this, the apostle dipped his pen in living light, and threw upon the canvas before his eye the weight of glory—far more exceeding and eternal than his brilliant imagination had ever dreamed of. And as Moses, after descending from the mount of observation, laid him down to die and then entered upon rest, so this scarred veteran of the cross left the pulpit with an honorable discharge from his captain, from the toils of the battle-field, to lie down in death's embrace, and then to ascend to the glittering splendors of heaven, and bask in its fadeless glories forever.

As soon as the news of his illness reached the city of Louisville, a resolution was adopted by a meeting of ministers and members of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the residence of Gen. Ekin, as follows:

"Resolved, That we have read in the paper of this afternoon, with feelings of profound sorrow, the sad announcement of the alarming illness of the Rev. Hubbard Hinde Kavanaugh, D. D., a beloved bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who for upwards of sixty years has gone in and out before the people, proclaiming the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and whose fame is co-extensive with our entire country; and we, the officers and members of the Young Men's Christian Association of the

city of Louisville, composed of different religious denominations, assembled together at this time, desire very earnestly and tenderly to convey to the family and friends of Bishop Kavanaugh, and to the Church of which he is such a distinguished leader, our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of trial and sorrow, and we earnestly pray that, if it is the will of our Heavenly Father, he may be raised up from the gates of death, and restored to his family and friends and the Christian world."

On the morning of his death, we received a telegram from Mrs. Kavanaugh announcing the sad intelligence, and her purpose to return with his remains to Kentucky at once.

On March 21st we joined, at Bowling Green, Kentucky, Mrs. Kavanaugh, accompanied by Rev. J. H. Scruggs and Rev. Warner Moore, in charge of the bishop's remains. We reached Louisville that afternoon too late to arrange for the interment.

On the 22d, at 11.30, appropriate religious services were held in Broadway Methodist Church, which Church was selected because it was the successor of the old Brook Street Church, which was the bishop's last Church charge in this city.

The pulpit was draped in black. In front were arranged many significant floral offerings, among which anchors, crosses, crowns, and sheafs of wheat predominated. With Bishop McTyeire in the pulpit sat Drs. Dearing, Lawson, Messick, Morrison, Redford, and Rivers. In the congregation were Drs. Weaver, Baptist; Humphrey, Presbyterian; Hobbs and Walk, Christian; Bingham, Browder, and Emerson, Methodists.

The service began by Dr. Rivers reading Montgomery's hymn :

“Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.”

After the singing, Dr. Dearing prayed, and Dr. Redford read the Ninetieth Psalm : “ Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations ;” and Dr. Lawson read the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, beginning at the twentieth verse : “ But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.”

Dr. Morrison read Muhlenberg's song :

“I would not live away, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.”

When the song ended Bishop McTyeire spoke, saying :

“The Acts of the Apostles (chapter xi, verse 24) reads : ‘For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith ; and much people was added unto the Lord.’ Our text is a description of Barnabas, the son of Consolation. I read the context, which explains the occasion : ‘Then tidings of these things came unto the ears of the Church which was in Jerusalem, and they sent forth Barnabas, that he should go as far as Antioch ; who, when he came and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord ; for he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost.’ The Bible never indulges in flattery, but it does use generous words of praise. ‘He was a good man.’ That is better and more than to say he was a good physician, a good merchant, or even a good preacher. Those are partial. ‘He was a good man’ is complete. Good is more

than righteous or just. St. Paul says: 'Scarcely for a righteous man would one die, but, peradventure, for a good man one would even dare to die.' A man may be just and not merciful; may be true and not benevolent. He may owe no man any thing, and yet no man may owe him aught. He may be without kindness. One of the delightful features of the New Jerusalem will be that we shall enjoy the companionship of just men made perfect. Many just men of earth have unhappy homes. Selfishness and vanity intrude. But when made perfect, sweetened with love and softened with gentleness, they shall be fit for eternal company. 'He was a good man.' Language can go no higher. Barnabas was a Levite, but benevolent. The infant Church was in need; Barnabas sold his land and laid the proceeds at the apostles' feet for general charity. Beloved, you anticipate me; in your hearts and minds you are saying all this was true of our beloved Bishop Kavanaugh. Yes, he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost. What is it to be thus filled? In the first place, this receiving of the Spirit is seen in the man. The world sees it. Bitterness and malice are put away. How justly this is spoken of Barnabas! When the disciples were distrustful of the apostle, it was Barnabas who presented Paul to them and stood by him. He saw the door open for usefulness greater than he could supply, and he brings Paul from Tarsus to his aid. He wanted good done, not caring who did it. I think if ever I knew a man who in this most thoroughly agreed with Barnabas, it was our beloved bishop. I knew him well. I have seen him in the College of Bishops, have seen him presiding, seen him in many positions, but never knew a man whose heart was freer from malice. His heart and life were full of the fruits of the Spirit, gentleness, meekness, etc. And, like Barnabas, he was full of the Holy Ghost. That last promise of the Savior to send the baptism of the Spirit was fulfilled in him. O, how he was thus enabled to bless the Church!

We call it the unction of the Spirit that opens the hearts of hearers. How often in city churches, in country churches, in camp-meeting sheds, in woods and on plains have listening multitudes heard him preach the Gospel with the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven! Beautifully, constantly, and thoroughly was Christian joy illustrated in him whom we are to bury to-day. He had a religion that made him happy. He loved God, his Church, and his fellow-man. 'Full of the Holy Ghost and faith.' His spiritual life began in faith, and grew in grace—faith in Christ, the Son, and in God, the Ruler. He laid his hand on the head of the divine victim; every moment he said, 'I need thy blood, O, Lord!' He was thoroughly Arminian. As he once told me, he had worked it out and found himself a Methodist in the Arminian creed. I never knew a man so free from bigotry. He loved all good men, and I believe all good men loved him. He said, 'Both by nature and grace I am formed opposed to bigotry. My father was a Protestant Episcopal, my mother was a Methodist. I was awakened to a sense of sin under a Baptist and converted under a Presbyterian, and hence I am connected with the entire household of faith.' The last sermon he preached was in a Presbyterian Church.

"Now, having looked at these points, what is the result? 'And much people was added unto the Lord.' That is always the result. I now call your attention to him not only as a good man, but as a bishop building up the Church. Let me say in the beginning, be not ambitious of number. God forbid that you should hurry people into the Church or keep those in who do not belong! In such is folly and sin. Death is thinning our ranks. Unless multitudes be added, the Church will fall behind. You must reach and convert the masses.

"What of our brother's work? When H. H. Kavanaugh was admitted, in 1823, the Kentucky Conference numbered twenty-one thousand five hundred. This was

all of Kentucky, and portions of Ohio and Tennessee. Perhaps there were fourteen thousand in Kentucky proper. When he died, Kentucky had one hundred and three thousand. When he entered the ministry, there were ninety-two ministers; at his death there were four hundred and ninety-eight, and five hundred local preachers. Truly much people was added. You know he was chiefly instrumental in bringing about these results. In his ministry of sixty-one years he preached in every city, town, and village in the commonwealth of Kentucky. There is hardly a prominent country Church in which he has not preached. We estimate that he preached between fifteen thousand and seventeen thousand sermons. You know they were sermons, not sermonettes. He began with his first appointment at Big Sandy ['Little Sandy'—a voice]. Yes, Little Sandy, and preached nearly every day and twice on Sunday. His district was large. His field was always large. After he became bishop his territory was from Maryland to California, from Oregon to Florida. He went everywhere preaching the Gospel. In his thirty years' life as a bishop he gave fifteen thousand preaching appointments to ministers. He ordained between eight hundred and nine hundred deacons, and six hundred and seven hundred elders. These are parts of his services.

“He was born in Clark County, January 4, 1802, and died at Columbus, Mississippi, March 19, 1884, just as he was entering his eighty-third year. A brother said, ‘What a pity he could not have died at home!’ It was better for him to have died abroad; died in active service. He was licensed in 1822. When Peter Akers and Edward Stevenson were ordained deacons, and Wm. Gunn was ordained elder, H. H. Kavanaugh entered the ministry; Barnabas McHenry, Benjamin Lakin, and Leroy Cole were superannuated, thus beautifully illustrating the words of the opening prayer of to-day's service—God removes his workmen, but carries on his work.

“Our brother was twice married. Each time he took a helpmate. They comforted and consoled him in all his labors and long journeys.

“Brethren, Kentucky has had many great statesmen, men of wonderful reputation, great scientists, great citizens. I hesitate not to say, we bury to-day the most eminent and useful citizen that God ever blessed this commonwealth with. Think of this holy, devotional life, running through sixty-one years—a light in darkness, sweetening bitterness, leading men to God! Kentucky had this light for sixty years. No man can put a finger on a single spot of his record and say it is faulty. You will feel your loss more to-morrow than to-day, and more next month, and in the time to come your full loss will be known. It seems to me our brother could have fitly spoken the words of Samuel’s farewell speech, and, when he had spoken those words, had you answered you would have to answer as the children of Israel did.

“His last appearance in the pulpit was when he stopped at Ocean Springs, February 17th, where he found an appointment for him to preach. He entered the pulpit, announced his text, ‘For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.’ The congregation waited; he pronounced the text a second time, and paused. A third time he spoke the text, sat down, and calling a local preacher, asked him to preach the sermon for him. He died almost in the act of preaching—and he has now that exceeding weight of glory. He continued his journey from New Orleans to Columbus, Miss. There he died. Let me say for your comfort that he could not have fallen into kinder hands. I know those people. I have been their pastor. If I do not die at home, I would ask to die in such a place.

“We desired at the University to bury our brother by the side of McKendree and Soule, but he had long ago said that Kentucky was his place for his body to rest; and it

is fitting. You want to hear his dying testimony? The great Whitefield once said: 'I have borne testimony so often in life that I don't think the Master will call on me to speak in death.' He died saying nothing. That was the case with our brother, Bishop Kavanaugh.

“ ‘Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.’ ”

Dr. Messick read the hymn—

“Come let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize.”

After the singing, Dr. Messick prayed, and Bishop McTyeire announced:

“It was not possible to have the remains in the church; they await us at the vault in Cave Hill. We will take carriages, proceed thither, and deposit the body in the grave. We will go from here without the benediction, as the service will conclude at the grave.”

When the vault at Cave Hill was reached, the hearse with the casket was waiting. After three hacks had passed, the hearse entered the procession, and all hastened to the grave, which is located near the new western portion of the cemetery, a few feet from Capt. D. G. Parr's tall monument. Mrs. Kavanaugh sat in a carriage near the grave. Rev. Dr. Kavanaugh and relatives stood near by, while Bishop McTyeire read the simple Methodist burial service. Moss was gently laid on top of the coffin case to deaden the sound of the falling clods, and the grave was quickly filled. Loving hands covered it with costly floral offerings.

Bishop McTyeire said: "We have now done all that Christian hands can do. This body is sown in corruption; it shall be raised in glory. We hasten to that day." And the sad assemblage moved away.

Hon. James S. Lithgow, who forty years ago was received into the old Brook Street Church by Bishop Kavanaugh, was the careful manager of the funeral services.

Bishop McTyeire, with much force, refers to the fact that he left no words of cheer in his dying moments. Far more than this, he left a long life devoted to Christ. Upon a thousand hills and a thousand plains, in frescoed and in log churches, in palaces of wealth and in the cabins of the poor, he had borne testimony to the truth and saving power of the Gospel, and now he had only to enter into the rest that awaited him. He had thrown aside his armor and surrendered the sword he had never dishonored, and then passed away to the bright and beautiful world he had so often described!

CHAPTER XVI.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP KAVANAUGH.

AT the memorial service held in Nashville, Tennessee, on Sunday, March 30th, Bishop George F. Pierce delivered the following tribute to his memory :

“My acquaintance with our departed colleague stretches over forty years or more, and yet our intercourse has been partial and at long intervals. We have mingled at our annual meetings, and occasionally in conference sessions, but rarely meeting in private life. My materials for sketch and comment are comparatively scanty. But I am not here to deliver a eulogy, nor can you expect a very delicate or thorough tracery of character. General statements, authenticated by a uniform observation and the common judgment of the Church, must suffice for this occasion, leaving the fuller delineation to his future biographer. Bishop Kavanaugh was born in Clark County, Kentucky, January 14, 1802. His early advantages of education and culture were limited. While quite a boy he was put into a printing-office and learned the art of type-setting. In this business he remained till near the time of his admission on trial as a traveling preacher in the Kentucky Conference. At sixteen years of age he was converted to God. Drifting about as an orphan boy among different families of

his kindred, he was much perplexed by varied theological teachings. In seeking religion he was much embarrassed by conflicting ideas; but this was turned to good account, in that the mental and moral troubles through which he passed made him apt to teach others similarly perplexed—expounding to them more perfectly the way of God as he learned it out of his own experience. His heart taught him to interpret Scripture, and doctrine was illumined by the light struck out by temptation and trial. The terror of his awakening, the bitterness of sin, the anguish of repentance, and all the struggles of a mind under deep conviction characterized the process by which he was brought to Christ. His conversion was clear. It brought him spiritual comfort, composure of conscience, satisfaction of heart. He was happy, rejoiced in God. Religion was in him a well of water springing up to everlasting life. Fresh and full, a gushing fountain, it never failed nor knew when drought came. He rose rapidly as a preacher. The Church recognized his gifts, and his profiting was apparent to all. He has filled every grade of work from a mountain missionary (that means hard work, privation, and poor pay) to the episcopacy. Until he became one of the general superintendents his ministry was confined almost exclusively to his native State. There the chief appointments were the beneficiaries of his labors. He was distinguished alike as preacher and pastor, counselor, friend, and guide to the people.

“Bishop Kavanaugh loved the itinerancy—the little discomforts connected with it were too insignificant, in his view, to mar the real and superior en-

joyments to be found in it. He believed in it as the Scriptural and most efficient method for propagating the Gospel. He realized in his personal ministry the benefits of occasional change. He enjoyed the system because it brought him into contact, acquaintance, and fellowship with so many good people scattered over our vast territory. His genial nature basked with delight in the sympathy and confidence and brotherly love of the Church and her friends. He was no imperious prelate, lording it over God's heritage, repelling with magisterial air the poor and the humble. Simple as a child, affectionate as a woman, he was accessible to all, sympathized with the weak and the sad and the tempted, and was tender even with the erring. I do not think I ever knew a more guileless, transparent, artless man. He was generous, broad-minded, large-hearted, self-forgetful. He was a saintly man. He entered the kingdom of God through the strait and narrow gate. He dug deep, and built his house upon a rock, and it survived the stormy winds of time and all the surging billows of temptation and sorrow. God's people everywhere in the Scriptures are called saints. He was not perfectly holy, perhaps, but he was really so. Living beyond four-score years, he has left an unblemished name. He illustrated the religion of Christ in its self-denial, humility, and zeal. Labor was rest, and pain was sweet to him, if thereby Christ might be honored. He carried the Church in his heart—gave to her the first-fruits of his life, the strength and glory of his manhood; and the last days of a green old age were laid lovingly and without stint upon her altar. His

Christian life is one of the gems of purest ray serene belonging to American Methodism. He was a witness for Jesus, whose credibility commanded the confidence of all who knew him. Talk about the evidences of Christianity, external and internal: I do not disparage them; but here they are incarnated in this good man—focalized—a radiant demonstration. A long, spotless Christian life is an unanswerable argument for the truth and divinity of our holy religion. I thank God Methodism has been piling them up for the last hundred years, like pyramids. The tower of Babel on the plains of Shinar, whose top was to reach to heaven, was a wild, daring, impracticable adventure; but our pyramid will pierce the skies, and outlast the sun, moon, and stars. Its basis broad, and built of living stones, it rises higher and higher, and will be a monument of the Gospel when the earth is ashes and the heavens fled and gone.

“It never was my privilege to hear Bishop Kavanaugh preach often—indeed, only a few times, and never under favorable circumstances. I must judge him largely from the report of others. He had a passion for preaching; he was at home in the pulpit. It was the inspiration of his mind, the joy of his heart. It was not ambition, the love of applause, or the hope of gain that moved him; it was the love of Christ, of souls, of the Church. This was the motive power, the animating principle. His mind was saturated with divine truth. His subjects absorbed him. Salvation by faith in Christ, and the doctrines which revolved around this proposition as a nucleus—these

were his favorite themes. Very few, if any, preached more Gospel than Bishop Kavanaugh.

“Almost any one of his discourses, if heard and understood by a heathen, would have expounded to him the way of salvation. His own countrymen, who heard him often, he left without excuse. He held fast to what Paul calls ‘the form of sound words.’ No novelties, no speculations nor metaphysical subtleties diluted his sermons. He preached a pure Gospel. No empirical decoctions gathered from the fields of philosophy and science were ever offered by him to a sin-sick soul, or furnished as a tonic for an invalid Church. His *materia medica* was limited to the leaves of the tree of life which God gave for the healing of the nations.

“His intellect in repose was like his body, heavy—slow to move. Hence his long sermons. It took him awhile to get the wheels in revolution. The motion was not automatic, but for a time mechanical. The fire had to be stirred, the fuel put in, the power generated; but when the machinery was well lubricated, the vessel under headway, the steam on, the sails up, the momentum was tremendous. As we have gone round to the conferences where he had been, we have heard wonderful things of his prowess in the pulpit. He was in no sense a dull man. The power was in him, but latent like fire on flint. The flash seldom failed to follow the stroke. The normal state of his mind was one of repose; but he needed the revelations of faith, the enthusiasm of love, and the inspiration of hope, the transport of Christian joy, to lift him up and out of himself; then old things passed

away and all things became new. He was a new man; his face glowed — his eye flashed — his mind grew imaginative, poetic, and he swept through the world of thought on imperial wing. He will take high rank as a preacher, if not in the biographies of Methodism, certainly in the memory of living people. The truth is, he was a grand old man. But, above all, he was a good man, and, like Barnabas, full of the Holy Ghost and faith. He was soundly converted. He never, I think, professed sanctification, not because he was not holy—for he was a deeply consecrated man—but because he did not think a verbal profession the better way. His religion was a principle and a passion—a habit of life and an ornament of character. He enjoyed religion—made daily use of it as a guide and support. His experience was remarkably uniform. He was capable of strong emotion, of intense excitement, but his constitution and temperament were so adjusted that he did not swing between depression and exultation. After the most ecstatic enjoyment, the reaction never fell below the level of conscious peace and the tranquilizing assurance of divine approval. With him the work of righteousness was peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever.

“I met Bishop Kavanaugh at the Virginia Conference about the middle of last November. He was then hearty and vigorous. He presided without fatigue, and preached with his wonted power. Conference over, he started southward, preaching as he went, working his way to New Orleans. There he held his last conference. Before he turned his

steps homeward, he lingered for weeks, preaching in the various churches to the delight and profit of the people. After he left the city, on his way to Kentucky, he stopped at Columbus, Miss. There he was stricken with his fatal sickness. The symptoms were not alarming. Nothing serious was apprehended. A few nights before his death he sat up, talked cheerfully with the family, and finally, complaining of fatigue, he was asked to have prayer before retiring. He did so. This was his last service on earth. Growing worse during the night, he lapsed into unconsciousness. He died, and made no sign. But no anxious doubt shadows his departure. No fear of his future disturbs our resignation. He died in peace; he rests in hope. Our brother shall rise again.

“Since our separate organization, in 1845, a period of thirty-nine years, ten of our bishops have passed away—Bascom, Soule, Capers, Andrew, Early, Marvin, Wightman, Doggett, Paine, Kavanaugh. A noble catalogue of honored, useful men, worthy to be canonized among the great and good of earth. They lived long and well. Two, I believe, had reached their sixtieth year; four had passed three-score and ten; four, by reason of strength, had overgone their four-score years. Venerable men! the fragrance of their memory still lingers with us. Their names are as ointment poured forth. The Church honored them, and they honored the Church. They have left us a priceless heritage of character and example, of instruction and service, of holy living, official fidelity, and death-bed testimony. Our tears become us, and our grief is just; but, thank God, we have nothing to

bewail. These beloved brethren filled their providential places wisely and well—served their generation by the will of God; they died in the Lord, and now they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

“And now, my beloved colleagues, who next? We are all going.

‘Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away.’

Labor, exposure, the care of all the Churches—these will wear and exhaust us. Sickness, too, will come, perhaps far from home and wife and children. Age, death’s nearest neighbor, is creeping upon us. Already the days of our youth and strength are gone. The almond-tree flourishes. Erelong the strong men will bow themselves, and those that look out of the windows will be darkened, and the last enemy will take us captive. The grave will be our house, and the worm our companion. But over all this decay and solitude and imprisonment Christianity bends her bow of hope, radiant with all the hues of heaven. We know in whom we have trusted. We believe in the Gospel we preach. We have committed ourselves, our families, the Church we love, into the hands of our blessed Redeemer. Whatever betide us, we shall find all safe in that day. Our parents have gone before us; our children are dropping into the tomb; we are to the margin come; the dews of the evening are falling upon us. When the night comes, may we, like our brethren, lie down in hope of a glorious resurrection! In ‘that day’ we shall

all meet again, and, I trust, be forever with the Lord whom we have believed and preached and served."

Memorial services were held in many of the principal cities and towns throughout the connection, expressive of the felt loss of the Church.

At the preachers' meeting, held in the city of Louisville March 31st, the following tribute was paid to his memory:

"After a long, eventful, and honorable life, Bishop Kavanaugh sleeps well. No citizen has served the State more faithfully, no preacher has served the Church more successfully; and he dies honored by Church and State, if not the first citizen of the commonwealth—for half a century, assuredly its first preacher. And be it

"*Resolved*, That, in our judgment, Methodism has not produced a more typical and representative preacher or bishop since the days of Asbury—Asbury worthily opening the centenary of American Methodism that Bishop Kavanaugh closes so well.

"2. That we Kentucky preachers mourn his loss, not only as bishop and fellow-preacher, but also, and especially, as brother and friend.

"3. That we tender our sympathy to his widow, and to the bereaved and widowed Church.

"H. C. SETTLE, *Chairman*.

"B. M. MESSICK, *Secretary*.

"LOUISVILLE, March 31, 1884."

Similar meetings were held throughout the connection, while district conferences gave vent to their sorrow in most beautiful and touching words. The

entire Church felt the bereavement, and mourned his death.

On no previous occasion had the Methodist press expressed greater sorrow over the death of any of their chief pastors than on the present.

The *Christian Advocate*, published at Nashville, said of him :

“His sun went down full-orbed and cloudless. From the pulpit where he made his last essay to preach the Gospel he went to his bed, and lay down to die. The mighty brain and great, loving heart only ceased their vigorous functions a little while before he was called up to clearer light and larger life and fuller love.

“The Church sorrows and rejoices for him—sorrows that his face shall be seen no more among us, rejoices that his life was, by the grace of God, so pure, so truly grand, so fruitful, so completely rounded. His individuality was so marked, his personality so powerful, that his departure leaves a vacuum that will not be filled, an aching void in the heart of the Church.

“As a Christian, he was of the highest type. Godward, he was trustful, obedient, reverent, adoring. Manward, he was faithful, gentle, loving, wise, and winning.

“As a preacher, he will rank among the greatest of his contemporaries. His greatest efforts were marvels of inspired eloquence. The musical voice, with its great compass and variety of tone, the graceful gesture, the cumulative power of thought, the flash of playful wit, the daring flights of imagination,

the majesty of his impassioned periods when in full thunder, the glowing face, the dilating form, and the magnetism that drew and held the eager, tearful, and often shouting multitudes, who can forget? He was a great preacher, according to every right standard. That he was unequal in the pulpit, was the natural result of his temperament. He was not an elocutionist, but an orator: the mere elocutionist maintains a respectable dead-level at all times; the orator has flood and ebb tides, on which he rises and falls. He usually preached on great subjects—the fundamental facts and principles of the Gospel. His thought was massive, his logic steel-linked; but with these there was always the glow of the great heart that yearned over human woe and peril, and the persuasiveness of the preacher who had been taught of God and made wise to win souls. And he won many—how many will not be known until ‘the day’ shall reveal all things. His crown will glitter with many stars. If all, living and dead, who have been touched beneficially by his ministry could be heard in testimony of the fact, how vividly would we realize the success of his labor of sixty-one years, and how poor would seem the highest triumphs of human achievement on the arena of mere worldly ambition!

“As a bishop, he was blameless—not infallible, but blameless. Not beyond the imputation of misjudgment, but beyond the suspicion of wrong motive. This is strong language; but we use it deliberately, knowing the man; and having his record before our mind. He made no claim to expertness in the technicalities of ecclesiastical law; but his strong sense

of right, his unfailing patience and good temper, and his exquisite tact, made him a safe and successful administrator. He cared little for the intricacies and niceties of parliamentary law; but his good sense and magnetic power were adequate to the discharge of the weighty functions of a presiding officer. The conferences in which he presided wished him to come again, and the love and esteem of the brethren increased with every successive visit. Loved and venerated as he was by the whole Church, that love and veneration were strongest where he was best known. Kentucky—his own loved Kentucky—is the chief mourner at his grave, but we all sorrow together.”

The gifted editor of the *New Orleans Christian Advocate* said:

“But a few weeks ago Bishop Kavanaugh left this city, after a delightful sojourn with us of a month, in robust health that promised many more years of vigorous service. His strength of voice and limb was indeed remarkable, when we consider his length of days. But in the ripe, rich fullness of an honored, glorious life he has fallen on sleep.

“Thus passes to his reward one of the purest and noblest of God’s heroes. Guileless, transparent, generous, gentle, large-hearted, and saintly, he illustrated the graces of our holy religion, going in and out among his brethren for over fourscore years without a blur on his name or a stain on his shield, and at last has gone up to the rich reward of a dauntless, tireless apostolic chieftain. No knightlier soul ever wielded with braver arm

‘A two-edged sword,
Of heavenly temper keen.’

“He seemed to court and covet hard places—deserted and untried fields—where only phenomenal faith and courage would dare to go. Every nook and corner of a pioneer Methodist preacher’s experience he had explored, from the poorest mission to the high office of a bishop. And into each work he carried the same spirit of self-forgetfulness. It was not with the mere words of feigned modesty, but genuine humility, that he shrank from the responsibilities of the episcopacy. He had a passion for preaching, not for its applause or stipend, but as a means of saving souls. And the pulpit was his throne of power. There he reigned and reveled, at times, with scarcely a peer in the entire Church. Even within the past few weeks he has preached twice in a Sabbath, exhibiting the greater power in the second service. Thus he has ceased at once to work and live.

We copy the following from the *Christian Advocate*, published at Raleigh, N. C.:

“Bishop Kavanaugh was a grand preacher. The pulpit was his strongest forte. He seemed to delight in preaching, and he did it grandly. One of the most powerful sermons we ever heard was preached by Bishop Kavanaugh. He seemed to get almost up into heaven himself, and carried his audience along with him. When he reached the climax, he clapped his hands and shouted ‘Hallelujah!’ and his audience would have shouted too, but for the fact that he seemed to have them perfectly entranced and intensely silent, as

they sat lost in admiration of his wonderful oratory. The *Wilmington Star* says:

“ ‘Bishop Kavanaugh, of Kentucky, was one of the most remarkable preachers in the whole land. He was a man of very marked powers. Said the gifted Philemon Archer to us once: “Did you ever hear Bishop Kavanaugh preach?” Upon replying in the negative, he added: “Well, you ought to hear him. The first half-hour you will wish he had never begun, and the last half-hour you will wish that he would never end.” This explains his manner. Like a great ship he moved slowly at first, but when he got out into the deep waters and had thrown every sail to the breeze, he moved then with celerity and stateliness and splendor. He was an orator. He was a good man, very devoted and full of fruit. His life was a blessing to thousands, and at the advanced age of eighty-two he passed away. He was able almost to the last to speak with marked effect for an hour and a half or two hours. There are few such men left behind him in the world.’ ”

From the *Central Methodist*, published at Catlettsburg, Ky., we take the following:

“There was not, at the time of his death, a man in the American pulpit more universally known or loved than Bishop Kavanaugh. Sixty-one years an efficient Methodist preacher, and thirty years of that time a bishop, traveling from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and traversing almost every thoroughfare in the whole South, made his name a household word, pronounced with reverence by all the people.

“But above all this was his consistent life, warm, genial disposition, and unsurpassed eloquence in the pulpit. During his whole life, there was not the breath of slander breathed against him. His very

presence disarmed the opposition of enemies of the Church, and awed them into silence. While not light in his conversation or given to jesting, yet his very presence brought sunshine and happiness. A man of purer speech we have never known. He was emphatically a man of clean lips. His goodness and greatness, however, were most conspicuous in the pulpit, of which he was a shining ornament. No American preacher, we suppose, excelled him in the number of sermons preached during his life. 'As he went,' he 'preached.' And the people heard him gladly. He was so clear in his statements, so careful in his arguments, and so eloquent in his appeals, that for hours the people would sit in breathless stillness while he discoursed to them.

"On one memorable occasion we heard him preach two hours and twenty minutes, and no one seemed to think he had preached a long sermon. When his eloquence caught fire, flashing from planet to planet and from earth to heaven, his audiences were charmed by his power and thrilled by his wonderful flow of language, as well as the beautiful imagery painted by his matchless speech."

The *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* said of him:

"Amiable, kind, generous, good, he loved with great heartiness, gave his money liberally to good causes, forgave injuries with promptness and fullness, and kept his spirit pure and sweet.

"He was a bishop, not merely in the ecclesiastical sense for the exercise of a few peculiar functions, but in the evangelical sense; he cared for souls. He always stood in his lot for episcopal work, whether in the old conferences or in the far West; but we fancy

he preferred the pulpit and the altar crowded with mourners to the platform of the General Conference, or the president's chair and the ordination services of our annual conferences. He was a preacher; he never tired of the one work. To preach the Word, to assure the Church of its connection with Christ and its interest in His resurrection, was his 'loved employ.'"

The *Episcopal Methodist*, published in Baltimore, says:

"At the time he was stricken with his fatal illness, he was slowly returning to his home in Louisville from New Orleans, where he had presided over a conference in January. He gave but little evidence of his great age. He was stalwart in frame, with a patriarchal bearing, full habit, small, piercing eyes, and pleasant countenance. He was not only greatly and justly admired and esteemed, but loved with warm personal affection by all who knew him."

Dr. Lafferty, of the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, in his own emphatic style, says:

"At our recent conference, he presided; but it was evident to many that he had well-nigh 'finished his course,' and that his demise might be looked for at almost any time.

"Looking back at his long and useful career, recalling his fidelity, bravery, simplicity of heart and aim, his eloquence, and his transparent integrity and lofty Christian virtues, we may say with more than usual fervor—

'Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy!'

"As a *preacher* he excelled. There was a natural, easy, and powerful action about his mind in the pulpit; and a strong, pleasant voice and natural gestures carried the hearer along charmed, till a grand rush of feeling carried all before it. He was no *sermonette* man; he needed a good hour and a half or two hours. Accordingly, he rejoiced in camp-meeting services, in the open air, with 'the great congregation' before him, and no trammels of any sort; there he was in his element and glory. Many will be the souls to rise up in eternity and call him blessed.

"Full of honors well earned; full of years, having outlived nearly all his contemporaries; full of peace and a holy trust in Jesus, mellowed by the experience of a long and varied life, in the early part of the centenary year of American Methodism, beholding the glory of its progress with eyes not yet dim, nor a heart too old to feel the thrill of pleasure in such a review, he has laid down his body and charge, and joined the company of the redeemed, and gone to salute with a holy rapture the sainted Paine, and others lately his colleagues in our episcopacy."

The *Southern Christian Advocate* says:

"Our beloved and now sainted brother was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. He rests—literally *rests*—after a well-filled day of hard work and consecrated toil."

The *Colorado Methodist*, published at Pueblo, says of him:

"In the life of Bishop Kavanaugh we have an illustration of the very best elements of a Methodist preacher. Simplicity, singleness of aim, purity of pur-

pose were conspicuous in him. 'He offered himself willingly unto the Lord,' and allowed no selfish motive to divert him from his Master's work. He sought no promotion to place or power, and when his brethren put him forward, he was surprised that they put such estimate upon him. He never suspected that he was *talented* till he was told of it, and then his feeling was not elation, but surprise at the common standard by which he was measured. We have heard him so express himself.

"He was a devout Christian. He was a genial, sweet-spirited man. He was an earnest and eloquent preacher. His life, running parallel with a long stretch of our Church history, shaped that history no little, and, when it is drawn out in detail by his biographer, will be found full of fruit and full of inspiration to those who come after him. May his influence reproduce his character in many a student of his life."

The *Pacific Methodist* says:

"His long life was filled with sunshine. Contact with him was a benediction which thousands have enjoyed. His joyous spirit, his tender heart, his devout and holy life, and his matchless eloquence made him a model preacher of the glorious Gospel of Christ. On the Pacific Coast he was known in almost every hamlet."

His praise, however, is not confined to the press, but individual tributes are bestowed from every portion of the country.

Bishop Keener recently said: "Bishop Kavanaugh possessed the rare gift of the rhythm of prose, and a wonderful use of words. He was one of a num-

ber of very great orators of Kentucky, such as Jonathan Stamper, Marcus Lindsey, Wm. Gunn, and Henry Bascom. Not long since, while preaching in Arkansas, the audience were so carried away by his eloquence, that they rose and stood on the tops of the pews. He was a great theologian, and discussed his subjects with great perspicuity before permitting his theme to lift him into the realm of eloquence."

Rev. C. G. Andrews, D. D., of the Mississippi Conference, writes :

"Bishop Kavanaugh has presided over the Mississippi Conference five times during the last twenty-six years : first at Vicksburg, in 1868 ; then at Meridian, in 1871 ; at Brandon, in 1872 ; again at Meridian, in 1873 ; and last at Natchez, in 1883, just a few months before his death.

"I might say that the impression which he made at the first conference was confirmed and strengthened by each succeeding one. He was of so transparent a character that all could readily see through it. An utter absence of duplicity prevented him from concealing any thing, even if there had been any thing to conceal. It would have had to come out, no matter whom or what it damaged, as he did not know how to take counsel of policy or cunning. He was so unambitious, that I really believe he was just as self-possessed on one occasion as another, no matter how occasions might differ in importance or magnitude. If there was any difference, he seemed to be more unconcerned upon occasions where he had reason to believe that great things were expected of him than ordinarily, when the salvation of souls was more

directly dependent upon the proper presentation of the truth.

“Bishop Kavanaugh was as guileless and as simple as a little child. I have seen him in the social circle, when he would bring himself down to the level of little children, entering into their enjoyments with a freshness and forgetfulness of self that could not be affected, but could come from nature only. There was no stiffness or formality about him. The very same freedom of manner that characterized him in the company of little children, seemed to belong to him when associated with the learned and the elders.

“He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote. There was an appropriateness and a pertinency in his anecdotes that made you think he originated some of them for the occasion. He had that rare quality of enjoying a joke at his own expense. This kind he seemed to narrate with peculiar relish. He did not consider his features very handsome nor his person very graceful, and any humorous reflection he happened to hear made upon either, he treasured up and would often relate to friends with irresistible humor. An illustration of this occurred at the late session of the Mississippi Conference, during one of the sessions of his cabinet. Some reference had been made to his figure. ‘That reminds me,’ said he, ‘of a remark the gifted and erratic Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, made about me. Tom and I grew up together, and were quite intimate. I used to admire his genius and lament his wanderings. He got down so low at one time that he had no home, got his meals just where he could, and would fall down and sleep wherever

sleep overtook him, even though it was in a stable or a hay-loft. I was walking down street early one morning, and felt my sorrow stirred at seeing Tom coming out of one of his sleeping-places, with the hay still sticking in his hair and to his clothes. He called out to me while I was yet at some distance from him: 'Kavanaugh, you and I resemble our blessed Savior, but in different particulars: I, in that I have not where to lay my head; and you, in that you have no form or comeliness.' It was impossible to resist the inimitable gusto with which he related this, and the presiding elders forgot all about the knotty cases they were trying to dispose of, and laughed in uncontrollable merriment.

"His features in repose were rather homely, and his body was very large and unwieldy; yet, when in preaching he warmed to the subject, and would begin to indulge in quick succession his enrapturing flights of eloquence, his face would be lighted up with a captivating radiance, and every movement of his body would seem to be so responsive to the glowing sentiments as to make the impression that it was the very vehicle, of all others, in which to convey impassioned eloquence. A physician, who entertained the bishop during one of our district conferences, and who was quite captivated by him, expressed his admiration for his guest in the following extravagant and yet characteristic words: 'Why,' said he, 'he reminds me of a great big hogshead with its hoops ready to burst off with genial humor, with goodness of heart, and with glorious eloquence.'

"There was never any friction in the bishop's

presidency over our conference ; no one stood in awe of the rap of his gavel nor dreaded a rigid ruling. He allowed the broadest latitude, and appeared as a father ready to encourage all his sons rather than as an officer whose stern regard for law and rigid enactment of order knew no sympathy nor relaxation. His decisions of law were made up not so much from the strict letter nor from close analytical construction as from the practical bearing of the question and its relation to life and morals.

“ Every one who writes or speaks, or even thinks of Bishop Kavanaugh, will indorse the opinion that his chief characteristic, his crowning glory, was his unsurpassed—not to say peculiar—talent for preaching the Gospel of Christ. There is one adjective that always seemed to suggest itself whenever I would undertake to characterize his preaching—an adjective, by the way, which I associate with the preaching of no one else—that is, ‘grand.’ He was emphatically a grand preacher when at himself. He was noted for a peculiarly clear and concise statement of doctrine ; but many others excelled in this as well as he. He had a rare use and richness of illustration ; but in this he had equals, though not many. But there was a sphere in which he was unrivaled, a domain of pulpit power which they who were familiar with his preaching awarded to him alone. It was when the divine *afflatus* furnished him with a fullness and richness of expression that drew forth at will the most fitting words from the treasuries of language ; when with thoughts coruscating with true poetic fire ; when with life-like images—some glowing with ecstatic beauty,

others reeking with the odors of perdition—as, looking down into the clear depths of revelation, he evoked them from the regions of glory or from the realms of despair; and, above all, when, with the air of authority belonging to one who has received his commission from Heaven, he himself appeared as transported with the everlasting Gospel, and by his magic power lifted up his willing hearers to the same enrapturing heights. Nothing but inspiration could have given such power. No matter how richly an orator may be endowed by nature, no matter how diligently he may prepare himself, the most faultless productions of the most accomplished artists would be tame in comparison. The true Gospel of the transfiguration can be preached only when there is the bright cloud overshadowing, and the voice out of the cloud attesting the presence and inspiration of Heaven. Here was the secret of the wonderful pulpit power of Bishop Kavanaugh. He was fond of preaching from the text, ‘But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding,’ and his own preaching was at once a demonstration of its truth and a grand illustration of its power.

“Our last association with Bishop Kavanaugh was on Christmas eve, 1883. We had invited a few congenial spirits to meet him and Mrs. Kavanaugh in the ‘hired house’ which we were using as a presiding elder’s parsonage. (The very next night the dwelling was consumed, with our entire stock of personal effects, including the ministerial labors of twenty-six years, together with the manuscript records of the Mississippi Conference since 1813.) The bishop was

in his happiest mood, playfully abandoning himself to the enjoyment of the hour, showing a deep interest in all that was going on, and delighting the company by his sparkling conversation and entertaining anecdote. One of the guests who had sat under his ministry, but had never seen him in the social circle, was so charmed by the bishop's entertaining and genial manners as to say that the experiences of such an evening would rarely occur again even in a lifetime. The music, both vocal and instrumental, seemed to give him unfeigned joy. Particularly was he interested in the song of 'The Bridge,' by Longfellow. Were its weird melody and sad sentiments prophetic to him of the calamity about to befall us, and of the translation soon to come to him?

'And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,
The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven
And its wavering image here.'

"He conducted worship before leaving us with a fervid simplicity, with impressive earnestness, and with tearful pathos. The memory of Bishop Kavanaugh to me and mine will be an experience of benefit, a joy forever."

Rev. T. N. Ralston, D. D., of the Kentucky Conference, furnishes us the following memorial sketch of

"BISHOP HUBBARD H. KAVANAUGH.

"I have been requested, from a source which I can not disregard, to write a tribute to the memory of our re-

cently deceased Bishop Hubbard H. Kavanaugh. Never did I attempt to write on a theme on which I felt more deeply my inadequacy to the task of rendering what my heart would dictate, as but the meed which truth and justice would require. It strikes me as presumptuous for any one feeling himself so unequal to the task to essay to present a proper portraiture of the moral worth and intellectual powers of Bishop Kavanaugh. It is clear to my mind that what I may write will be more from the heart than from any other source. I loved him much. I have known him long and intimately. I had the happiness to form his acquaintance at the first conference I ever attended, and at which I was admitted on trial. This conference convened at Versailles, Kentucky, October 10, 1827; Bishops Soule and Roberts in attendance. As I well remember, Bishop Roberts preached an excellent Gospel sermon from Isaiah ix, 6. Brother Kavanaugh had then been in conference but four years. Thus he was four years my senior, both in conference and in natural life; he having been born in Clark County in 1802, and I in Bourbon in 1806. We have both dwelt in Kentucky nearly all the time since. We have always been associated on terms of the most confidential intimacy. We both lived for several years in Lexington at the same time; he as presiding elder on the district, I in charge of the Female Collegiate High-school. This necessarily threw us much together. Neither of us kept any secret from the other. What one knew, both knew; and, so far as I can remember, what one approved, both approved. This applies, with little exception, to our entire connection with the Church and conference. But how shall I proceed in my attempt of an analysis of his character? It would seem superfluous to aim to describe his personal appearance; for who in all this region, from California to Florida, has not looked upon his form? A stranger, scrutinizing him closely, would be apt to pronounce him a quiet, honest, candid, and

agreeable gentleman; in temperament kind, and inclined to be jovial and urbane, rather than austere; one to be relied on as a friend, to stick closer to you than a brother. His countenance indicated strongly developed moral powers. A purer heart I never knew than that which glowed in his warm bosom. He was incapable, in word or deed, of any thing inconsistent with the moral principles of the Gospel of Christ. A heart of kinder impulses never throbbed in human bosom. His social qualities were excellent. Whether with young or old, with male or female, he was genial, pleasant, respectful, and agreeable in the highest degree. Even when I first knew him, though he was quite a young man, having been but four years in the conference, yet he had gained a reputation for pulpit eloquence which no one among us, except Bascom, had ever reached. Hence his society was much courted and enjoyed by a numerous circle of admiring friends. His course was onward and upward all the time, occupying successively the best stations with approval and success. He was ordinarily, in appearance, not remarkably noteworthy; yet his cast indicated that he possessed immense power, and indomitable force and energy, when by occasion aroused. He was not composed of a bundle of negations compacted together, but of independent, distinct, and positive convictions, and deeply considered and firmly settled principles.

“As a preacher, he combined several of the most essential qualities of an excellent and useful Gospel minister in so high a degree that it is not easy to decide in which he most excelled. His mind worked deliberately and cautiously. Such composition, generally requiring some stimulus to stir its peculiar energies, must sometimes not exhibit its usual force. But though I have so often heard him preach, I never knew him to fail but once, when, after speaking perhaps about ten minutes, he stopped, stood a minute or so, and with child-like simplicity remarked, ‘Brethren, it seems my mind will not work to-

night,' and calling some one to the pulpit, he sat down. He laughed heartily about it afterwards, and seemed to mind it less than a less famous man would have done. Bishop Kavanaugh never jumped rapidly to hap-hazard conclusions. I think he had adopted as life-maxims these two: Deliberate and decide with calmness and caution; then execute with firmness and perseverance. He was not readily excited to enter in any contest; but when brought to the point of onset, he was to be conquered with the utmost difficulty. To surrender he knew not how. When important principle was involved he was immovable. If Martin Luther and John Knox possessed the spirit of martyrdom, rather than to deviate from truth and righteousness, even so did Hubbard H. Kavanaugh. In his firmly glued lips, had the occasion demanded, might have been read these words, 'You may kill me, but you can not move me from my conscientious convictions.' Pulpit eloquence was far from being his sole excellence. He was a deeply studied and a Scripturally and Methodistically orthodox theologian of the Wesley, Fletcher, and Watson stamp. I have evidence to know that no one witnessed with more regret than he the tendency in some comparatively young preachers to desire to 'amend our rules' and the doctrines of our Church, so clearly set forth and so ably defended and established in the hearts of almost the entire Methodist family.

"As to his method in the pulpit, he generally occupied about twenty minutes, in the first part of his discourse, in calmly reasoning, as a philosophical divine, on the great principles underlying his subject. Here the more thoughtful portion of his hearers were edified and entertained; but the general mass were resting till the time came for him to soar aloft on the wing of his sparkling imagination. As an impulsive descriptive orator, he could scarcely be excelled. He was an eloquent and sublime describer of the important topics of Gospel salvation: of sin, and its

dire issues; of the atonement, and its wondrous display of the love of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; of the measures of grace and love portrayed by the Triune Godhead to save the ruined world. Who that has ever heard him, at camp-meetings and large and important occasions, when rising to a lofty stage of rapture, and climbing from one degree to another, still higher and higher, till he seemed to lift our gaze to the opening arcana of the loftiest home of angels and of all the shining ranks of the ransomed hosts; till even the sublime effulgence of the Triune Godhead, in all its ineffable glory, seemed bursting upon human vision, while all hearts in the vast assembly were almost ready to shout aloud, 'Is this heaven brought down to earth, or is it earth lifted up to heaven?'—who has ever been present on such an occasion without being filled with the most thrilling emotion? Indeed, when once he would cut loose from his logical argument, I have heard him when climbing in climacteric heights of eloquence, until the sublimity of his language came near the verge of being unlawful for human utterance.

"In speaking of his character as a preacher, we must accord to him the meed of possessing a happy combination of the best traits of a useful and successful Gospel minister to a degree excelled by none of his contemporary associates. To a few of these we here make a brief reference.

"First rises to view that peerless orator, once designated by Henry Clay as the 'lion of the West,' Henry B. Bascom. As an eloquent and far-seeing statesman and patriotic orator, I have ever considered Henry Clay 'head and shoulders above' all who have ever risen in America. Even so I place Henry B. Bascom at the head of the list of the pulpit orators of whom America has ever had reason to be proud. There was also Marcus Lindsey, a real, stalwart Hercules. In hard, logical reasoning on theological questions, and sound, convincing arguments, he could bring down his arm and hand on the breast-board with the most

convincing, the most stunning force, against the principles of an opponent, I ever heard in my life. When I once heard him preach against Calvinism, I thought if all the Calvinists in the world had listened to his arguments, for very shame they never could have had the hardihood, thereafter, to acknowledge their creed. There was George C. Light. When once, in Danville, I heard him deliver a sermon against Unitarianism, I thought that *ism* was the last pill of heterodoxy I could ever be induced to swallow. There was the plain, but eccentric, Josiah Whitaker. I heard him preach a sermon about four hours long, more than fifty years ago, against the new but full-blown system of Campbellism—logical, witty, and Scriptural—giving book, chapter, and verse, which, in real strength and convincing power, I think I have never since heard excelled. All that he lacked, it seemed to me, in excelling even Campbell, was culture.

“In revival and evangelical force, there were Absalom Hunt, Henry McDaniel, William Holman, Richard D. Neale, Milton Jamison, John Fisk, Edwin Roberts, and some others. If there be any evangelists of the present day excelling these, I know them not.

“These are only a small portion of the class of men with whom our recently glorified and much-loved bishop cooperated in the earlier years of his ministry. But in moral worth, in abundance of labor, in purity of life, and influence of his example, by whom among them was he excelled?

“Shall we ever see his like again? In his death I feel that the best ministerial friend God ever gave me is gone up higher. I gazed upon him in his youth, when the bursting flowers of fame and usefulness were freshly circling his brow with fragrance and charm. I have viewed him with pleasure and profit in his ever-increasing influence and usefulness, till, like a ripe shock of grain, he has been lifted to the heavenly garner. May those whom he has left behind follow him, as he followed Christ!”

FROM REV. WM. M. GRUBBS, OF INDIANA.

“WALDRON, SHELBY CO., IND., *April 10, 1884.*

“REV. A. H. REDFORD, D. D.:

“*Dear Brother,*—As upon you devolves the love-labor of writing the life of our old friend, may I not submit a few recollections, not only from my personal associations with him, but because of the long and unbroken friendship that existed between Bishop Kavanaugh and my father-in-law, the late Rev. Jonathan Stamper, and their families? They were natives of the same county in Kentucky, and by the intermarriages of those well-known Methodist families of Central Kentucky, the Raileys, the Tuckers, and the Rowlands, there was something, also, of kinship. Their early training for the life-work in which they became distinguished was singularly alike, while their views of Church policy and their action, not only during the years of peace, but even when one went from Kentucky and the other from Illinois as delegates to the General Conference of 1844, were in substantial harmony. I have been searching for a long letter the bishop wrote Mrs. Grubbs upon the death of her mother, reciting these long friendships, and when found it will be at your service.

“Upon invitation to assist in the dedication of a beautiful country church we had erected in Clarke County, Ind., in February, 1877, he spent a pleasant night with us at the cozy parsonage; and until past midnight those long years of intimate association were reviewed by him, with that pleasing by-play of wit and anecdote that made him the delight of the social circle. The sum of it all was that there had not been a break in their friendship of fifty years.

“The first time that I remember to have seen Bishop Kavanaugh was in the Summer of 1829, when he was stationed in Russellville, Ky. The house of your old friend, and my uncle, the late Rev. Thos. G. Gooch, was the church

home of the little Methodist society in our neighborhood. While, as a mere school-boy, I recollect nothing of the sermon, I recall the stubby, well-dressed, and graceful young preacher, as standing in the door of my uncle's house, on a week-day, he preached to as large a congregation as the dismissed school and our neighborhood could then furnish. I wished he would come again, as it would not only give us a longer recess from school, but would give me a chance at the extra fare provided at my uncle's table on preaching-day. It will not be strange to you, when I state that I was three years in the conference before I made his acquaintance; for you and I were of those callow novitiates, that, as a rule, kept clear of the more than half-dozen pulpit magnates for which our conference was then distinguished. If Drs. Tomlinson and Bascom were exceptions, in any case, a couple of yellowed essays, now before me, bearing their friendly criticisms and autographs, show that I had to form their acquaintance as committeemen. My acquaintance proper began with the bishop in the fall of 1837, when we were thrown together at Bardstown, to which station he was returned for the second year, with J. Stamper on the district, and myself on Salt River circuit. His boarding-place was near the large hired house we occupied, and where for four years Mrs. Grubbs conducted a female school. It was a year of great excitement and friction, in some respects. Dr. N. L. Rice and the Catholics were at war. J. N. Maffitt held a meeting of several weeks' continuance, and the situation called for just such qualities, prudential and social, as the pastor of our society possessed. My circuit had eighteen appointments, and swept through portions of four counties. It had been one of the early charges of the bishop, and he was always ready to help in our work. Among the best camp-meetings ever held at the old historic Beech Fork Camp-ground was that of August, 1838. For a week the presiding elder and the Bardstown pastor alternated in preaching to

the crowds that always gathered there. It was pleasing to hear the old Methodists of that county discussing, in the quiet of their homes, for months afterwards, the relative merits of these favorite camp-meeting preachers, and it remained with them an open question which of the two was the greater, and which they loved the best.

“Though in 1845-46 you and I were close neighbors, it was my lot to undergo the greater trouble. During the time the Maysville church suit, that settled the property question, was hanging fire, we were knocked about from pillar to post. During this Winter brother Kavanaugh, with brother W. H. Anderson, came from Lexington, and they preached alternately during the week we had the church. While his position was well understood, that visit as their old pastor had a mollifying effect upon a society so equally divided that it took ten days of legal overhauling to fix the question of majority. Even when settled in our favor, an old Kentucky statute so befogged old Judge Reed that he divided the time equally.

“My next and longest association with our deceased friend was during the four years, from 1848 to 1852, when I filled the Covington District, and he served full terms at Soule Chapel, Cincinnati, and Scott Street, Covington. The district stretched from the Ohio border to Paris, with not a mile of railroad and but few turnpikes. I will not attempt a list of the effective men who passed in and out of the district during these four years. They ranged from Kavanaugh, Bruce, Linn, Merritt, the Deering brothers, to Robert Hiner and Joseph Rand, who were then making their first essays in what has proved a long and successful itinerancy. We had the largest list of superannuates of any other district, and I must linger lovingly over these venerable men. There was William Burke, the old war-horse and block-house preacher; Samuel A. Latta, the massive, and George W. Maley, the inimitable, who came to us from Ohio with E. W. Schon, but, unlike him, they

were not able for duty. There was Isaac Collord, the sage, who gave me license to preach; and John James, the ardent, who was retired by mistake, and for whom I found work. We had Josiah Whitaker—just like himself—with old Buck, carrying the documents furnishing material for a five hours' sermon on Baptism, and for push in any thing he undertook. My recollections of this unique man are very tender. I visited him on his dying-bed in the Spring of 1850. His last words to me were: 'Billy, tell the brethren at conference it is all right with their old servant; my way to heaven is just as clear as the road to Cynthiana, that I have been traveling for fifty years.'

"There was Samuel Veach, feeble in body, but always welcome to the people, and noted for his short and incisive sermons. Thomas R. Malone, my class-mate, was the worst case of chronic rheumatism, and yet the most cheerful man in affliction I ever saw. The only survivor of this worthy and venerable list is that sturdy man, James C. Crow, ready for the hardest work, or to abide with his large family as his brethren might deem best.

"If I retained the good-will of these men, so greatly the junior of nearly all of them, and worked in harmony with those able for duty, it was largely owing to the advice and confidential relations that I sustained to him who was central to all. He never proffered advice, and yet always stood ready to impart it, and in no instance did he mislead. The only embarrassment I felt in all these years was the deference he paid to one so much younger.

"Very truly yours, WM. M. GRUBBS,
"South-east Indiana Conference."

Rev. W. H. Anderson, D. D., of the Kentucky Conference, writes:

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I have all confidence in your ability to present to the Church and the world a life-like picture of our departed Bishop Kavanaugh, especially as the larger

part of his Life was prepared and approved by him but a short period before his death. At your request, I present this short sketch, a humble tribute to his purity of character and a long life of honored usefulness in the Church of God.

“It is not the language of eulogy, but of severe truth, to say that H. H. Kavanaugh was one of the best, the purest men that ever illustrated the saving power of grace and left their impress upon their race and time. He was the first preacher I heard when in boyhood I moved to Kentucky; he was my parents’ pastor, and preached my mother’s funeral sermon. I was honored with being once a co-pastor with him, and enjoyed his paternal advice and affection to the day of his death.

“His character was marked with simplicity, modesty, goodness, transparency, but resting on strong convictions and fixed principles. His intellectual powers were of the highest order, developed in well-balanced symmetry and strength, and all elevated by piety and consecrated to God. He had a chaste, active imagination, a wonderful variety of imagery, and wealth and adaptation of language, and a superior ready memory. As a speaker, he very happily combined fervid, melting oratory with keenest logic and masterly reasoning. Early converted to God when a printer’s boy, he was led by a mother’s influence to study, accept, and appreciate Methodism in its doctrines, usages, and polity. His mind, in its thorough and hearty acquaintance with those giant thinkers, Wesley and Fletcher, Watson and Benson, saw the harmony of their teachings with the Word of God, human wants, and noblest Christian experience. These mighty and pure men, raised up of God for a special period and work, were the theological teachers, divinity doctors, who developed Kavanaugh’s forming mind and heart, opened up to him the rich treasures of redemption, and in connection with his own effort and the grace of God, made our departed bishop one of the

prominent pulpit kings of his time. In reviewing his life, we find that, like John Wesley, a mother's superior intellect and devoted piety impressed themselves on the mind and heart of her noble son, and God permitted her to live long enough to see the blessed ripe fruits of her early care and labors and prayers. Bishop Kavanaugh was a self-made man, and by his intense application made himself master of a large and varied and extended amount of knowledge. He would often astonish you with the excellence of his attainments in natural science and in the philosophy of mind. He was a profound thinker, a close student of nature and art, of men and of books; but he made every thing minister to his one great work and joy—the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Religion and the ministry, the cause and kingdom of Christ, were the all-controlling topics of thought and labor. Nothing with him was valuable, only as he could hang it on the cross for the glory of Him who stained the tree with his blood.

“Bishop Kavanaugh was descended from the North Irish Protestants—a noble ancestry, to whom he was largely indebted for the continued sunshine in his spirit, his genial, spicy humor, his remarkable anecdotal power, and his ardent, true friendship. It was the Irish blood, made to glow with the truth and grace of God, that caused his brain to flash with genius and his tongue to melt with eloquence. Few men seemed so completely unconscious of their pulpit power and greatness when out of the sacred desk. In the social circle his manner was genial, attractive; his presence was like a glad sunbeam; he was the light and joy of the fireside, the home circle. His Christianity had no asceticism in it; he was all sunshine and love, humble and trustful as a child, yet as fixed in his convictions of truth and duty and privilege as the everlasting hills. The Christian gentleman impressed all with whom he associated. There was never any show of self-importance or assumed dignity. He was the true friend,

who seemed to lay aside all considerations of self in his efforts to aid others.

“The pulpit was his throne, redemption his tireless theme; Jesus, the cross and eternal life, the character and government and glory of God in provisions for human happiness, the inspiring topics of his natural, sublime, overwhelming eloquence. To preach like himself he required a grand theme, unlimited liberty of range, indefinite period, and the unction from on high. And though his failures were stupendous, incalculable, yet for continued lofty flight of grandest thought in most appropriate language, all fused and overpowering by the presence of the Holy Spirit, at times our departed friend was the prince of preachers. He would take an old, trite theme from others’ lips, and dress it with beauty and inspire it with music, and wreath it with poetry, or enrich it with masterly carved logic, so as to attract and impress with all the charm of novelty. He never wandered outside of our pure and consistent and lovely Wesleyan theology to find themes. At home in his own faith, he ever found something new, beautiful, grand, soul-inspiring. He had no desire for a false experimental philosophy that forsakes the old, the tried, the true, the good, for the newly discovered theories in theology and religion. His religious views had on them the stamp of the strictest Wesleyan type. There was a beauty, concordance, symmetry, divine loveliness, and an adaptation to man’s necessities, that charmed his mind and heart, and wedded him in thought, soul, and pulpit expression. Our bishop had thoroughly digested and absorbed our grand Methodism. It was no longer, after an examination and experience of more than threescore years of ministerial life, a question to be solved; that was settled and fixed with him by Bible truth and Christian experience and largest observation.

“What a friend he was! So true, so dear! There was not a particle of deceit or concealment about him.

He was as transparent as a sunbeam, and as bright and cheering too. It was a luxury with him to do an act of kindness for Christ's sake.

"His intellect of giant mold was usually concealed by his gentle, loving simplicity of manner and spirit. In the family circle our departed bishop's religion shone out in genial attractive loveliness, such as we may suppose the Master exhibited at the marriage of Cana of Galilee. In his presence you were attracted towards him by the magnetic force of unselfish goodness that loved to make others happy.

"Born in Kentucky, his grave, crowned by grace, will be with Bascom's in Kentucky soil. Not only was he prized, loved, and honored by our own Southern Methodism in Kentucky, and from the Gulf to the Pacific, but by Christian men of all denominations, and by multiplied thousands in no Church. His personal purity of character; his simple-hearted, unselfish, broad-souled piety; his cordial, cheerful, companionable spirit, endeared him most tenderly to all who knew him. Slander never dared to whisper a word or point a sneering finger at his good name.

"Our Kavanaugh was a commentary on what true religion is in spirit and purpose, effort and result. It was in the pulpit or on the platform that the usually concealed giant thinker, the rapt natural poet, the apparently inspired logician, the sublime orator appeared, moving and melting all hearts before him. There was at times in the lava-flow of thought a most marked religious influence on his hearers, a true specimen of 'the demonstration of the Spirit,' a fulfillment of the promise, 'Lo, I am with you always.' In listening to his representations of the glories of redemption, the supreme bliss of heaven, the completion of human folly in the fearful 'damnation of hell,' you were astonished at the variety of his remarkable figures and the language in which they were dressed, while your whole being was thrilled by the power of mighty creative genius,

sanctified by the truth and grace of God. Paine, and Kavanaugh, the classic thinker, the superior presiding officer, the grand Christian philosopher, and now the close reasoner, the mighty pulpit orator, the devoted servant of God,—God spared these to live more than fourscore years to bless the Church and the world. What a blessed meeting of such minds in the presence of Jesus, angels, and redeemed ones! What a triumphal march of glorified intellect amid the truth, full orbéd, as it is in Jesus!

“As a presiding officer, any deficiency in parliamentary law or usage was more than made up in the spirit of justice and kindness ever present. His decisions were on the side of right, and love made even their errors to magnify reverence for the man.

“It is to be regretted that our loved bishop did not employ his pen power more for the edification of the Church, and as the source of contributions to the future benefit and history of the Church. The itinerancy is not favorable in some regards to practice and excellence in the use of the pen. Itinerancy is full of valuable incident, instruction, philosophy, pictures of human character, art studies in human nature and divine grace, which ought to be placed on record for instruction and edification, as well as elements of future history.

“Our sketch is merely a sprig of evergreen thrown on his honored grave. God has shown us not only his excellent providence, but a marked peculiarity of Methodism in the history of Kavanaugh, Durbin, and Bascom. Bascom was called from the hard work of farm life, splitting rails to help support his poor parents; Durbin left his tools in the cabinet-maker's shop; Kavanaugh had the printer's ink on his hands when God called him to the ministry. These three self-made men, with many others in the school of the itinerancy, developed a noble manhood, and made themselves a living name on human record. Methodism takes the rude ashler from the quarry, and by the aid of divine

grace, carves statues of spiritual beauty and grace, the admiration of the angels and men.

“ We give all honor to every instrumentality for training our ministry ; but the best theological diploma is direct from Jesus himself. The true call to the ministry, the regular development in mind and heart in religious letters and in practical, profitable theology, are best found in the genuine old-time itinerant life. Four weeks’ circuits, with plenty of hard work and abundance of common sense and of religious experience, try the genuineness of the call, shake the self-conceit out, and develop the manly man.

“ No death has made a deeper, sadder impression on the public mind, no name will live in deeper, greener, holier memory, than that of our Kavanaugh. May we not, amid our falling tears, rejoice that, in giving back to our Father our own loved bishop, we have erected one of the grandest of centennial memories and monuments? This will be the year when our Kavanaugh went up to heaven to live with God forever. We have his grave, and angels guard his sacred dust—his soul is with the Lord.

“ Our kind, true friend and devoted father has gone. Amid our tears, falling on his new-made grave in the State where he was born and labored and was honored of God and man, we rejoice that, after so pure and useful and noble a life, God in his love took our bishop home before his mind began to show sympathy with decay of physical powers under the weight of years. No sadder sight than that of the giant whose intellectual tread shook the world, now returned to childhood again—sin’s fearful, temporary triumph over the grand purposes and plans of heaven. Bishop Kavanaugh died ripe with years and laden with honors ready for his crown. He fell with the harness on. It seems like a dream that never again will we see his genial smile or loving tears, or hear his loving tones in the social circle or his eloquent voice in the pulpit, as he

talked of Jesus and heaven. Now he lives with that Jesus whom he loved and preached. Now he knows, as never before, the beauty and grandeur and glory of that heaven, whose hope stirred his own soul and glowed on his lips and kindled the hearts of his hearers. He is helping the angels and the redeemed sing 'the song of Moses and the Lamb.' May God sanctify our loss, and raise up another Elisha worthy to catch and to wear the mantle of our departed Elijah!

W. H. ANDERSON, D. D."

LINES TO BISHOP KAVANAUGH.

Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Kavanaugh by her friend,

REV. JOSEPHUS ANDERSON, D. D.

1.

BISHOP! thou of eagle wing,
 In the realm of preaching, king!
 Upward, in thy lofty flights,
 Thou didst rise to glorious heights;
 Training minds and hearts to soar,
 Grandeur fields of truth explore,
 In the higher life to grow,
 More of heav'n on earth to know.
 Lo! thy laurel'd head dost bow;
 Thy eagle wing is folded now;
 From thy work, in sweet release,
 Wondrous preacher, rest in peace!

2.

Vet'ran of the sacred cross,
 Yielding not to gain or loss,
 Hero of the dauntless brow,
 Sixty years a leader, thou!
 Pressing on, through lands of snow,
 On, where orange blossoms blow,

On, to western golden shores,
On, where old Atlantic roars.
Lo! thy battles all are o'er;
Thou hast vanquished thy last foe!
Now, from war's dread conflicts cease,
Vet'ran leader, rest in peace!

3.

Brother! thou of tender heart!
Ever true to friendship's part;
Great in goodness, tow'ring high
Into pure love's sunny sky;
Full of wit in sparkling flow,
Charming in its stingless blow;
Old in years, but young in soul,
Fresh and bright as burnished gold:
Lo! we give thee up in tears
To the friends of other years,
And in this, thy soul's release,
Sadly whisper, Rest in peace!

4.

Rest in peace with God above,
Blest with his eternal love!
In exchange for sword and shield,
Thou a harp and palm shalt wield!
For thy heavy armor here,
Robed in white shalt thou appear!
For thy helmet, now cast down,
Thou shalt wear the victor's crown!
For thy life of faith below,
Thou the life of heav'n shalt know!
Lo! we wait the time to come,
When we'll meet in that blest home!

It will always be a source of pleasure to the Church that, notwithstanding the great age to which Bishop Kavanaugh attained, yet his intellect was not impaired, and that to the last he preached and wrote with all the vigor of his early manhood.

He died in the centennial year of the Church he loved so well, having lived to witness its grand achievements and its glorious triumphs.

Among the last traces of his pen are the following stirring words:

“The glorious march of Methodism, through the past century of her organic existence in America, is a theme that inspires my soul. I congratulate myself that I have been permitted for more than four-fifths of this glorious period to witness the great triumphs of the Church, through the direction of God’s Spirit. I bear joyful testimony to the fact of the genuineness of the wonderful work wrought, and of the mighty results accomplished. The track of this century is emblazoned with the shining marks of God’s outpouring Spirit. There are towering monuments of his love and care all along its backward track. What an inspiration they should be to us to-day! Brethren, how they encourage us to press forward to the mark for the prize of our high calling as it is in Christ Jesus! What a grand theme to dwell upon! This centenary year we should, as a Church, not prove recreant to the noble history our fathers have made, but should add to it pages of heroism and devotion worthy a place in the records of American Methodism. O for a revival of the old days of Gospel power and triumph! What glorious opportunities are

offered us to make this year memorable! Let us measure up to our responsibilities and privileges. We can make this year a monumental one. The great objects, Missions, Church Extension, and Education, appeal to our liberality, and should not appeal in vain. We can discharge every obligation we, as a Church, owe to these worthy aids in our grand work of evangelizing the world, and not be weakened by the outlay. Brethren, let us go forward, and fail not."

We approach the close of this volume with the following letter from the bereaved wife of our glorified bishop:

"OUR LAST TRIP.

"LOUISVILLE, KY., *April 5, 1884.*

"As the gloom and sadness of a deserted hearth comes up before me, I naturally revert to a few past weeks in my checkered life; but it is not only to indulge in retrospection in speaking of myself that I take up my pen, but the thought wells up from the perusal of so many kind letters of condolence and sympathy, coming from anxious, inquiring friends, that it will be a mournful pleasure to them to read of the last trip taken by one so dear to their hearts, and associated with many scenes and occasions in the past.

"When our dear bishop (for that is his familiar appellation), accompanied by myself, left our home on the Kavanaugh Camp-ground, the last day of October, for an extended tour through Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana, how far from our thoughts was the idea that it was *our last trip!*

"We journeyed from Kentucky first to Lynchburg, Va., where we passed a pleasant few days in the home of one of the representative ministers of that conference and his interesting family, mingling with others in social inter-

course in their pleasant, hospitable homes. From thence we went by invitation to Petersburg, where we made the acquaintance for the first time with intelligence and refinement of high order in the homes of the best of our Church. Then we proceeded to Richmond, where Bishop Kavanaugh had been appointed to hold the Virginia Conference. We never enjoyed a conference more. The kind family who had entertained us on a former occasion received us now, and, if possible, redoubled their efforts to give us a welcome reception. The same genial, pleasant faces, not looking one bit older than seven years back, the same sunny, bright room for our resting-place, welcomed us again, with the invitation, and *then* the bright hope, that we would meet there at the next General Conference.

“Leaving there, we were invited to Danville, and there were received most cordially into the family of one of the prominent ministers of the Virginia Conference. The entire family, consisting of wife, the aged and venerable mother, with sons and daughters in the Church, all extended their cordial, graceful attentions to their bishop and his wife. Never did we enjoy a more pleasant few days in minister’s family. We were forcibly reminded that these were the pleasant spots in the journey of life.

“Leaving Danville, we went to Augusta, Ga., and, though much fatigued with that long trip, we were glad that we had gone; for we met many, though for the first time, very agreeable people, and seeing Augusta, though in the sere and yellow leaf, we felt impelled to say it was a beautiful spot. My reflections here induce me to say that it has been the crowning pleasure of my life to have been permitted to take these trips with my honored husband. To be welcomed by genial faces, with almost outstretched arms, into the comfortable homes of our ministers and members, was a joy far outweighing any fatigue or little inconvenience of our trips.

“From Augusta we proceeded to Jackson, Miss., on

invitation from our much-prized editor of the *New Orleans Christian Advocate*. Here, too, we were met and taken to the hospitable homes of some of our *choicest Christian people*.

“From Jackson we went direct to Natchez, the seat of the Mississippi Conference. To me this was a visit of great interest; for it was my first return to a city I had passed through in the year 1827, on my way to Washington, six miles from Natchez, where I spent some years at school whilst Brother B. M. Drake was president of that academy. At this conference I was permitted to meet the venerable wife of that sainted man to whom I am indebted for most of the Christian character that has been my safeguard through life. I love *his* memory, and I prize most highly the long, fervent letter of Christian sympathy and condolence coming so recently from dear Sister Drake. Our dear bishop presided over this conference with great ease and satisfaction to himself, and, I believe, made but few mistakes in his appointments.

“From Natchez we proceeded to Vicksburg, Miss., spending several very pleasant days with the kind families of that choice circle of friends, mingling alike with Presbyterians and Methodists, the bishop preaching in the pulpits of each.

“From Vicksburg we proceeded to Monroe, La., the residence of my only surviving brother, Judge R. W. Richardson. We passed about ten days in the bosom of my dear brother’s interesting family, the bishop preaching in Monroe twice at night, and devoting the only Sabbath at his command in going to the country, fifteen miles distant, to dedicate a church.

“Leaving Monroe on the morning of the 6th, we took passage on the steamboat for New Orleans, as the seat of the conference had been changed from Minden to New Orleans. We met quite a number of preachers on their way to the conference, and, as was always the case, the

bishop enjoyed the companionship of the preachers in a high degree. He seemed to be perfectly happy in their presence, conversing with them on different points of Scripture, and in communion with them generally. On this trip he preached a soul-stirring sermon on the Sabbath.

“ We reached New Orleans on the 8th of January, conference convening on the 9th. We were kindly cared for by the preachers in charge of the city churches by placing us with Mrs. Moss, whose comfortable home was immediately opposite the Carondelet Street Church. We had every comfort and kindness which could contribute to our well-being, the presiding elder of the New Orleans District, Brother Walker, attending the bishop both to and from the church during the entire session.

“ He was assisted in his conference session by the regular attendance of our esteemed friend, Bishop Parker, who relieved him of all possible duty; and though my own health at that time prevented my being present but a few days, yet I saw that our dear bishop was not only enduring but enjoying the week's labors well, so that the entire conference week passed off most harmoniously. And I say it in gratitude to my heavenly Father, that if it was his will that our dear bishop should die away from his own home, the State of Louisiana, the home of my childhood, the scene of my early school-days, would have been my choice. And this conference most beautifully commemorated his closing labors by a touching tribute on his eighty-second anniversary.

“ We left New Orleans for Ocean Springs on the 12th of February. From invitation from Colonel R. W. Stuart, we had promised a visit to that most interesting couple, Colonel Stuart and his precious wife. We were welcomed as in the bosom of near and dear relations; a reserved room given us, with every comfort we could ask. And coming from the busy throng of a New Orleans visit, we felt ourselves to be exceedingly fortunate in coming into such a

home. We passed the first four days delightfully; but unfortunately our bishop was unmindful of a cold, drizzling, damp Saturday, and exposed himself as he had no need to do. Upon my remonstrance, he promised to be more careful; but that night, Saturday, February 16th, he suffered intensely all night with pains in his back and limbs, and passed a most restless night of suffering. He fell asleep about daylight, and, as was my habit when he had been disturbed the night before, I usually let him sleep in the morning until he was fully rested. He had often told me that this thoughtful indulgence, which he would not allow himself, had done a great deal toward preserving his services to the Church.

“I was making my toilet as quietly as possible, to get out to breakfast without rousing him, when he unexpectedly asked me what was the hour. Telling him it was breakfast time, I immediately urged him not to attempt to rise, but fall asleep if he could, and I would go and report his uncomfortable night, and advise with the family that it would be better for the bishop not to keep his appointment to preach that day at 11 o'clock. But no; he would not listen to my advice, and immediately rose and said he felt refreshed from his morning sleep, and thought he could keep his engagement. We went to the little church in Ocean Springs, and he took for his text, ‘For this light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.’ I knew that was his selected text; for, as was my frequent habit, I had asked him what subject he intended to preach from, knowing that in all probability he would preach but once in that place. I made an objection to his selection, simply upon the ground that, as he would preach there but once, I thought he had subjects or texts that would be more inspiring to the people, and might be more interesting. He replied that he had selected that text for a particular object, or, in other words, he had a particular object in view

in selecting that text. He made no further remark, and we dropped the subject.

“Arriving at the church, he rested a few moments in the pulpit, awaiting the arrival of the carriage which had returned to bring Sister Stuart a distance of about a mile. He arose and read his text, paused, as was his habit, and read it a second time. Then looking around over the congregation, he asked if any one present would bring him a glass of water, saying, whilst waiting, that he had passed a restless night, and felt much more exhausted than he thought he was. The water being brought him, he partook of it quite heartily, and read his text a third time. This attracted my particular attention, as I had never known him to read his text a third time. At this moment a lady, sitting in front of me, turned and said to me, ‘Sister Kavanaugh, don’t let the bishop preach; he is not able.’ I replied to her that he knew his own strength, and if he felt unable he would sit down, which he did, requesting Brother Nicholson to close the services in any way he thought best, remarking, as he took his seat, it was the third time in his life he had been forced to stop from preaching from inability. After a short service, we returned to our home, a physician kindly offering to accompany the bishop to Colonel Stuart’s. He immediately prescribed for him, and attended him faithfully for ten days, after which time we left for Columbus, Mississippi. We hesitated before leaving for Columbus whether we had not better return to Kentucky; but after consulting the physician, he advised us to continue our stay in Mississippi until the season was farther advanced. Hence we accepted the invitation, having been given in January, to spend a few weeks in Columbus. Our bishop stood the trip very well, and we were most kindly received and made very comfortable; but, alas! in a few days his disease attacked him again, and for two weeks it was alternately excruciating pain, and then relapse into heavy sleep. But I must

draw a veil over the closing hours of his life. It was so unlike our dear, patient bishop, naturally so genial, so kindly, so interesting in his character, that we so longed to have a word, or even a look of recognition; but it was not permitted that we should be so gratified. There were moments when I could have him talk to me; but he seemed so inclined to sleep when not suffering that my ruling impulse was to let him rest. For many days before he breathed his last he did not recognize any of the kind friends who stood around his bedside or waited in the house ready to be called on for any purpose.

“O, I can never cease to remember the kindness of the good people of Columbus! Every thing which could be thought of to administer to his recovery or comfort was offered. But it could not keep him with us. He breathed his last at the parsonage, where he was so kindly cared for by Brother and Sister Scruggs and others, at 3 A. M., on the 19th of March. We left Columbus on the morning of the 20th, and brought his precious remains to his dear State, his chosen city of residence, and placed them in a beautiful lot in Cave Hill Cemetery. His body rests there, but his glorified spirit is free and at large in those realms above, the anticipation of which formed so grand and exalted a theme in his ministry on earth.”

When he left Kentucky, on the last day of October, we little thought that we should see his face no more in the flesh. Although his gait was less steady, we hoped he would return in improved health and strength; but God ordained otherwise. He laid him down to rest in the beautiful city of Columbus, far away from home, yet among those who ministered to his wants, and as far as possible alleviated his sufferings.

The last letter we received from him was written from New Orleans, and dated January the 25th, in

which he furnished us with a list of names that he desired should be associated with his in the labor of love he had committed to our hands.

For more than forty years between him and the author the warmest friendship existed, and but few persons felt the bereavement more than we.

With sword never dishonored, a Christian hero has fallen in the midst of the battle with his armor on, after witnessing the work of an hundred years crowned with victory.

In his centennial address, delivered before the Bowling Green District Conference, June 7th, Rev. Dr. Messick said: "We look back through an hundred years over the valley of death, covered with Methodist graves—preachers and laymen. At the head of the valley a memorial stone rises, inscribed,

FRANCIS ASBURY, 1784.

At the foot of the valley a memorial stone rises, inscribed,

HUBBARD HINDE KAVANAUGH, 1884.

Brutus said of Cassius, on the fatal field of Philippi, when Cassius fell, '*The last of the Romans*;' and may not Kentucky preachers say of Bishop Kavanaugh, '*The last of the Romans*,' AND 'THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL!'"

THE END.

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